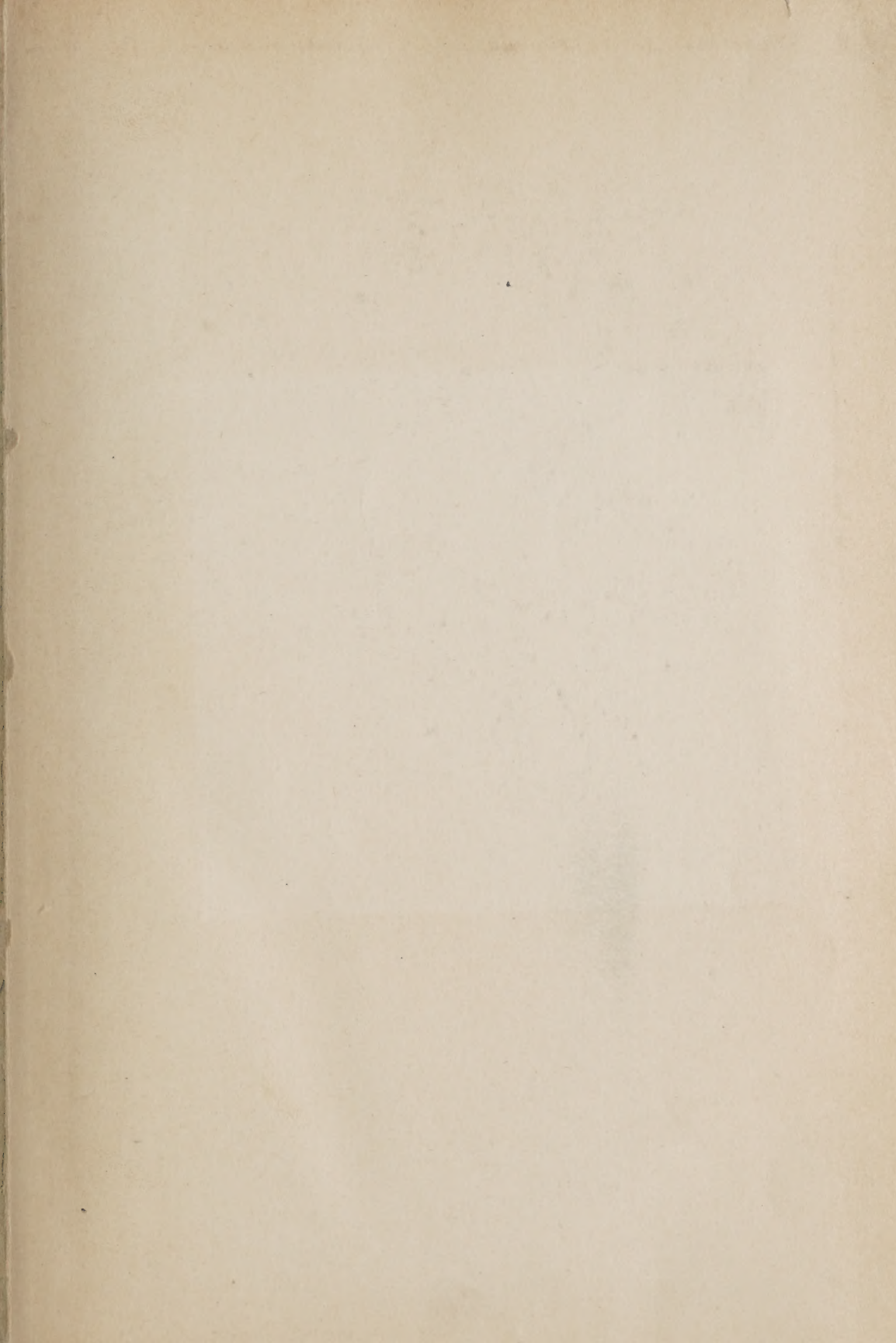
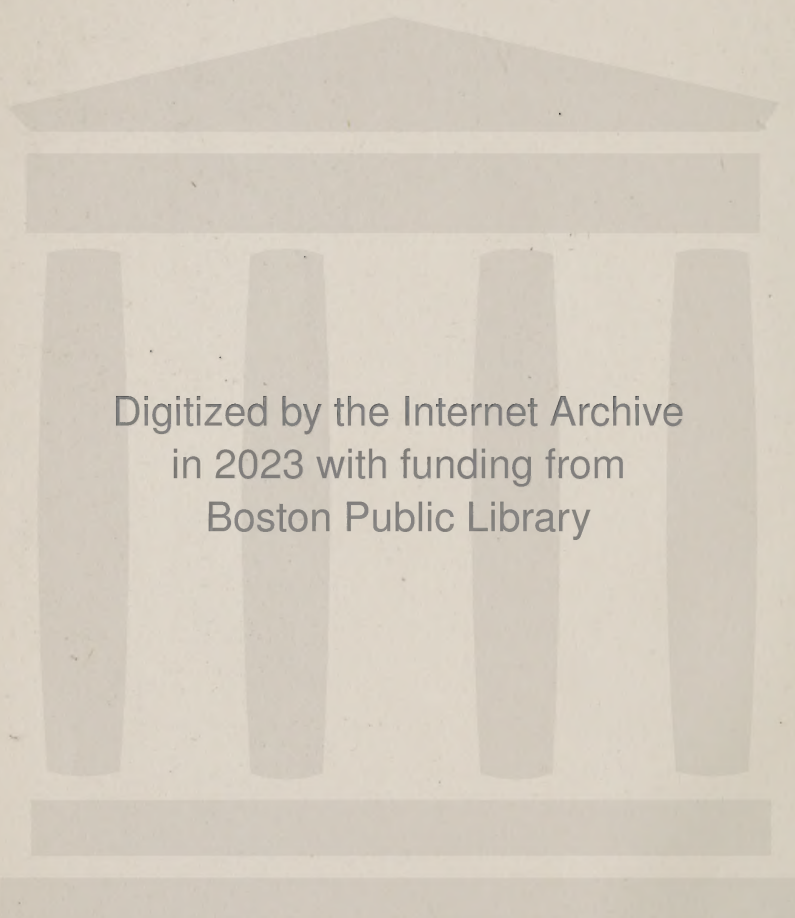


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MOSES VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND.

Deut. XXXIV Chapter.

Engr. by Augustus Robin, N.Y.

THRESCORE YEARS AND BEYOND;

OR,

EXPERIENCES OF THE AGED.

A Book for Old People,

DESCRIBING THE LABORS, HOME LIFE, AND CLOSING
EXPERIENCES OF A LARGE NUMBER OF AGED
REPRESENTATIVE MEN AND WOMEN.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

2245.52

BY REV. W. H. DE PUY, D. D.

NEW YORK:

CARLTON & LANAHAN.

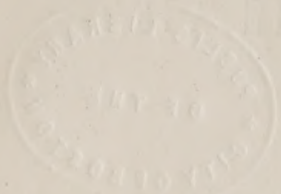
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1872.

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TO
ALL OLD PEOPLE,

INCLUDING

THE AUTHOR'S OWN FATHER, WHO, NOW IN HIS EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR,
IS STILL BLESSED WITH VIGOROUS PHYSICAL HEALTH, AND A
HAPPY SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND IS CHEERED WITH
A DELIGHTFUL HOPE

OF A

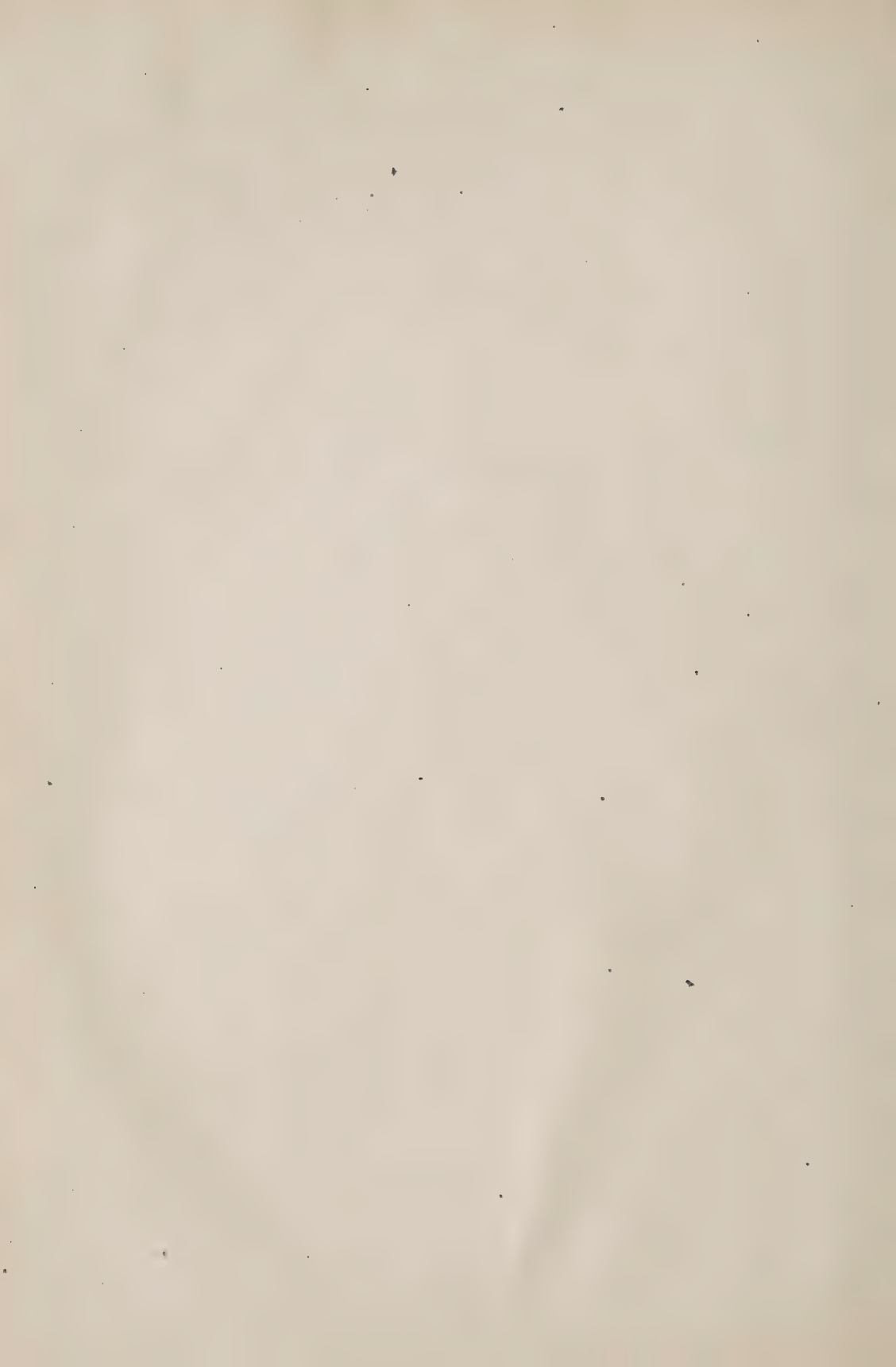
BLISSFUL IMMORTALITY,

This Volume is affectionately Inscribed.

THE hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. Prov. xvi, 31.

Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.... O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come. Psalm lxxi, 9, 17, 18.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv, 13.



PREFATORY NOTES.

JUST previous to the winter holidays a year ago, desiring to present my aged father with a book which should furnish him with a record of the labors, home habits, and closing experiences of old people, I made special inquiry in various directions for such a volume. To my surprise and disappointment, it was not to be found in the market. So far as I could learn, no book specifically *about old people for old people*, had yet been issued or promised. There was an obvious want here, and the purpose of supplying it was immediately formed. The result has been that, by economizing during the year various spare hours, and appropriating numerous "snatches" of time in the intervals of the ordinary official duties of a busy daily life, the present volume has been prepared.

No effort at *style* has been attempted. The single purpose has been to present, in the most condensed and convenient form, an instructive, encouraging, and comforting record of the experiences of a large number of representative old people without respect of religious denomination or professional life. The grouping of these experiences into classes, suggested by their several vocations, is chiefly for convenience of reference. If there should seem to be too great a sameness in the preliminary statements of the names, dates, and localities of the numerous

persons whose old age is described, the reader may do well to bear in mind, that such facts, thus presented, severally furnish the briefest and most instructive, and hence the most desirable, introduction in each particular case.

Many excellent names have been regretfully omitted in each particular department; indeed, at the moment when the book is pronounced full by the printer, I find on hand, and unused, nearly one half of the manuscript at first prepared for insertion. The list of names could not well be extended without making either too large a book, or compelling the use of smaller and less appropriate type.

The most effective teaching is that of example; the most useful lessons are those of observation and experience. The older we grow, the less are we inclined to listen to the words of mere theorists; the more do we value and seek after the facts presented in the actual experiences of others of like age, and similar general estate to our own. With the hope that the experiences here narrated may prove suggestive of the beautiful and useful, and bring additional cheer in the evening time of life, this book is sent out upon its errand of love.

W. H. D.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1871.

The publishers and author are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. B. Treat (publisher, 805 Broadway, New York) for the beautiful steel-plate frontispiece which, in addition to other illustrations, adorns this work.

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THREESCORE YEARS AND BEYOND.

PART I.

THE AGED OF THE BIBLE.

OLD AGE,

HAIL, blest Old Age! when life well-spent is crowned
With years and honors, loved, revered, renowned;
Earth's noblest state, where all ripe virtues blend,
And life's best hopes in rich fruition end.
So the round year, its hoarded labors won,
Basks 'midst its stores, 'neath autumn's golden sun.
And when white locks and venerable years
Are crowned with holy piety, that cheers
Life's slow decline, and o'er its closing days
Sheds a warm halo of celestial rays,
Then time's supremest gift to man is given,
And, doubly crowned, he tastes both earth and heaven.

How glorious stood earth's patriarchs of old
While ages lapsed, and centuries unrolled
The long and labored tapestry of time,
Thick-wrought with wisdom's golden lore sublime.
See Noah, prophet of the elder world,
Great sire of tribes whose standards, far unfurled,

Three continents explore; yet age on age
Return with homage to the awful sage
Whose heaven-inspired, benign, paternal sway
Gilds realms on realms that love, revere, obey.

Blest day divine when heavenly strangers trod
The plain where dwelt in peace the Friend of God!
At his tent's door, while passed the sultry hours,
The Patriarch breathed the balm of Hebron's bowers,
Where he and Sarah, save one wish, content,
In thankful, pious love life's evening spent;
That wish heaven hears, they clasp their infant boy,
And Isaac fills God's goodness and their joy.

How blest was Jacob when he saw in truth
Through age-dimmed eyes his Joseph, lost in youth;
When Egypt's lord with pride his sire avowed,
And Egypt's king to crave his blessing bowed;
When on his seer-like soul in vision rose
His countless race, triumphant o'er their foes,
Till Zion's glory fired his passing soul,
And Shiloh's coming dawned from pole to pole!

So Moses, graced, not bent, with sixscore years,
Time's matchless son, in fadeless prime appears!
On Nebo's dome, with eyes undimmed and bright,
From Hor's brown crags to Hermon's snow-crowned
height,
From Syria's sands to ocean's far-off shore,
He views the long-sought country o'er and o'er.

What wondrous ways his pilgrim feet have trod
Since, scorning Egypt's crown for Israel's God,
Through fourscore years Jehovah's grace and power
Have led him, safe, to life's last glorious hour !
Before his eyes the hills of promise glow ;
Freed, taught by him, a nation camps below ;
Proud Egypt slumbers where the sea-waves moan ;
Nations unborn earth's noblest law shall own ;
Jehovah's name adored by man once more—
God's glory here, immortal life before !

What honor crowned great Samuel's parting hours ;
And mighty David's, mourned by Gentile powers !
How great Elijah's lightning soul o'ercame
Age, sorrow, death, and leapt to God in flame !
How aged Paul, the good fight fought, the faith
Proclaimed and kept, could mock the grave and death !
How John, beneath a century's spotless snows,
Still breathed that love which through the seraphs glows !
O, Tully, noblest soul of sovereign Rome,
Whose golden periods down the centuries roam,
Mellifluous, matchless, how thy honeyed page,
Where virtuous Cato praises pure Old Age,
Culling such lives as grace my humble line,
Had dropped with nectared sweetness quite divine !

But lo, beyond time's bounds Heaven's crystal throne
In glory looms, and like a sardine stone
Or ruddy jasper, He who fills it glows :—
Around his feet, redeemed from sin's dark woes,

Sit four and twenty Elders, mortal forms,
Hoary and white with time's wild years and storms;
Old Men from Earth, who, 'mid that heavenly throng,
Sit next the Lamb whose faith they kept so long :
Sages and seers and bards and prophets old,
Priests, patriarchs, kings, apostles, martyrs bold,
Heads of the Church, who led her hosts through time,
And now sit next the throne, in rest sublime !
What were immortal youth to age like this,
Throned, crowned, revered through heaven's long years
of bliss !

Great Father, hear thy child's adoring prayer :
I ask not age, but if thy wisdom spare
This life, bestowed by thee, to lengthened years,
O make them pure and peaceful, free from fears,
Useful and wise ! When passion's fires are past,
Let nobler flames burn quenchless to the last ;
Valor for right, high scorn of base control,
And eagle ardor kindle still my soul.
Let Christ-like goodness, humble charity,
God's gifts alone, take root, bear fruit in me ;
And when, at last, I sleep beneath the sod,
May it be said, He loved both man and God.

[The above was kindly written expressly for this work by Rev. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, A.M.]

LONGEVITY OF THE EARLY AGES.

THE Bible, which contains the only reliable history which has come down to us of the earliest times, records the ages of only ten persons who lived before the flood. They are as follows: Adam, 930 years; Seth, 912; Enos, 905; Cainan, 910; Mahalaleel, 895; Jared, 962; Enoch, 365; Methuselah, 969; Lamech, 777; Noah, 950. If Enoch, whose life on earth terminated, not by death but by translation, be excepted, the average of the life of the remaining nine was 912 years. The reason why the ages of these are given may be found in the fact that through them the genealogy of the Jews and of the Messiah was traced to their first parents. Others may have enjoyed an equal, or even greater, length of days. Indeed, there is no intimation in the sacred record that there was any thing exceptional or extraordinary in their marvelous length of life.

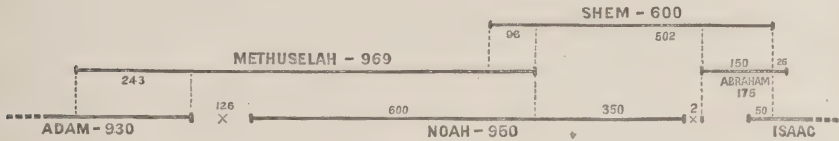
While it pleased God to "make of one blood all the nations of the earth," giving to all a common parentage, and thus begetting in all the sympathy and fraternal interest of kindred, the marvelously long life with which he endowed the primeval generation enabled the population to increase as rapidly as though there had been many original parental pairs endowed with the later or present average of life. The antediluvian history embraces a period of 1656 years. Allowing for the popu-

lation a rate of increase from Adam only twofold greater than it has been since, the world must have been as populous at the time of the deluge as it is at present!

It is difficult for us to conceive this great length of period, and this immense population, because of the small number of the generations forming the connecting links, and the brevity of the Scripture narrative. We forget that the period exceeds by more than four hundred years the length of that from the birth of Christ to this day—a vast period of time, “during which,” says Kitto, “the whole face of Europe, and a large part of Asia, has been changed, and nations have grown to greatness which were, at its commencement, scarcely known by name. The nearly equal period before the deluge we are apt to regard too much as a fixed point, and the recorded facts concerning it are so few that the antediluvians form, as it were, but a single idea to the mind. But it was a period of great increase of population—of large improvement in the arts—of terrible conflicts—of gigantic crimes—of extraordinary virtues—of miraculous interpositions—all of which are dimly hinted at in the Divine record. Through the whole runs the great fact of the longevity of the generations before the flood, which connected by so few living links the extremities of this long period of time, and which must have produced conditions of human experience so materially different from those which our brief experience enables us to realize.”

The following diagram will show, more impressively than mere words can do, the small number of such long

lines of life required to span the two extremes of that early and lengthened period, and reach even far into the time assigned to the later patriarchs:



In this diagram the horizontal lines represent the lives, severally, of the patriarchs whose names are given; the figures attached denote the number of years of such lives. The dotted vertical lines are so drawn as to mark, with the figures between them, the length of time the patriarchs were contemporary. The figures between the horizontal lines show the space of time (expressed in years) intervening between the lives represented by these lines. Thus: figures 126 show the number of years intervening between the death of Adam and the birth of Noah, and figure 2 the number of years between the death of Noah and the birth of Abraham.

It will be seen that the age of Methuselah, after overlapping that of Adam two hundred and forty-three years, extended into that of Noah six hundred years, and into that of Shem, Noah's eldest son, ninety-eight years; also that the age of Shem, after overlapping that of Methuselah and of Noah, (the latter four hundred and forty-eight years,) reached into the age of Abraham one hundred and fifty years, and into that of Isaac fifty years! The lives of two men, after running parallel for two hundred and forty-three years, covered the whole period to the flood; and a third life, after running parallel with the second for ninety-eight years, reached a full half century into the second generation of the Jewish patriarchs! Those who are curious to look further into the chronology of the early generations, and trace the order of succession, and note the longevity of the Abrahamic

ancestry, will be interested in examining the accompanying table.

The importance of the consideration of the long life of the antediluvians in estimating the progress of the arts and sciences in that early period, is apparent. Forsyth very properly says: "A man of talent in those days, commencing with all the knowledge communicated to Adam, and directing his attention to any sort, could afford to employ five or six hundred years in his favorite occupation, or in his favorite experiments. In that time he might make more progress than a succession of men can now do in a succession of ages, because each can only afford a dozen or two of years to his favorite pursuit, and then leaves the unfinished task, not perhaps to be immediately taken up by a successor. This accounts for the rapid progress of the arts in the antediluvian world." *

All the early traditional histories bear testimony to the great longevity of the patriarchal ages. Josephus, after quoting the Scripture record, says: "I have, for witnesses to what I have said, all who have written antiquities both among the Greeks and barbarians; for even Manetho, who wrote the Egyptian history, and Berossus,† who collected the Chaldean monuments, Morchus and Hestæus, and besides these, Hieronymus the Egyptian, and those who composed the Phœnician his-

* "Observations on Genesis."

† Berossus was a Babylonian historian, a priest of Belus, and had access, therefore, to all the ancient manuscripts and other mementoes then preserved in the temple. All the early Grecian and Persian writers held him in high repute.

BIRTH OF CHRIST, ANNO MUNDI 4004.				Lives after Age at the Birth of the Heir		Dates Anno Mundi Dates Anno Mundi as Discussed		GENEALOGY OF THE PATRIARCHS.		Anno Mundi		Dates Christ		ADAM		SETH		ENOS		CAINAN		MAHALALEEL		JARED		ENOCH		METHUSELAH		LAMECH		NOAH		SHEM		A TABLE SHOWING THE GENEALOGY OF THE PATRIARCHS, FROM ADAM TO JACOB, (A Period of 2168 Years.) AND ALSO, WHICH OF THE PATRIARCHS WERE CONTEMPORARY WITH EACH OTHER. WITH THE PROPER SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.		
Gen. v.	3, 4, ADAM,			130	800	930	930	ADAM	Created		4004																											
"	3, SETH	born A. M.		130	130			SETH	born	130	3784	130																										
"	6, 7,			105	807	912	1042	ENOS	born	235	3789	235	105																									
"	6, ENOS	do.		235	905			CAINAN	born	325	3679	325	195	90																								
"	9, 10, 11,	do.		235	905			MAHALALEEL	born	395	3663	395	265	160	70																							
"	9, CAINAN	do.		325	905			JARED	born	460	3544	460	330	235	135	65																						
"	12, 13, 14,	do.		325	905			ENOCH	born	622	3382	622	492	387	297	227	162																					
"	12, MAHALALEEL	do.		325	905			METHUSELAH	born	687	3317	687	557	452	362	292	227	65																				
"	15, 16, 17,	do.		395	830	855	1290	LAMECH	born	874	3130	874	744	639	549	479	414	232	187																			
"	15, JARED	do.		460	800	962	1422	ADAM	died	930	3074	930	800	695	605	535	470	308	243	56																		
"	18, 19, 20,	do.		622	622			ENOCH	translated	1042	2992	1042	907	717	647	582	355	168																				
"	21, 22, 23,	do.		622	300	365	987	SETH	died	1042	2992	1042	907	717	647	582	355	168																				
"	21, METHUSELAH	do.		687	187	782	1656	NOAH	born	1056	2948	1056	910	840	775	548	361	179																				
"	25, LAMECH	do.		874	595	777	1651	ENOS	died	1140	2864	1140	905	815	745	680	453	266	84																			
"	28, 30, 31,	do.		1056	1056			CAINAN	died	1235	2769																											

AND ALSO,
WHICH OF THE PATRIARCHS WERE CONTEMPORARY WITH EACH OTHER.

WITH THE PROPER SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

ADAM	NOAH	SHAM
was contemporary with	was contemporary with	was contemporary with
LAMECH 55	LAMECH 595	LAMECH 93
METHUSELAH 243	METHUSELAH 600	METHUSELAH 98
JARED 470	JARED 366	NOAH 418
MAHALALEEL 335	MAHALALEEL 234	after the Flood,
CAINAN 605	CAINAN 179	ABRAHAM 150
ENOS 605	ENOS 84	ISAAC 56

[illegible]

tory, assent to what I here say. Hesiod, also, and Hecataeus, Hellanicus and Acusilaus, and, besides these, Ephorus and Nicolaus, relate that the ancients lived a thousand years." The historic records mentioned by Josephus are now lost, but the testimony on the general fact here referred to is doubtless correctly stated.

After a few generations subsequent to the flood, the age of man reached, in its gradual decline, the present general limits—limits which have not materially varied for the last three thousand five hundred years. During this whole period there have been frequent cases of great age, while the general average has continued to range from twenty-five to thirty-four years, varying according to locality and degree of civilization. The prolongation of life to the age of 100, 110, 120, 130, and 140, has been exceptional throughout, and characterized all departments of this long period. Pliny, who wrote soon after the opening of the Christian era, gives some instances of longevity taken from the census of the region between the Apennines and the Po, and mentions as within these narrow limits fifty-four persons who had reached the age of 100 years; of 110, fourteen; of 125, twenty; of 130, forty; of 135, forty; of 140, thirty. In a single town six persons had reached the age of 110, and one the age of 150. In England in 1832 there were thirty-five males and fifty-three females over 100 years of age. In Austria in 1842 the census showed four hundred and forty-six deaths at the age of over 100 years. In Norway in 1845 there were nineteen males and twenty-two females aged 100 or over. During the

present year (1871) there have been in the United States several cases of death at over 100 years, and in one instance at 130 years. The more careful observation shows that a wise Providence, after first arranging the present limits of life, has not materially abbreviated or lengthened the period.



ABRAHAM.

THE most beautiful and impressive scenes in the life of Abraham occurred in his old age. He was seventy-five when he left Mesopotamia and journeyed to Palestine. When he was a hundred years old he dwelt with his beloved Sarah, then ninety, in an encampment in Hebron. Here, as he sat in his tent door in the heat of the day, three mysterious strangers appeared. When he saw them, acting under the impulses of his hospitable and generous heart, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and, after the Oriental custom, bowed himself toward the ground. Addressing one of the three as the representative of all, he said :

“My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be brought, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the trees; and I will bring a morsel of bread; and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on; for therefore are ye come to your servant.”

And they said, “So do as thou hast said.”

And Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth."

While the aged Sarah proceeded cheerfully to do her part of the hospitable service, Abraham ran unto the herd and brought "a calf tender and good," and gave unto a young man, who hastened and dressed it. As soon as the whole was ready Abraham took the bread, "butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed," and set them before his guests; and while they ate he stood by them. Then followed the conversation concerning the promise of Isaac; and the chief of the three assured Abraham that in due time, notwithstanding the advanced age of the patriarch and his companion, the promise of this son should be fulfilled.

The interview at the tent closed, and Abraham went forth with his guests to direct them on their way toward the valley of the Jordan, where were the rich but wicked "cities of the plain." As they walked on, the same divine person, apparently moved by the unaffected, tender, and continued kindness of the patriarch, said:

"Shall I hide from Abraham that thing that I shall do?"

He then announced the terrible ruin impending over the licentious cities, in the midst of which Lot, the near relative of Abraham, resided. The men then went "on their way toward Sodom; but Abraham stood yet before the Lord." Then follows in the Scripture narrative a passage than which none presents a more sublime view of the divine condescension, in which the aged patriarch

is seen expostulating with the Almighty, upon the apparent injustice of involving the innocent in the ruin of the guilty.

“Shall the city perish if fifty, if forty-five, if forty, if thirty, if twenty, if *ten* righteous men be found within its walls?”

“I will not destroy it for ten’s sake.”

Such was the promise of the divine One, and the remarkable interview closed.

More than twenty years later the aged couple were called to suffer the most severe trial of their lives. Abraham was directed to offer up his son of promise. The very words of the direction seemed most calculated to try his faith. “Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, *whom thou lovest*, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him up there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I shall tell thee of.” The venerable father takes his son and wends his way toward Mount Moriah. When within sight of the mountain they leave the servants and their beasts of burden behind, and alone ascend the summit. And Isaac said,

“My father!”

“Here am I, my son.”

“Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the *lamb* for the burnt-offering?”

“My son, God himself will provide a lamb for the burnt-offering.”

The altar is erected, the wood is laid thereon. Isaac is bound and laid upon the wood, “*and Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his*

son !” And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven,

“Abraham, Abraham !”

“Here am I.”

“Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him ; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.” And Abraham, lifting up his eyes, saw a ram caught in a thicket by his horns ; and he hasted and offered up the ram for a burnt-offering instead of his son. And Abraham called the name of that place *Jehovah-jireh*, or “*The Lord will see—or provide.*” This was doubtless prophetic of the provisions of the true sacrifice, which near two thousand years afterward was offered, upon *the same mountain*, for the whole world.

Twelve years later Sarah died in Hebron, aged about one hundred and twenty years. The weeping, widowed mourner is now one hundred and thirty years of age. He comes to mourn, and to perform for her the funeral offices. Being a “pilgrim stranger,” and having no land of his own, he can claim no right of interment in any sepulcher of the country. He goes, therefore, to a resident chief at the gate of the city, and entreats that he may be allowed to purchase a spot of ground for the burial of his dead. For the sum of four hundred shekels of silver (about \$216 of American gold) Abraham buys the field of Machpelah near Mamre, with the cave and the sepulcher in it, as a permanent burial place for his family kindred. And here Abraham

buried Sarah with due solemnities, according to the custom of the times and country. "This whole transaction," says Richard Watson, "impressively illustrates the dignity, courtesy, and honor of these ancient chiefs, and wholly disproves that theirs was a rude and unpolished age."

Abraham died at the "good old age" of one hundred and seventy-five years, and was buried by his sons Isaac and Ishmael, in his own family tomb, in the cave of "Machpelah, which is before Mamre." His whole life was beautiful, just, and generous. So deeply impressed was his character upon the ancient world that the principal events of his life are interwoven in the history of most of the early nations, and several of them claim him in their mythology and religious traditions as the founder of their several sects. One of the many pleasing fictions concerning him is given in this wise:

"As Abraham was walking by night from the grotto where he was born to the city of Babylon, he gazed on the stars of heaven, and among them on the beautiful planet Venus. 'Behold,' said he within himself, 'the God and Lord of the universe!' But the stars set and disappeared, and Abraham felt that the Lord of the universe could not be thus liable to change. Shortly after he beheld the moon at the full. 'Lo,' he cried, 'the divine Creator, the manifest Deity!' But the moon sank below the horizon, and Abraham made the same reflection as at the setting of the evening star. All the rest of the night he passed in profound rumination. At sunrise he stood before the gates of Babylon,

and saw the whole people prostrate in adoration. 'Wondrous orb,' he exclaimed, 'thou surely art the Creator and Ruler of all nature! But thou, too, like the rest, hasteth to the setting! Neither, then, art thou my Creator, my Lord, or my God!''

Another mythical yet beautiful story is told of him by an ancient Persian poet: "Abraham was sitting at his door, as was his habit, looking out for strangers to pass, to whom he could offer hospitality. He saw an old man, bent with years and weary, toiling slowly along. He rose at once to meet him, and, bringing him into the cool shade, washed his feet, and set before him the choicest food he could prepare; for the stranger was one hundred years old, and was fatigued with his journey. But when Abraham saw that he neither prayed nor asked God's blessing on his food, he became angry, and asked him what he meant in not worshipping the God of heaven. The old man replied that he knew no God but *fire*, and worshiped that alone. Shocked at his wickedness, Abraham thrust him violently from his tent, and drove him forth to find shelter where he could. As the aged traveler disappeared in the gloom, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, 'I drove him away because he did not worship thee.' God responded: 'I have borne with him for a hundred years, though he has disowned and dishonored me, and could not you bear with him for one night?' Humbled and self-condemned, the patriarch sallied forth, and overtaking the old man, brought him back and entertained him kindly over night, and instead

of reproaching him, instructed him in the knowledge of the true God."

The burial-place of Abraham before Mamre remains to this day. The cave is a natural formation in the solid rock, so that only an earthquake, or the patient, long continued work of art could destroy it. For ages the cave or sepulcher was superstitiously guarded, and remained unexplored until a few years ago (in 1862) the Prince of Wales while on a visit to Palestine determined to explore it. The Prince obtained from the Sultan at Constantinople a letter to the Governor of Jerusalem, requesting the latter to give him permission to enter the tomb of Abraham. Consent was for a time refused, but was at last obtained after the greatest difficulty.

The Prince and party started from Jerusalem April 7, 1862, keeping their destination secret lest the superstitious people in their reverence for Abraham should maltreat them on their way. In Hebron the road for more than a mile near the tomb was guarded on either side by soldiers ordered out by the Governor for the protection of the distinguished visitors. We quote now from the account furnished by the chaplain :

"We started on foot, two and two, between two files of soldiers, by the ancient pool of Hebron, up the narrow streets of the modern town, still lined with soldiers. Hardly a face was visible as we passed through ; only here and there a solitary guard stationed at a vacant window or on the flat roof of a projecting house, evidently to guarantee the safety of the Prince from any chance missile. It was, in fact, a complete military

occupation of the town. At length we reached the south-eastern corner of the massive wall of inclosure. Up the steep flight of the exterior staircase we rapidly mounted. Here we were received with much ceremony by five or six persons, corresponding to the deans or canons of a Christian cathedral. They were the representatives of the forty hereditary guardians of the mosque. We passed at once through an open curtain into the mosque. The tombs of the prophets within this mosque are not the actual places of sepulture, but rather monuments in honor of the dead. The shrines of Abraham and Sarah are inclosed with railings guarded by silver gates. The shrine of Abraham, after a moment's hesitation, was thrown open. The guardians groaned aloud, while their chief turned to us with the remark: 'The princes of any other nation should have passed over my dead body sooner than enter. But to the eldest son of the Queen of England we are willing to accord even this privilege.' He stepped in before us, and offered an ejaculatory prayer to the dead patriarch: 'O, Friend of God! forgive this intrusion.' The tomb of Isaac we were entreated not to enter; and, on asking with some surprise why an objection which had been conceded for Abraham should be raised in the case of his far less eminent son, we were answered that the difference lay in the characters of the two patriarchs: Abraham was full of loving-kindness; he had withstood even the resolution of God against Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront. But Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly

dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha (a conqueror of Palestine) had endeavored to enter he had been driven out by Isaac, and fell back as if thunder-struck.

“Having visited the various shrines, the Prince wished to see the cave itself. But all that remained to indicate this was a small aperture. The guardians said that the cave had been closed for twenty-five hundred years. At that time a servant of a great king had entered it through another opening.

“He entered in full possession of all his faculties, and of remarkable corpulence; he returned blind, deaf, withered, and crippled. Since then the entrance was closed, and this aperture alone was left, partly for the sake of allowing the holy air of the cave to escape into the mosque and be scented by the faithful; partly for the sake of allowing a lamp to be let down, by which we saw, suspended at the mouth, to burn upon the sacred grave.”



ISAAC.

ISAAC (whose name signified *laughter*) was called to his rest at the age of one hundred and eighty. The first seventy-five years of his life were intimately blended with those of his father, Abraham, and closed with the death of the latter. His subsequent history was one of great temporal prosperity. After the death of Abraham “God blessed Isaac.” His possessions multiplied greatly.

Isaac's two sons, Jacob and Esau, were born to him at the age of eighty. He was, according to Dr. Hale, at the age of one hundred and thirty-seven so nearly blind that he could not distinguish one of his sons from the other, when Jacob craftily obtained from him the blessing of primogeniture, or "the birthright."

After this he sent Jacob into Mesopotamia, that he might secure a wife from among the daughters of his father's relatives. Isaac buried his wife, Rebekah, during the absence of Jacob, which lasted for twenty years. His solitudes and sorrows during this prolonged period are not narrated, but are easily imagined.

Isaac survived the return of Jacob twenty-three years, and then, after renewing his patriarchal blessing upon his family, passed to his reward. His two-sons united in the funeral services, and bore his remains to the family tomb near Mamre. It would be a matter of precious interest, doubtless, to read of the more minute experiences of his later years, and especially of those of his closing hours; but these, for wise reasons, have not been left on record. Imagination may not attempt to supply the lack of the revelation. The full history shall be known hereafter.

"The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there!"

J A C O B.

JACOB was "gathered to his fathers" at the age of one hundred and forty-seven. He was a little over three-score when he returned to his father, Isaac, from Mesopotamia, bringing with him his family and his flocks and herds, which he secured during his twenty years' absence.

It was during this return journey of six hundred miles that the touching and most instructive scene, "Wrestling with the Angel," occurred. The description is one of the most impressive on record. With his family and his numerous flocks and herds, he is weary with the difficult and lengthened journey. He has done all he can in making preparation to appease the anger of his injured brother. The present for him, consisting of many cattle, sheep, and goats, separated in droves, and extending for miles, is so arranged as will be most likely to affect the heart and secure the forgiveness of Esau.

Jacob was still, says Stanley, on the heights of the trans-Jordanic hills, beyond the deep defile where the Jabbok, as its name implies, "wrestles" with the mountains through which it pours into the Jordan. In the dead of night he sent his wives and sons and all that he had across the defile, and he was left alone; and in the darkness and stillness, in the crisis of his life, in the agony of his fear for the issue of the morrow, there

wrestled with him One whose name he knew not until the dawn appeared over the hills of Gilead. He "wrestled," but he prevailed, yet not without bearing away the marks of the conflict. He is saved—as elsewhere in his whole career, so here—saved "so as by fire."

In that struggle, in that zeal and crown of life, he wins a new name. "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, (the supplanter,) but Israel, (the Prince of God,) for as a prince hast thou power with God and man, and hast prevailed." The dark, crafty character of the youth, though never wholly lost—for Jacob he is still called to the end of his days—has been, by trial, changed into the prince-like, God-like character of his manhood.

And who was he with whom he had wrestled in the watches of the night, and who vanished from his grasp as the day was breaking?

"Tell me, I pray thee, thy name?"

And the Divine One said, "Wherefore is it that thou askest after my name?" And he blessed him there.

And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel, (that is, the face of God,) "for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

His soul was cheered with the grateful assurance that his prayer for help in this hour of peril was answered. He had "prevailed." The beautiful and affecting reconciliation of the long estranged and aged brothers follows.

The following admirable hymn, written by the "Poet Preacher," Rev. Charles Wesley, spiritualizes the affect-

ing and memorable scene, and brings it home to the personal experience of the Christian believer :

“Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

“I need not tell thee who I am ;
My sin and misery declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

“In vain thou strugglest to get free ;
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

“Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

“What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

“Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

"'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art:
 To me, to all, thy bowels move;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face, and live!
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath risen with healing in his wings:
 Withered my nature's strength, from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings:
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from thee to move;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and thy name is Love!"

The years pass on. Jacob is a "plain man, dwelling
 in tents." His children and his flocks continue to mul-

tiply around him. At the age of one hundred and three years the two brothers bury their aged father. The death of his beloved Rachel, and the terrible sorrow over the supposed loss of Joseph and Simeon, follow. The sorrow is so deep that it well-nigh breaks his heart. "He rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, 'For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning.'" How true is it that such yearning sorrow is too deep to be described! "The heart knoweth his own bitterness."

Jacob, at the age of sixscore and ten years, goes into Egypt, meets Joseph, and holds his famous interview with Pharaoh. Said the king:

"How old art thou?"

"The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years. Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and I have not attained unto the age of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage."

The last seventeen years of Jacob's life are spent in Egypt. With his people he is nourished in the land of Goshen, surrounded by his children to the third generation, and enjoying the special nurture of his best loved Joseph, now governor of the whole kingdom. By and by the dispatch is sent to Joseph:

"Behold, thy father is sick!"

He hastens in his chariot of state, accompanied by his sons, to the bedside of the dying parent. The ven-

erable patriarch summons all possible strength, raises himself in bed, and, with outstretched arms, successively pronounces a prophetic blessing upon each and upon all his sons. He charges them all to bury him in the family tomb in Canaan. "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered to his people."

JOSEPH.

JOSEPH died at the age of one hundred and ten years. He was probably forty-three years old when he welcomed his aged father in the land of Goshen, and sixty when he received his father's farewell blessing. The story of his life is one of the most interesting portions of the sacred narrative. The particulars are too familiar to be described here; but there is a beautiful argument drawn by an English writer, Mr. Blunt, which is so full of interest that we abbreviate and quote it:

"When the sons of Jacob went down to Egypt, and Joseph knew them, though they knew not him—for they, it may be remarked, were of an age not to be greatly changed by the lapse of years, and were still sustaining the character in which Joseph had always seen them; while he himself had meanwhile grown out of the stripling into the man, and from a shepherd boy was become the ruler of a kingdom—when

his brethren thus came before him, his question was, 'Is your father yet alive?' Gen. xliii, 7. They went down a second time, and again the question was, 'Is your father well; the old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?' More he could not venture to ask, while he was yet in his disguise. By a stratagem he now detains Benjamin, leaving the others, if they would, to go their way. But Judah came near unto him, and entreated him for his brother, telling him how that he had been surety to his father to bring him back; how that his father was an old man, and that this was the child of his old age, and that he loved him; how it would come to pass that if he should not see the lad with him he would die, and his gray hairs be brought with sorrow to the grave; for 'how shall I go to my father, and the lad be not with me, lest, peradventure, I see the evil that shall come on my father?'

"Here, without knowing it, he had struck the string that was the tenderest of all. Joseph's firmness forsook him at this repeated mention of his father, and in terms so touching: he could not refrain himself any longer; and, causing every man to go out, he made himself known to his brethren. Then, even in the paroxysm which came on him, (for he wept aloud, so that the Egyptians heard,) still his first words, uttered from the fullness of his heart, were,

"Doth my father yet live?"

He now bids them hasten and bring the old man down, bearing to him tokens of his love and tidings of his glory. He goes to meet him; he presents him-

self unto him, and falls on his neck, and weeps on his neck a good while; he provides for him and his household out of the fat of the land; he sets him before Pharaoh. By and by he hears that he is sick, and hastens to visit him; he receives his blessing, watches his death-bed, embalms his body, mourns for him threescore and ten days, and then carries him, as he had desired, into Canaan to bury him, taking with him as an escort, to do him honor, all the elders of Israel, and all the servants of Pharaoh, and all his house, and the house of his brethren, chariots, and horsemen—a very great company.

“How natural was it now for his brethren to think that the tie by which alone they could imagine Joseph to be held to them was dissolved; that any respect he might have felt or feigned for them must have been buried in the cave of Machpelah, and that he would now requite to them the evil they had done.

“‘And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command before he died, saying, So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sins; for they did unto thee evil.’ And then they add of themselves, as if well aware of the surest road to their brother’s heart, ‘Forgive, we pray thee, the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father.’ In every thing the father’s name is still put foremost: it is his memory which they count upon as their shield and buckler.”

MOSES

MOSES, the illustrious Hebrew leader, legislator, and prophet, died when he was a hundred and twenty years old. His faculties of mind and body were not impaired up to the very last. Says the inspired narrative: "*His eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated.*" This is a remarkable record.

Trained and educated as the "son of Pharaoh's daughter," Moses seems to have been previous to his fortieth year a great and powerful leader. The Scripture narrative describes him as a man "mighty in deeds." The Jewish historian portrays him as a conquering general of extraordinary personal bravery, and the fearless leader of the Egyptian armies. His relation to the royal household, added to personal qualities, might well give him the post of honor in the national army. At this age, in the midst of his successes and honors, he refused the emoluments of royalty, "choosing instead to suffer affliction with the people of God."

During his forty years' exile in Midian Moses was trained in the school of humble circumstances for the arduous mission before him. The effect of this training was not lost. It was manifested in his backwardness afterward to enter upon the special work to which the sufferings of his nation and the providence of God had called him. Previously he was impetuous and rash, as was indicated in his slaying the Egyptian whom he

caught cruelly entreating the Hebrews. Now he learns patience, and becomes "the meekest of men."

At length, when Moses was eighty years old, and when the oppression of the Israelites was come to the full, and their cry had come up before God for relief, the "God of glory appeared to Moses in a flame of fire from the midst of a bush," to commission him as the deliverer of his people from the bondage of Egypt. The scene of this wonderful appearance is laid in Mount Horeb, in the "back side of the desert," where Moses had led the flocks of his father-in-law, the priest of the country. Moses turned aside to see "the great sight, *why the bush was not consumed!*" And God called to him out of the midst of the bush,

"Moses! Moses!"

"Here am I."

"Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God. Then he was informed of the whole purpose of God for the deliverance of Israel, and the Lord continued,

"Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people."

"Who am I," responded Moses, "that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

"Certainly," says the divine voice, "I will be with thee."

"Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, 'The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you,' and they shall say to me, 'What is his name?' what shall I say to them?"

"I AM THAT I AM; I AM hath sent me unto you."

"They will not believe me."

"What is in thine hand?"

"A *rod*."

"Cast it on the ground." Moses did so, and the rod became a *serpent*! And he fled before it.

"Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail." Moses did so, and the serpent became a staff!

"Put now thy hand into thy bosom." He did so, and when he took it out it was "leprous as snow!"

"Put thy hand into thy bosom again." It was done, and the hand was restored to its natural strength. These were to be repeated as signs to the people.

"And if they will not believe these two signs," said the Lord, "then thou shalt take of the water of the river, and pour it upon the dry land; and the water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood."

"But," Moses responded, "I am not eloquent—I am slow of speech."

"Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I, the Lord? Go, and I will be with thee, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Moses was still hesitant, for the work to be done was superhuman, and under the pressure of the great bur-

den said, "O, my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." So his brother Aaron, who was three years older, (now eighty-three,) was appointed to be his spokesman to Pharaoh.

Then followed one of those affecting incidents which beautifully illustrate the simplicity and excellence of the family relation among the people of God in the early times. Moses returns to his father-in-law, and, though at the age of fourscore, serves as a son in the family, and asks *permission* to leave: "Let me go, I pray thee, and return unto my brethren which are in Egypt."

And Jethro said, "Go in peace." And Moses took his wife and his sons and left for his people.

The reception of Moses by the Israelites, his interviews with Pharaoh, his organization of the hundreds of thousands of Israelites into one grand itinerant encampment, the departure from Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the institution of the civil and religious polity of the Jews, the journeyings in the wilderness, the interviews with God "face to face," and the miraculous interventions running through a series of forty years, are all described with such vividness and power in the sacred narrative, and are so familiar to all, as to make it needless to reproduce them here. We mention only two or three of the many incidents which are given.

Moses committed one offense—at Meribah. (Num. xx, 1-13; xxvii, 14.) He distrusted that water could be produced from the rock only by speaking to it. He was impatient, as was indicated by his smiting the rock

twice. He seemed not to ascribe the glory of the miracle to God, but rather to himself and Aaron: "Must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?" The result was that he and Aaron were denied the privilege of entering the promised Canaan.

Aaron died at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-two years. His death presents one of the most singular and impressive scenes in the history of our race: "And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, 'Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them unto Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments, (his priestly insignia,) and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there.' And Moses did as the Lord commanded; and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount." The emotions of Moses, as he removed the priestly robes from his aged and beloved brother and his intimate companion in his eventful official life, must have been overwhelming. No description has been left us of the dying scene. Doubtless Aaron passed away with the patience, composure, and trustful faith becoming the first and greatest of the Israelitish High Priests.

Another year passes. The hosts of Israel are on the borders of the Promised Land, ready to pass over and possess it. Moses may not pass over with them, because of the affair at Meribah. His career as the leader of

his people must now close. He calls the people before him, and bids them his last, long farewell. His words are historic and prophetic, assuring and most impressive. His two charges, one to Joshua and the other to all the people, are exceedingly touching and impressive. They are given in the closing chapters of the book of Deuteronomy, and may be read a thousand times with increasing admiration.

“I am a hundred and twenty years old this day,” said Moses, “I can no more go out and come in: also the Lord hath said unto me, ‘Thou shalt not go over this Jordan.’ The Lord thy God, he shall go with thee.” The whole farewell, which is the most lengthy as well as the most sublime and encouraging in ancient history, together with a wonderful song written on the same occasion, was recorded in a book, and the book, which included also the whole ceremonial law, was placed in the side of the ark for a perpetual memorial and authority to the people. It included the following song:

“Give ear, O ye heavens! and I will speak;
And hear, O earth, the words of my mouth.
My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
My speech shall distill as the dew,
As the small rain upon the tender herb,
And as the showers upon the grass:
Because I will publish the name of the Lord:
Ascribe ye greatness unto our God!
He is the rock; his work is perfect:
For all his ways are judgment:
A God of truth, and without iniquity,
Just and right is he.
They have corrupted themselves,
Their spot is not the spot of his children:
They are a perverse and crooked generation.”

Do ye thus requite the Lord?
O foolish and unwise!
Is he not thy Father that bought thee?
Hath he not made thee and established thee?
Remember the days of old,
Consider the years of many generations:
Ask thy father—and he will show thee;
Thy elders—and they will tell thee.
When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance,
When he separated the sons of Adam,
He set the bounds of the people,
According to the number of the children of Israel.
For the Lord's portion is his people,
Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.
He found him in a desert land,
And in the waste howling wilderness;
He led him about, he instructed him,
He kept him as the apple of his eye.
As an eagle stirreth up her nest,
Fluttereth over her young,
Spreadeth abroad her wings,
Taketh them, beareth them on her wings;
So the Lord alone did lead him,
And there was no strange god with him;
He made him ride on the high places of the earth,
That he might eat the increase of the fields;
And he made him to suck honey out the rock,
And oil out of the flinty rock;
Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
With fat of lambs,
And rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats,
With the fat of kidneys of wheat;
And thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape.
But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked:
Thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick,
Thou art covered with fatness.
Then he forsook God which made him,
And lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation.
They provoked him to jealousy with strange gods,
With abominations provoked they him to anger.
They sacrificed unto devils, not to God;
To gods whom they knew not.

To new gods that came newly up,
Whom your fathers feared not.
Of the rock that begat thee thou art unmindful,
And hast forgotten God that formed thee.
And when the Lord saw it he abhorred them,
Because of the provoking of his sons and his daughters.
And he said, I will hide my face from them,
I will see what their end shall be :
For they are a very froward generation,
Children in whom is no faith.
They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God ;
They have provoked me to anger with their vanities :
And I will move them to jealousy with those which are not a people ;
I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation.
For a fire is kindled in mine anger,
And shall burn unto the lowest hell,
And shall consume the earth with her increase,
And set on fire the foundations of the mountains.
I will heap mischiefs upon them ;
I will spend mine arrows upon them ;
They shall be burnt with hunger, and devoured with burning heat,
And with bitter destruction :
I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them,
With the poison of serpents of the dust.
The sword without and terror within
Shall destroy both the young man and the virgin,
The suckling also, with the man of gray hairs.
I said I would scatter them into corners,
I would make the remembrance of them to cease from among men,
Were it not that I feared the wrath of the enemy,
Lest their adversaries should behave themselves strangely,
And lest they should say, Our hand is high,
And the Lord hath done all this.
For they are a nation void of counsel,
Neither is there any understanding in them.
O that they were wise, that they understood this,
That they would consider their latter end !
How should one chase a thousand,
And two put ten thousand to flight,
Except their Rock had sold them,
And the Lord had shut them up ?
For their Rock is not as our Rock,

Even our enemies themselves being judges.
For their vine is of the vine of Sodom,
And of the fields of Gomorrah:
Their grapes are grapes of gall;
Their clusters are bitter:
Their wine is the poison of dragons,
And the cruel venom of asps.
Is not this laid up in store with me,
And sealed up among my treasures?
To me belongeth vengeance and recompense;
Their foot shall slide in due time:
For the day of their calamity is at hand,
And the things that shall come upon them make haste.
For the Lord shall judge his people,
And repent himself for his servants,
When he seeth their power is gone,
And there is none shut up or left.
And he shall say, Where are their gods,
Their rock in whom they trusted,
Which did eat the fat of their sacrifices,
And drank the wine of their drink-offerings?
Let them rise up and help you,
And be your protection.
See now that I, even I, am He,
And there is no god with me:
I kill and I make alive:
I wound and I heal:
Neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.
For I lift up my hand to heaven,
And I say, I live forever.
If I whet my glittering sword,
And mine hand take hold on judgment;
I will render vengeance to mine enemies,
And will reward them that hate me.
I will make mine arrows drunk with blood,
And my sword shall devour flesh;
And that with the blood of the slain and of the captives,
From the beginning of revenges upon the enemy.
Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people:
For he will avenge the blood of his servants,
And will render vengeance to his adversaries,
And will be merciful unto his land and his people.”

Moses now withdraws from the presence of Israel, and goes alone to the summit of Mount Pisgah. Josephus, following the tradition of the Jews, says it was "amid the tears of the people, the women beating their breasts, and the children giving way to uncontrollable wailing. At a certain point in his ascent of the mountain he made a sign to the weeping multitude to advance no farther." Behold this renowned and venerable servant of God, wending his lone way up the mountain side to get one look of Palestine and die!

"And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea; and the south, and the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, 'This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go thither.' So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."

The Lord buried Moses! *No other such burial is on record.*

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the "Sons of God" upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

“That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean’s cheek
Grows into the great sun—

“Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain’s crown
The great procession swept.

“Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor’s height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot :
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

“But when the warrior dieth
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won ;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

“Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along th' emblazoned wall.

"This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

"In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' incarnate Son of God.

"O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
And hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well."

JOSHUA.

JOSHUA, the servant and successor of Moses, died at the age of one hundred and ten. He was about eighty-four when he succeeded Moses in the government of Israel, and soon after received the divine command to pass over Jordan and take possession of the promised land.

His piety and courage are conspicuous in every part of his history. A very beautiful and touching instance of his courage is narrated in connection with the conquest of Jericho. As a wise and prudent general, Joshua went out to survey the strong city which he was about to attack with his forces. While he was making his observations "He lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him, with a drawn sword in his hand!" The sight was unexpected, and any other than a real hero would have been terror-stricken. But the brave and bold Joshua rushes forward and instantly demands,

"Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?"

"Nay, but as Captain of the Lord's host am I now come."

Had not the response been immediate and satisfactory Joshua would have tried swords with him; but finding the stranger was the "Angel of the Lord," appearing for the instruction and assurance of Israel, he "fell on

his face and did worship," and said unto him, "What saith my lord unto his servant?"

The battles of Joshua in securing possession of the promised Palestine were numerous, and magnificent beyond those of any other hero of antiquity. His celerity, his forced marches, sudden onsets, and constant victories, were unparalleled. His sword gleamed on every height; his shout of victory resounded from every mountain and hill-side. Walled cities and fortified summits were found insufficient barriers to his progress. In an almost incredibly brief period the richest, most fruitful, most densely populated, and most strongly fortified country in the ancient world yielded to the valor of the conqueror of a hundred years, and the chosen people of God were in full possession of the Land of Promise.

The closing official act of the aged Joshua is one of the gravest personal and public interest. He has reached the point of fivescore and ten years, and is about to be gathered to his better "Canaan." He summons all Israel before him, and calls into his immediate presence "the elders, heads, judges, and their officers." The place of meeting is Shechem, and the spot where the great victor and leader stands is near the sepulcher of the patriarch of Israel. In a brief address he recounts the historic outline of the divine interventions in their behalf. He reminds them of his advanced years, and tells them that the time has come for him to bid them his final earthly farewell. The scene closes thus: "And Joshua said unto the people:

"Ye cannot serve the Lord, for he is a holy God; he

is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions and your sins. If ye forsake the Lord and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good."

And the people said unto Joshua: "Nay; but we will serve the Lord."

And Joshua said unto the people, "Ye are witnesses against yourselves, that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him."

"We are witnesses."

"Now, therefore, put away," said he, "the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel."

"The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey."

So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem. He also wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak by the sanctuary. He then said to the people:

"Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us. It shall be, therefore, a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God."

Then Joshua dismissed the people. "And it came to pass after these things, that Joshua, the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord, died, being a hundred and ten years old. And they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Timnath-serah, which is in Mount Ephraim, on the north side of the hill of Gaash."

D A V I D .

DAVID, the great warrior, king, prophet, and inspired poet, died at the age of threescore and ten. He was twenty years old when he suddenly appeared in the camp of Israel and slew the giant Goliath. At the age of thirty he was crowned King of Judah, after being chosen at a free election of the people, and at thirty-seven King of all Israel. His soldier life, in which he never lost a battle or failed to take a besieged city, continued at intervals until he was about sixty-five.

David was sixty years old when the great rebellion under Absalom took place. The crime of Absalom in this affair was among the most cruel on record. He had just been forgiven for the murder of his brethren, and recalled to the parental home and affection. The rebellion was not only against his country, but against a forgiving father in his old age.

Early on the morning after the announcement that Absalom had assumed the royal standard, the aged King fled from the sacred city on foot. He was accompanied by vast and sorrowing crowds of people, including his body-guard and a few of his faithful generals. At every stage the mournful procession was marked by the most affecting incidents, giving evidence of the firm hold of the veteran King upon the deep and lasting affections of the people. Among his guard

was the faithful and powerful Philistine chief, Ittai of Gath, who, with a nobleness worthy of the best ages of chivalry, refused the entreaties of the King that he should not peril his life in following his fortunes in the hurried flight from the city. "The whole land wept with a loud voice" at the departure of David, and mountain and valley echoed with the wailing of the people.

The story of the subsequent battle and the restoration to the throne is briefly told. At Mahanaim several great chiefs rallied to his support: one of them of great age, Barzillai the Gileadite; the two others bound to him by former ties—Shobi, the son of one of David's ancient friends, and Machir, a descendant of the beloved Jonathan. Strengthened and assured by such aid, David marshaled his forces to withstand the expected attack of Absalom. The whole were arranged under three great generals, Joab, captain of the host, Abishai, captain of "the mighty men," and the faithful, loving, and powerful Ittai. The charge of the aged King, as he bid them go up and conquer, and yet save the life of the cruel Absalom, and his yearning and indescribable sorrow on learning of the death of the latter, is one of the most touching in the annals of parental solicitude. As he saw the resolution of victory in the eye of his brave warriors his heart yearned for his erring son, and in giving them his final charge and blessing he bade them,

"Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom."

How terrible the agony which, soon after, shook his paternal soul to its deepest foundations as he turned to the solitude of his own chamber exclaiming, in tones which pierced all hearts, "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

When the revolt was subdued, and the united voice of the elders and chiefs at Jerusalem appealed to him, "Return thou and all thy servants," David wrote, it is believed, the beautiful "Pilgrim Song," embraced in Psalm cxxii, afterward included in the "Songs of Ascents," sung by pilgrims on their going up to Jerusalem:

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is builded
As a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up,
The tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
Because of the house of the Lord our God
I will seek thy good."

The saddest event in the old age of David arose in connection with the appalling prevalence of the pestilence consequent upon his numbering the people. This

governmental act seems to have been suggested by the great increase of power, and by a spirit of confidence and pride criminal in the heart of the sovereign of God's chosen people. During the ravages of the terrible plague an awful vision appeared to David. The Angel of the Lord appeared stretching out a drawn sword between the sky and earth, and immediately over the devoted city. David beheld it from outside the walls at the threshing-floor of a wealthy Jebusite. In the humiliation which followed came the inspiration which resulted at the time in the transformation of the threshing-floor into an altar, and subsequently to the erection on that exact spot of the great temple which, for a thousand years, constituted the center of national worship. Following the three days of pestilence, and the dedication of the threshing-floor of Araunah, David penned, it is believed, Psalm xxx.

"I will extol thee, O Lord ; for thou hast lifted me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
O Lord my God, I cried unto thee,
And thou hast healed me.
O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave ;
Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

"Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his,
And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.
For his anger endureth but a moment ;
In his favor is life : "
Weeping may endure for a night,
But joy cometh in the morning.

"And in my prosperity I said,
I shall never be moved.
Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong :
Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O Lord ;
And unto the Lord I made supplication.
What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit ?
Shall the dust praise thee ? shall it declare thy truth ?
Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me :
Lord, be thou my helper.
Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing :
Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness ;
To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.
O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee forever."

Two years before David's death came the regal consecration of Solomon, hastened by the conspiracy of another son to secure the throne. David, though exceedingly feeble with the infirmities of old age, greatly desired to deliver a public charge to his son and people in connection with the event. Two great thoughts pressed heavily upon his soul—the erection of God's house, and the success of the reign of Solomon. In order the better to impress these great thoughts upon the national heart he called two public assemblies, and at each of them summoned all his strength in the delivery of his personal charge. At the first of them "he assembled the princes of Israel with the priests and Levites." On this occasion was offered the following "Psalm of praise"—cxlv :

"I will extol thee, my God, O king ;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee ;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever,
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised ;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall praise thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty,

And of thy wondrous works.
 And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts ;
 And I will declare thy greatness.
 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,
 And shall sing of thy righteousness.

“The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion ;
 Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
 The Lord is good to all :
 And his tender mercies are over all his works.
 All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord ;
 And thy saints shall bless thee.
 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
 And talk of thy power ;
 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
 And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.
 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
 And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

“The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
 And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
 The eyes of all wait upon thee ;
 And thou givest them their meat in due season.
 Thou openest thine hand,
 And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
 The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
 And holy in all his works.

“The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
 To all that call upon him in truth.
 He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him ;
 He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
 The Lord preserveth all them that love him :
 But all the wicked will he destroy.
 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord :
 And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.”

A second national convocation speedily followed. All the officers of the realm, civil and military, with the men of prominence and renown, were present. The aged and loving sovereign, bending under his infirmi-

ties, spoke to them of the building to be erected, gave his last charge to Solomon, and then called upon all present for their offerings for the Temple. The scene which followed surpasses description. The representatives of the tribes proffered their contributions with a magnificent enthusiasm never paralleled in the history of human giving. Dr. Arbuthnot estimates the amount received by the king at this time, for the temple building, at *fourteen billions of dollars!* Dr. Prideaux's calculations of the value of the gold talent would make the sum much larger!

This unexpected liberality of the people deeply affected David, and called forth a most grateful tribute of adoration, praise, and prayer, "before all the congregation." At the conclusion of his prayer he exhorted all present:

"Now bless the Lord your God."

And all the congregation did so. The offering of sacrifices followed, lasting for two days. On the second day the grand ceremony of the second anointing, and the final coronation of Solomon, took place, and David, who, since the first anointing of Solomon, had reigned conjointly with him, now resigned his entire governmental authority, and the latter became sole king of Israel.

David's official life is now closed. He has reached a grand old age. His people, now constituting the most wealthy and prosperous nation of the age, are at peace. The regal scepter is in security in the hands of the chosen of the Lord. The hour is one of triumph.

As the veteran hero contemplates the kingdom and the prospective peaceful reign of Solomon, his thoughts rise from the present and earthly to the future and spiritual. His soul drinks in the vision of the Messiah. He beholds the reign of the great "king in Sion," and is in an ecstasy of delight at the prospect of the blessings which shall result from the new and more glorious administration. Says Calmet: "Transported with joy and gratitude, he addressed this Psalm to God, (lxxii,) in which he prays him to pour out his blessing on the young king and upon the people. He then, wrapped up in divine enthusiasm, ascends to a higher subject, and sings the glory of the Messiah, and the magnificence of his reign." This glorious Psalm opens and closes thus :

" Give the king thy judgments, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.

" He shall judge thy people with righteousness,
And thy poor with judgment.
The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the little hills, by righteousness.
He shall judge the poor of the people,
He shall save the children of the needy,
And shall break in pieces the oppressor.
They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure,
Throughout all generations.
He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass :
As showers that water the earth.
In his days shall the righteous flourish ;
And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.

* * * * *

His name shall endure forever :

His name shall be continued as long as the sun :

And men shall be blessed in him :
All nations shall call him blessed.

“Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things.
And blessed be his glorious name forever :
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

“The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended.”

After a few brief months the sorrowing announcement is made throughout the land that he lies upon the couch dying. Solomon stands at his bed-side to receive his last words. After charging the young king to be a faithful servant of God, and assuring him of the greatness of the covenanted blessings promised, he gives him some special directions concerning certain individuals, and then delivers the following poem :

“NOW THESE BE THE LAST WORDS OF DAVID.

“David the son of Jesse said,
And the man who was raised up on high,
The anointed of the God of Jacob,
And the sweet psalmist of Israel, said,
The Spirit of the LORD spake by me,
And his word was in my tongue.
The God of Israel said,
The Rock of Israel spake to me,
‘He that ruleth over men must be just,
Ruling in the fear of God.
And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth,
Even a morning without clouds ;
As the tender grass springeth out of the earth
By clear shining after rain.’
Although my house be not so with God ;
Yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant,
Ordered in all things, and sure :
For this is all my salvation, and all my desire,
Although he make it not to grow.

“But the sons of Belial
Shall be all of them as thorns thrust away,
Because they cannot be taken with hands.
But the man that shall touch them
Must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear;
And they shall be utterly burned with fire in the same place.”

“This beautiful fragment from the dying bard,” says Dr. Hibbard, “which comes to us like the last clear rays of the setting sun, was not intended for temple worship, and was not, therefore, set to music and classed with the lyrical psalms. Yet it is a precious relic of the same inspired author, and not only contains expressions of devout gratitude and joyful hope as to himself, but discloses, in language and metaphor inimitable, the one great burden of his pious soul—his solicitude that Solomon should keep the covenant of God, and govern the nation with justice, ‘ruling in the fear of God.’ How sweet the dying of this great man! How serene, how joyful, how hopeful his end! and what a model for the dying of a monarch! ‘David’s life and history, as written for us in these Psalms of his,’ says Thomas Carlyle, ‘I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of man’s moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul toward what is good and best—struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck, yet a struggle never ended; ever with tears, repentances, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew.’ But the struggle now ends, and the calm of life’s evening is grateful to the worn warrior.”

ELIJAH.

ELIJAH, the most eminent of the Jewish prophets, died at an uncertain age, but the commonly received opinion among the Jews was that he was a man "venerable with years." "He comes," says Bishop Hall, "in a tempest, and goes out with a whirlwind." His later years seem to have been spent as Head-master or President of the "Schools of the Prophets." The students in this institution were numerous, and among them was Elisha, who was a more immediate attendant upon his "master."

The closing scene of Elijah's life is described with remarkable minuteness by the Scripture historian. It was one of transcendent sublimity. Understanding by divine assurance that he would soon be translated to his heavenly home, he seems to have been specially desirous of concealing the fact from Elisha. He said, therefore, to the latter,

"Tarry thou here, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel."

"As the Lord liveth I will not leave thee," was the response.

At Bethel Elijah said, "Tarry thou here, for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho." But Elisha would not leave him. A similar entreaty at Jericho met with a similar response. They go on to the Jordan. By miracle the

waters divide, and they cross over on dry land. Then ensues the closing conversation, introduced by Elijah :

“ Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee.”

“ I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.”

“ Thou hast asked a hard thing ; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee it shall be so unto thee ; but if not, it shall not be so.”

And as they walk on and talk the scene changes to one of extraordinary presence and grandeur. There appears a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire ! They are separated, and Elijah enters the chariot and is taken up in a whirlwind into heaven, while Elisha exclaims, “ My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof !”

In his “ Breathings of a Devout Soul,” Bishop Hall thus alludes to the translation of the great prophet :

“ Lord, what a great favor was that which thou showest to thy prophet Elijah, to send a fiery chariot for him to convey him up to heaven ! I should have thought the sight of so terrible a carriage should have fetched away his soul beforehand, and left his body groveling on the earth. But that Good Spirit of thine which had foresignified that fiery rapture had doubtless forearmed thy servant with an answerable resolution to expect and undergo it. Either he knew that chariot, however fearful in the appearance, was only glorious, not penal, or else he cheerfully resolved that such a momentary pain in the change would be followed by an

eternity of happiness. O God! we are not worthy to know whereto thou hast reserved us. Perhaps thou hast appointed us to be in the number of those whom thou shalt find alive at thy second coming, and then the case shall be ours; we shall pass through fire to our immortality; or, if thou hast ordained us to a speedier dispatch, perhaps thou hast decreed that our way to thee shall be through a fiery trial. O God! whatever course thou in thy holy wisdom hast determined for me, prepare me thoroughly for it; and do thou work my heart to so lively a faith in thee that all the terrors of my death may be swallowed up in an assured expectation of my speedy glory; and that my last groans shall be immediately recorded with eternal halleluiahs in the glorious choir of thy saints and angels in heaven. Amen! Amen!"



ELISHA.

ELISHA, the successor of Elijah, closed his life, according to Josephus, at the age of ninety. He outlived Ahab and his successor, Jehu, and saw Joash, the third generation, son of the latter, securely enthroned over Israel. Unlike Elijah, he seems to have lived and performed the functions of his prophetic office, including the presidency over the schools of the prophets, without interference from the throne. He seems, however, to have been an official supporter, and probably a cherished friend, at the royal court.

Elisha is now an old man. * Sickness comes upon him, and the close of life's scenes transpires. Joash, King of Israel, hearing of his illness, comes to visit him, and salutes him with the well-known words, "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" The quoting of these words by the King in the presence of the aged, dying prophet was a most tender and inspiring act; they would bring to the remembrance of the prophet, in the most vivid manner, the whole scene connected with the sublime and glorious translation of Elijah, and his own induction into the chief prophetic office.

"Take bow and arrows," said Elisha; and the King had them brought.

"Put thy hand upon the bow;" and the King did so; and Elisha put his hands upon the King's hands.

"Open the window eastward." It was done.

"Shoot," and the King shot.

"The arrow of the Lord's deliverance," said Elisha, "and the arrow of deliverance from Syria; for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek till thou hast consumed them."

"Take the arrows again; smite upon the ground." The King smote three times and ceased; whereupon the Prophet, with evident disappointment and with much earnestness, said, "Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria until thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice."

And the old, beloved, and most honored of the proph-

ets slept in peace. "He obtained," says Josephus, "a magnificent funeral; such a one, indeed, as it is fit a person beloved of God should have." Among the mourners were the King of Israel, and the nobles of the land. The funeral of Elisha was royal; that of Elijah *glorious*.

DANIEL.

DANIEL, "the wise Prophet," died at the age of ninety or over. A careful reckoning of the chronology of the Scripture events narrated would make him over seventy when Babylon was captured by Darius, the Persian King, and when Daniel was suddenly elevated by the pagan conqueror to the chief rulership (only second to the King) of the proudest empire of the eastern world.

There is no hint given of the cause of Daniel's elevation to almost supreme power by Darius immediately after his conquest of the city.* The chief man in the realm under Nebuchadnezzar, we should expect to see him fall one of the first victims, but instead of this, he is not only spared, but is not even made a prisoner; on the contrary, he is exalted above every prince of Persia. The cause of this was probably twofold. In the first place, Darius had doubtless heard of Daniel's prediction, just as Nebuchadnezzar did of Jeremiah's, and, like him, spared the prophet that foretold his success.

* See Headley's Sacred Heroes and Martyrs, *in loc.*

In the second place, he had been investing Babylon for two years, and in that time had heard of Daniel's wisdom as a statesman, and his spotless integrity. In no other way can the conduct of Darius be accounted for.

At the very outset, in reorganizing the vast kingdom he had just conquered, he gave him the power of a grand viceroy. A hundred and twenty princes took charge of all its affairs. Of these there were three general governors, of whom Daniel was the head. For a pagan king to take a captive, and of a different religion, and make him outrank the proudest princes of his realm, and give him almost supreme power, exhibits an exalted sense of his ability and integrity seldom witnessed.

This elevation of a foreigner above them naturally excited the envy and hatred of the proud nobility, and they determined to disgrace him. But the most unscrupulous falsehoods and skillfully laid plots could not affect his popularity with the King. Baffled at every turn by the keen sagacity and unswerving probity of Daniel, they were about to abandon their persecution in despair, when a last stratagem occurred to them. His very goodness and stern integrity should be the means of securing his downfall. Flattering the King, they induced him to make a decree that, under pain of death, no one for thirty days should make a request of God or man, save from his majesty alone. Daniel had outlived Nebuchadnezzar's reign of forty-one years, and that of his son, and hence at this time must have been at least seventy or eighty years old.

When the decree was promulgated, he knew at once the real object of it; but disdaining to ask any favor, or even to have his devotions private in his own chamber, and thus foil his adversaries, he threw open the windows of his gorgeous palace, that all the world might gaze within, and knelt three times a day before his God in prayer. The nefarious plot succeeded; the King dared not break his own decree, and Daniel's doom was sealed.

We are not told by what means the King, when informed of Daniel's conduct, tried to save him; we only know he labored all day to do so; perhaps by giving him an opportunity to escape, or urging him to make some concession. But whatever he did, it availed nothing; and the venerable sage, with his white locks and flowing beard, was led out of his princely residence, dragged like a criminal through the streets, along which he had passed the day before with the pomp of a king, and cast into the den of lions.

The King was more unhappy than Daniel that night; for the latter sat serenely amid the harmless brutes, while the former passed the long hours sleepless and agitated. Soon as the morning dawned, he hastened to the den, and, in a voice full of sadness, called out to his favorite prince, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?" "O King, live forever," came calmly back from the gloomy pit; "God hath sent his angels, and shut the lions' mouths." The King, overjoyed at his safety, had him brought forth at once; and, indignant at the wicked trick that had been played upon him, ordered the authors of it to be put in

Daniel's place. Josephus says that when, in the morning, they found Daniel unhurt, they represented to the King that it was not through any intervention of heaven that the lions proved harmless, but they had been gorged with meat just before he had been cast in. The King replied that he would repeat the experiment, and ordered the beasts to have all they could eat. He then commanded the officers to cast Daniel's accusers in, to test the truth of their assertion.

Here all the details of Daniel's career close; it is simply stated that he prospered through the reign of Darius, and Cyrus, his successor.

He had two wonderful visions, during Belshazzar's reign, of coming events. In the reign of Darius he records a remarkable prayer that he offered up for the restoration of Jerusalem, and just before it closed the Angel Gabriel, cleaving swiftly the air, came and touched him, and talked with him. In the third year of Cyrus he had a still more startling vision. He was standing with his retinue on the banks of a river, when a supernatural being appeared before him, with a face gleaming like lightning, and his eyes burning like fire, and who spoke with a voice like the united shout of a vast multitude. Those with him fled in terror at the fearful utterance, while his own strength failed him, and he fell to the earth.

Daniel's visions or prophecies are remarkable for their exactness as to time, and particularly in details; so much so, that some have asserted that they must have been recorded after the events took place. These

prophecies refer, in the first place, to the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman empires, in which their future is clearly foretold. The time at which Christ is to appear is definitely fixed. The rise of an antichrist, the duration of his power, and his overthrow, are fully set forth; while the future restoration of the Jews, the triumph of Christ over all his foes, and the universal spread of religion, is declared. His visions cover all time, from his own day to the end of the world.

He lived to see his prayer answered—the Jews restored to their homes; but, as he was at this time nearly ninety years old, it is generally supposed that he did not return himself, but died in Susa.

Born of royal parents, exposed to the corruptions and vices of a dissolute court, surrounded with all the seductions of pleasure, and possessing almost unlimited wealth and power, he yet remained pure and uncontaminated through a long and eventful life. With every means of personal gratification placed within his reach, he kept himself unsoiled, and was to the last the “greatly beloved of God.”



P A U L.

PAUL, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, died at the age of about sixty-six. All his epistles were written after he had reached his fiftieth year. In that year he wrote 1 *Thessalonians*, and a year later 2 *Thessalonians*. At fifty-two he undertook the third of his

great and renowned "missionary journeys." At fifty-five he wrote 1 and 2 *Corinthians*, and *Galatians*, the first in the spring, the second in summer, the third in the winter of that year. A year later he wrote *Romans*. At fifty-seven he was arrested and sent to Cesarea, and the next year was sent a prisoner by Festus to Rome. He was fifty-nine when he reached Rome.

Paul remained at Rome two full years. Though a prisoner, he yet was treated with great kindness by the "Captain of the Guard," who permitted him to dwell "in his own hired house." He "received all who came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him. Among the converts brought to the Christian faith through his instrumentality were several members of the emperor's (Nero's) household.

At the close of his first year in the imperial city, and when he had reached the age of sixty, he wrote the Epistles to *Philemon*, *Colossians*, *Ephesians*, and *Philippians*. These Epistles are of great interest, and, like all the other writings of Paul, have been greatly admired. They set forth important doctrines, and indicate the paternal care with which the great Apostle watched over the Churches.

The two years at Rome closed with the trial and liberation of Paul. The great delay in the trial probably arose because the Roman law required the presence of the accusers and the witnesses, and much time was required to secure their attendance. Paul was accused

of disturbing the Jews in the exercise of their worship ; of desecrating their Temple ; and, above all, of violating the peace of the empire, by being the ringleader of a new and factious sect. This last crime, amounting to treason, was punishable with death. The prosecution utterly failed ; Paul was again free—now at the age of sixty-one.

The missionary labors of the Apostle were again resumed, and continued for the space of five years. He journeys to Macedonia and Asia Minor, and thence, it is believed, westward to Spain. At the age of sixty-five he is again in Macedonia, where he writes his first Epistle to *Timothy* ; later in the same year he wrote to *Titus*, and still later we find him at Nicopolis. The next year we find him with Luke at Rome, having gone there probably to visit, and encourage the Churches which he had planted during his lengthened imprisonment, and which, during his absence, were caused to suffer the severest possible persecution.*

Nothing can be grander than the itinerant life of Paul, which seems to have increased in activity and in-

* Historians mention a terrible fire which took place in Rome during Paul's absence. It was believed that Nero (the emperor) himself caused the fire, and then, to avert the rage of the populace, charged it upon the already hated votaries of the Christian faith. Tacitus describes the success of Nero's infamous expedient, and recounts the great sufferings of the martyrs. "Some were crucified ; some disguised in the skins of beasts, and then hunted to death with dogs ; some were wrapped in robes impregnated with inflammable materials, and set on fire at night, that they might serve to illuminate the circus of the Vatican and the gardens of Nero, where this monster in human form exhibited the agonies of his victims in public. In this way "a very great multitude," says Tacitus, "perished."

terest with his advancing years. We see him, writes Richard Watson, in the prosecution of his single purpose, traveling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates; scourged, beaten, stoned, left for dead; expecting wherever he came a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; sacrificing pleasure, ease, and safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience, prejudice, and desertion, unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions, unwearied by long confinement, and undismayed by the prospect of death.

Paul is now in Rome at the age of sixty-six. He is soon arrested and imprisoned, probably on a charge of having instigated the Roman Christians to their supposed act of incendiarism. The court is appointed, and the first hearing in the trial takes place. Paul describes it with his own pen in his second letter to Timothy, written immediately after:

“When I was first heard in my defense no man stood by me, but all forsook me; I pray that it may not be laid to their charge; nevertheless, the Lord Jesus stood by me, and strengthened my heart, . . . I was delivered out of the lion’s mouth.”

This letter—the last Paul ever wrote, and containing his last recorded words—is among the most impressive and touching ever written. It was probably written immediately after Paul was remanded to prison, and while he was awaiting the second stage of his trial,

and when all hope of acquittal had departed, for he says:

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The last hearing before the court of Nero takes place—probably much sooner than was expected when the letter to Timothy was written. Paul is condemned, and, according to the provision of the Roman law in such cases, is to die by being beheaded. He is led forth beyond the city walls upon the road toward Ostia, the port of Rome. As he goes from the gate his eyes rest, in passing, upon the sepulchral pyramid which stands beside the road.* The journey to death is not long. The sword of the executioner gleams in the air, and falls upon the neck of the unoffending, "ready-to-be-offered" victim, and the spirit of the greatest of the Apostles—the herald of glad tidings to all mankind—passes to the presence and joy of the Master.

* "That pyramid still stands unshattered, amid the wrecks of centuries, upon the same spot."

JOHN.

JOHN, the Evangelist, died in the city of Ephesus A. D. 100. If we assume that when called to be a disciple he was about the age of Christ—a supposition not unreasonable—his age must have been about one hundred years.

Our Saviour had a particular and very strong attachment for him; he was “the disciple whom Jesus loved.” This special attachment arose doubtless from the great simplicity of John’s character and the ardor of his affections. He was the same loving disciple up to the very close of life. That he was treated with greater familiarity by Christ than the other disciples is shown by the fact that Peter desired him to ask Christ who should betray him when he himself did not venture to put the question. He was the only apostle present at the crucifixion, and to him Jesus, when nailed to the cross, gave the strongest proof of his affection by consigning his mother to his care.

After our Saviour’s ascension, John continued to make Jerusalem the chief center of his labors, it is believed, until the death of Paul. He was then about sixty-six years old. He departed soon after to take apostolic charge of the Churches organized by Paul in Asia Minor, and probably made the city of Ephesus his chief residence.

While pursuing his apostolic labors in Asia Minor he was banished, at near ninety years of age, by order of the Roman Emperor Domitian, to Patmos, a small rocky island in the *Ægean* Sea. The following cause has been assigned by one of the early Christian historians: Some enemy of the Jews and Christians informed the Emperor that the Jews looked for a king to arise from the posterity of David, who should give law to the whole earth; that the Christians expected that Christ would soon return and set up an extensive dominion, and that on this account both Jews and Christians should be regarded with a jealous eye, as harboring views dangerous to the State. A great persecution followed, one of the incidents of which was the banishment of John.

How long he remained an exile in that desolate region is not known. While there he was permitted to enjoy those sublime visions and utterances which make up the book of Revelation. At the close of the persecution he was permitted to return to Ephesus, where he remained until called to the realization of the "new heaven" which he had described in his exile.

The Gospel and letters of John, as well as the Revelation, were all written in his old age, either during his exile in Patmos, or near that time.

Clement, Jerome, and other early Christian writers, furnish several interesting anecdotes, two or three of which are narrated as illustrative of John's loving nature.

Dr. Whedon, in his preliminary notes to St. John's Gospel, records the following :

“While at Ephesus, John, learning that the heretic Cerinthus was within the same bathing-house with himself, rushed rapidly out lest the building should fall upon the head of both. There was a great lesson in this vehement action. The inspired Apostle knew that he was standing at the fountain head of Christian truth, whence it was of most momentous consequence to our world that the stream should flow to future ages in perfect purity. To him, the heaven-sent guardian of that truth, no criminal could be, rightly and truly considered, more deeply criminal than the errorist, who would corrupt the fountain and send a stream of falsehood to that great future.”

The following incident is narrated on the authority of Clement, who wrote about one hundred years after the apostle :

John, in one of his apostolic tours, found a newly converted young man, whom with deep-loving interest he committed to the special care of a Pastor, and departed home. Some time after John revisited that Church, and inquired of the Pastor concerning the young man, saying,

“Come, give me back the pledge which I and the Saviour intrusted to thee before the congregation.”

“Alas!” sorrowfully replied the Pastor, “the youth has apostatized and become a robber. Instead of being in the Church, he now lives with his companions in the mountains.”

"O what a guardian I placed over the soul of my brother!" exclaimed the good old Apostle as he rent his clothes and smote upon his head in anguish.

With a heart yearning for the erring youth, and forgetting his great age, he called for a horse and hastened to the mountains, determined to win him back to piety and honor. The robbers met and seized the veteran Apostle as he was wandering in the fastnesses of the mountains. He begged them,

"Carry me to your chief."

They did so; and the latter, instantly recognizing him, was seized with shame, and turned and fled. Pushing after him, the old man cried out,

"Why dost thou flee from me, O child! from me, thy father, an unarmed old man? Pity me, O my child! Be not afraid; thou still hast hope of life. Stop! Believe that Christ has sent me!"

The tender, touching appeal of holy, yearning love was successful. The robber yielded, returned, and was restored to Christ and the Church.

As illustrative of the delightful impressions made upon the hearts and memories of the early Church, Jerome tells us that in his extreme age John was borne to the Church in the arms of the young men, and that when he became too feeble to preach he would constantly repeat the words written in one of his epistles, "*Little children, love one another.*"

When asked why he always repeated this exhortation he replied, "Because this is the command of the Lord, and enough is done if it is obeyed."

The record of his last hours has not come down to us. He passed home to the embrace of his loving and beloved Lord at about the age of a hundred years.

“O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

“Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

“God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

“O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

“O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.”

PART II.

REFORMERS.

MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER, the Apostle of Germany, the renowned leader of the great Protestant Reformation and founder of the Lutheran Church, died February 18, 1546, at the age of sixty-two. He was thirty-eight when the famous Diet of Worms took place, and as he entered the hall of the Diet one of the ablest military commanders of the age tapped him upon the shoulder and said, "Monk, monk, thou art on a passage more perilous than I and many other commanders ever knew in the bloodiest battle-fields. If thou art right, fear not; God will sustain thee."

At the age of forty-two Luther married, to the great surprise of his friends, an ex-nun, Catherina von Bora, in order "to please his father, to tease the Pope, and to vex the devil." The marriage, upon the whole, was a happy one, and Luther long afterward wrote of his "Katy" as an obedient, pious, and good wife, whom he prized "above the Kingdom of France, or the State of Venice."

While, to use his own graphic language, the life of the great Reformer was "rough, boisterous, stormy, and

altogether warlike—born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns, and to clear the wild woods”—he was eminently social and affectionate in his home life. He was a lion in public life, a lamb at home. He loved earlier and later in life to gather the children about him and partake with them in their childish joy. When near fifty years old, and while absent at the famous and exciting Diet of Augsburg, he wrote to his “Johnny:”

“Mercy and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I am glad to hear that you learn your lessons well and pray diligently. Go on, my child. When I come home I will bring you a pretty fairing. I know a very pretty, delightful garden, and in it there are a great many children, all dressed in little golden coats, picking up nice apples, and pears, and cherries, and plums under the trees. And they sing and jump about, and are very merry; and, besides, they have got beautiful little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. The gardener told me, ‘These are children who love to pray, to learn their lessons, and to obey.’ Then I said, ‘Dear sir, I have a little son called Johnny Luther; may he come into this garden too?’ and the man said, ‘If he loves to pray, and learn his lessons, and is good, he may.’”

In all his letters to his wife and friends Luther laid open his whole heart, and gave full vent to his native wit, harmless humor, and childlike playfulness.

It has been often said that men of wit and humor

have their seasons of sadness and melancholy. It was so with Luther, especially in his later years. "The basis of his life," says Thomas Carlyle, "was sadness, earnestness. In his latter days, after all his triumphs and victories, he expresses himself as heartily weary of living; he considers that God alone can and will regulate the course things are taking, and that perhaps the day of judgment is not far. As for him he longs for one thing, that God would release him from his labor, and let him depart and be at rest. They understand little of the man who cite this in discredit of him. I will call this Luther a true great man: great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. . . . A right spiritual hero and prophet; one more a true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to heaven."

In 1544, at the age of sixty-one, he wrote to a friend: "I am worn out and discontented; that is, I am an old man and no more of any use. I have finished my course; there remaineth only that God gather me to my fathers, and give my body to the worms."

Luther's constitution began to be seriously impaired in his sixty-second year, just after he had put to press the second edition of his great work, the translation of the Bible. On the 17th of January, 1546, he wrote to a friend: "I write to you, though old, decrepit, inactive, languid, cold, and now possessed of only one eye. I had flattered myself that I should have obtained a reasonable rest when on the brink of the

grave, as I now consider myself to be, whereas I am overwhelmed with writing, preaching, and business, as if I had never acted, written, preached, or done any thing."

Luther was very poor, and yet had remarkable influence among not only the common people, but also the chief men of state. A disagreement having arisen between the Counts of Mansfield respecting some business matters, Luther was prevailed upon to undertake the burden of reconciling them. Six days after the above letter was written, he left Wittenburg for that purpose, and proceeded to Aisleben. He had previously had an issue opened by his physician in his left leg. This had given him much temporary relief, so that he could walk to the University where he lectured. On the journey to Aisleben, however, he omitted to take with him materials for dressing it, and this, his physician thought, hastened his death.

He had scarcely reached the city before he was affected with extreme debility, so that his life was despaired of. He engaged, however, in the special business which called him there. He was always pleasant and cheerful.

Says one of his attendants: "He said to Cœlius and me, 'I was born and baptized at Aisleben; what if I should remain or die here.' That same day he did not sup in his study, but in the parlor, and during the time of it expounded various remarkable passages of Scripture. He once or twice said in the course of his conversation, 'If I shall effect concord between the proprietors of my native country I shall return home,

and repose myself in my coffin, and yield my body to be eaten by worms.'

"Before supper, indeed, he had begun to complain of a great uneasiness at his breast, and had given orders that it should be rubbed with a warm cloth, and when he had found a little ease, he supped in the parlor as has been mentioned. He ate well, and was cheerful. When supper was ended, he again began to complain of an oppression at his breast, and asked for a warm linen cloth. He forbade us to send for medical assistance, and slept on a couch for almost two hours and a half. Cœlius, the landlord, Drachstedius, and his wife, who were called in, the town clerk, and Luther's two sons, sat by him, watching him till half after eleven. He then requested that his bed in his own bed-chamber should be warmed, which was done with great care, and he was conducted to it. At one o'clock A.M. he said to me, 'O, Jonas, how ill I am! I feel a very great weight at my breast: I shall certainly die at Aisleben.'

"I answered, 'Reverend father, God, our heavenly Father, will assist you, by Christ, whom you have preached.' In the mean time Ambrosius made haste, and conducted him out of bed into the chamber. He went without any assistance, and, passing the threshold, said, 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit.' We immediately sent for two physicians from the city, who came instantly. We also caused Count Albert to be awakened, who, together with his wife, came to his assistance.

“But Luther began to pray, saying, ‘O my heavenly Father, eternal and merciful God, thou hast revealed to my thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; I have preached him, I have confessed him, I love him, and I worship him as my dearest Saviour and deliverer, whom the wicked persecute, blame, and blaspheme—receive my soul.’ He then three times repeated the words of the Psalm, ‘Into thy hands I commit my spirit, God of truth; thou hast redeemed me.’ Also, ‘God hath so loved the world.’

“While the physicians and we applied the most salutary medicines, he began to be silent and to faint, nor did he answer us, though we called loud to him and shook him. When the Countess again gave him a little cordial, and the physicians insisted that he should answer, in a feeble tone of voice he said to Cœlius and me, Yes or No, according as the question required to be answered. When we then cried out, ‘Dearest father, do you verily confess Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?’ He then answered, so distinctly as to be heard, ‘Yes.’ This was his last word.”

MELANCHTHON.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON, the associate of Luther, died April 19, 1560, at the age of sixty-three years. Fox, his biographer, tells us that some days before he died he wrote on a piece of paper, in two columns, the reasons why he ought not to be sorry at leaving the

world. One of these columns contained the blessings which death would procure him; the other the evils from which death would deliver him.

His studies were continued as long as his strength permitted him to creep into the lecture-room. His last lecture was upon the last prayer of the Saviour, recorded in John xvii. In it he entreated his hearers to remember after his decease the sentiments he then uttered. "I am a dying man," he said, "and these are the three subjects for intercession with God which I leave to my children and their little ones: that they may form part of his Church, and worship him aright; that they may be *one* in him, and live in harmony with each other; and that they may be fellow-heirs of eternal life."

When confined upon his dying couch he spoke of his departure with the utmost composure. "I dread nothing so much," he said, "as to become a useless cumberer of the ground," and prayed if his life was protracted that he might be useful to the youth under his care, and to the Church of Jesus Christ. In conversing with his friend Camerarius he appropriated the language of Paul, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." "He criticised upon the Greek terms, which, he said, ought to be rendered, 'Having a desire to remove, pass on, or set about proceeding in the journey'—that is, to go from this life of toil and wretchedness to the blessed rest of heaven." When his friend Camerarius, who had remained some time with him, was about to leave, he said, "My dear Doctor Joachim, we have been joined

in bonds of friendship forty years, a friendship mutually sincere and affectionate. We have been helpers of each other with disinterested kindness in our respective stations and employments as teachers of youth, and I trust our labors have been useful; and though it be the will of God that I die, our friendship shall be perpetuated and cultivated in another world." As he departed, the dying man impressively and affectionately gave him his last benediction:

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who sitteth at the right hand of the Father, and giveth gifts to men, preserve you and yours, and all of us!"

The day before Melancthon died his bed was removed by his own desire into the library, which he had continually frequented during his illness; upon which occasion he said with great cheerfulness, as he was placed upon it, "This may be called, I think, my traveling couch, if (alluding to the criticism above mentioned) I should remove in it."

During the same day, seeing one of his grandchildren near him, "Dear child," said he, "I have loved you most affectionately; see that you reverence your parents, and always endeavor to please them, and fear God, who never will forsake you. I pray you may share his constant regard and benediction." In similar terms of tenderness and piety he spoke to all the younger branches of his family.

On the morning of his death he repeated, feebly but distinctly, a most solemn and impressive form of prayer which he had written for his own daily use. An inter-

val of repose having elapsed after this, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and turning to his son-in-law, said, "I have been in the power of death, but the Lord has graciously delivered me." When some of the by-standers said, "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," he soon said, "Christ is made to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "Let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." Upon being asked by his son-in-law if he would have any thing else, he replied in these emphatic words:

"Aliud nihil, nisi cælum!" (NOTHING ELSE, BUT HEAVEN!)

He then desired that he might not be further interrupted. Soon afterward he made a similar request, entreating those around him, who were endeavoring with officious kindness to adjust his clothes, not to disturb his delightful repose.

After some time his friends united with the minister present in solemn prayer, and several passages of Scripture, in which he was known always to have expressed peculiar pleasure, were read, such as "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions;" "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me;" particularly the fifth of Romans, and the triumphal close of the eighth chapter, commencing, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Many other passages of Scripture were recited, and the last word he uttered was the German particle of affirmation, *Ja*, in reply to Winshemius, who had inquired if he understood him while reading. The last motion which his friends, who sur-

rounded him to the number of twenty, could discern, was a slight motion of the countenance which was peculiar to him when deeply affected with religious joy !
“ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace ! ”

“ When the tired hands relax their hold on earth,
And weary nature seeks to rise no more,
What time she lingers helplessly beside
The sullen stream that beats life’s crumbling shore,—

“ ’Tis blessed if, while earthly ties are rent,
The soul can rest secure from dread alarms,
And feel, as one by one the mortal props
Give way, beneath the All-sustaining arms.

“ Thus wait I till the inundating stream
Shall wear away the remnant of life’s sand ;
What distance ’twixt me and the water’s edge
I know not, save a narrow strip of land.

“ Backward, a few choice roses grace my path ;
Their balmy odor reaches me to-day ;
A few sharp thorns from which the human shrinks—
The waves will wash their memory away.

“ Forward, a vast and glorious expanse
Stretches afar beyond the majestic sea ;
Sweet sounds come floating over, and at times,
As ’twere, familiar voices call to me.

“ Life’s golden cup ! O how divinely mixed !
We bless Him for the draught, whatever ills ;
Father, be thine the issue, though mine eyes
Turn longing toward the Everlasting Hills.”

JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX, the leader of the Protestant reformation in Scotland, died in Edinburgh November 24, 1572, aged sixty-seven. He was ordained a priest of the Roman Catholic Church at the age of twenty-five. At thirty-seven he embraced the Reformed or Protestant religion, and at forty-two entered the ministry. He long resisted, until his friends resolved to move him, if possible, with a public call. A day was fixed, and a sermon preached by a pastor declaring the right of a congregation, however small, to appoint any one of suitable gifts to the office, and urging the sin of resisting such appointment. Knox was present as a listener. At the close of the sermon the preacher turned to Knox, saying:

“Brother, you shall not be offended; in the name of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of all present, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation.” Then, turning to the congregation, he said,

“Was not this your charge to me? and do ye not approve this vocation?”

All answered, “It was; and we approve it.”

Knox was abashed and overwhelmed, and, bursting into tears, retired and shut himself in his chamber. For days he was in deep sorrow, but finally entered upon the work, and soon became the powerful leader of the Reformers.

Knox's preaching was distinguished by a "headlong and vehement energy, which," as the English ambassador said, "put more life into him than six hundred trumpets."

He continued his ministerial work with undiminished ardor up to his sixty-fifth year. He then suffered a stroke of apoplexy, which greatly weakened him, but he reappeared occasionally in the pulpit, and still participated in the exciting Church controversies then transpiring.

His last sermon was preached November 9, 1572, fifteen days before his death, and is said by his biographer to have been one of the most spiritual and fervent of his whole ministry. Two days after he was stricken down with disease.

His experiences were those of strong Christian confidence. On the evening of his death, about an hour before he breathed his last, he was asked if he heard the prayers just offered. "Would to God," he replied, "that you and all men had heard them as I have heard them: I praise God for that heavenly sound."

The only words he uttered after these were, "*Now it is come*," evidently meaning his departure, and then, without a struggle, expired.

His funeral was attended by an immense concourse, including many of the nobility. When his body was laid in the grave, the Regent pronounced his eulogium in the well-known words, "*There lies he who never feared the face of man.*"

PART III.
FOUNDERS,

JOHN WESLEY.

JOHN WESLEY, founder of Methodism, was born in Epworth June 17, 1703, and died in London March 2, 1791, aged nearly eighty-eight. He was ordained a minister of the Church of England at the age of twenty-one; became a Greek lecturer and fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, at twenty-two; professed saving faith at the age of thirty-five, and organized the first Methodist Society in London at thirty-six.

Wesley's industry was almost without a parallel. In many things he was gentle, and easy to be entreated; but in his earnestness in redeeming time he was decisive and inexorable. While kept waiting for his carriage on one occasion he passionately exclaimed:

"I have lost ten minutes forever!"

"You have no need to be in a hurry!" said a friend.

"Hurry!" he replied, "I have no time to be in a hurry."

It has been calculated that during the fifty years of his itinerant ministry he traveled a quarter of a million of miles, and preached more than forty thousand sermons. He economized time to the utmost, never sleeping more than six hours in twenty-four. He went

preaching throughout the three kingdoms, and always acted in harmony with his own well-known utterance, "*The world is my parish!*" Looking at his traveling, the marvel is how he found time to write; and looking at his books, the marvel is how he found time to preach. His hands were always full, but his action was never fluttered. He was always moving, and yet, in the midst of his ceaseless toils, betrayed no more bustle than a planet in its course. His mission was too great to allow time for trifles.

His rigid economy of time and his zeal in his work continued to the last. In 1785, at the age of eighty-two, his biographers describe him as "slackening not his pace." He still rose at four in the morning, preached two, three, or four times a day, and traveled between four and five thousand miles a year, visiting in every two years the societies throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

In his eighty-fourth year he first began to feel decay, and upon commencing his eighty-fifth he wrote: "I am not so agile as I was in times past; I do not run or walk as fast as I did; my sight is a little decayed; I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons, which I do as readily and, I believe, as correctly as ever."

At the beginning of 1790, at the age of eighty-seven, he wrote: "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labors; I can preach and write still!"

In the literature of the age, in its lectures and debates, in chapels and in churches, in synods, congresses,

and all sorts of conferences, by the highest lords and the most illustrious commoners, the once persecuted Wesley is now extolled ; and the judgment of Southey, in a letter to Wilberforce, is tacitly confirmed : “ I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects, centuries or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long.”

In person Wesley was rather below the middle size, but beautifully proportioned ; without an atom of superfluous flesh, yet muscular and strong ; with a forehead clear and smooth, a bright, penetrating eye, and a lovely face, which retained the freshness of its complexion to the latest period of his life.

In general scholarship and knowledge he had few superiors, while such was his acquaintance with the New Testament that when at a loss to repeat a text in the words of the authorized translation he was never at a loss to quote it in the original Greek.

As an author, the chief characteristics of his style are brevity, perspicuity, and strength. He abhorred verbosity, and constantly endeavored to say every thing in the fewest words possible. “ I never think,” said he, “ of my style at all, but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe any thing for the press, then I think it my duty to see that every phrase be clear, pure, proper, and easy. Conciseness, which is now, as it were, natural to me, brings *quantum sufficit* of strength.” Not for want of genius, but for want of time, and for want of disposition to make it otherwise,

his style is one of naked and self-dependent strength, unaccompanied with gaudy coloring, and equally undiluted with the pretentious puerilities of weak and little minds. It is impossible to abridge his writings without omitting thoughts as well as words. Who can abridge Euclid's Elements without maiming them? And who can take from the works of Wesley without reducing their specific gravity?

In the pulpit Wesley's attitude was graceful and easy; his action calm, natural, pleasing, and expressive, and his voice not loud, but clear and manly. Whitefield was the greater orator: Wesley the better divine. Wesley's preaching was without Whitefield's Demosthenic eloquence, but it had the accuracy of a scholar, the authority of an ambassador, the unction of a saint, the power of God. It was always searching, but not often terrible and severe, except when addressed to congregations rich, respectable, and polite. "Sir," said a friend to him, after he had preached to a genteel audience from the words, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "Sir," said Wesley's offended hearer, "such a sermon would have been suitable in Billingsgate, but it was highly improper here;" to whom Wesley quietly but significantly remarked: "If I had been in Billingsgate my text should have been, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

Wesley had a mild and grave countenance, which in old age appeared extremely venerable; to the last his manners were polite, and free from gloom or austerity.

His benevolence was unbounded; his liberality knew no bounds but an empty purse. When he had thirty pounds a year he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away the balance. The next year he received sixty pounds, yet still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year his income was one hundred and twenty, but he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away all the rest. One of his biographers estimates the total of his gifts at nearly \$200,000.

Numberless instances of Wesley's wit and repartee might be given. "Stop that man from speaking!" exclaimed Charles Wesley at one of the early Conferences when a preacher rose up and, full of the love of Christ and irrepressible emotion, began to relate his religious experience. "Stop that man from speaking!" said Charles; "let us attend to business!" but still the good man proceeded. "Unless he stops I'll leave the Conference," continued Charles. Wesley, himself reveling in the itinerant's religious recital, effectually cooled the warmth of his brother's temper by quietly remarking, "Reach him his hat."

Wesley was always "instant in season and out of season." Always and every-where he was ready to turn passing incidents to practical account. "Pray, sir, let us go," said one of his friends while two women near Billingsgate Market were quarreling most furiously, and using language far more forceful than pious—"Pray, sir, let us go; I cannot stand it." "Stay, Sammy,"

replied Wesley, as he looked at the viragoes who were evidently *inspired*, though not from heaven—"Stay, Sammy," answered the man who had eyes for every thing, "stay and learn how to preach." The suggestion was not lost.

In social life Wesley was a Christian gentleman, and with perfect ease accommodated himself to both the high and low, the rich and poor. Placid, benevolent, and full of anecdote, wit, and wisdom, his conversation was not often equaled, and was generally concluded with two or three verses of a hymn applicable to what had just been spoken. Though never trifling, he was always cheerful, sometimes saying, "I dare no more *fret* than *curse* or *swear*." His sprightliness among his friends never left him, but was as conspicuous at eighty-seven as at seventeen. He was at home in mansions and equally in cottages; courteous to all, and especially to the young, often remarking, "I reverence the young because they may be useful after I am dead."

Of his piety nothing need be said. "His modesty," writes Bradburn, "prevented him saying much concerning his own religious feelings. In public he hardly ever spoke of the state of his own soul; but in 1781 he told me that his experience might almost at any time be expressed in the following lines:

"O Thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

“There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise!”

Says Tyerman, from whose biography several of the above paragraphs are condensed, “Taking him altogether, Wesley is a man *sui generis*. He stands alone; he has had no successor; no one like him went before; no contemporary was a coequal. There was a wholeness about the man such as is rarely seen. His physique, his genius, his wit, his penetration, his judgment, his memory, his beneficence, his religion, his diligence, his conversation, his courteousness, his manners, and his dress, made him as perfect as we ever expect man to be on this side heaven.”

“A greater poet may rise than Homer or Milton,” writes Dr. Dobbin, “a greater theologian than Calvin, a greater philosopher than Bacon, a greater dramatist than any of ancient or modern fame; but a more distinguished revivalist of the Churches than John Wesley, never.”

Says Lord Macaulay, “He was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature; whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu; and who devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species.”

The son of the poet Crabbe gives, in his biography of his father, a brief scene in the last days of Wesley:

"At Lowestoft one evening all adjourned to a dissenting chapel to hear the venerable John Wesley, who was then on one of the last of his peregrinations. He was exceedingly old and infirm, and was attended, almost supported, in the pulpit by a young minister on each side. The chapel was crowded to suffocation. In the course of the sermon he repeated, though with an application of his own, the lines from 'Anacreon:'

"Oft am I by woman told,
 Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
 See, thine hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By this I need not to be told
 'Tis time *to live*, if I grow old!"

"My father," continued young Crabbe, "was much struck by his reverend appearance and cheerful air, and the beautiful cadence he gave to these lines; and after service he was introduced to the patriarch, who received him with benevolent politeness."

On Wednesday, the twenty-third of February, 1791, Wesley preached his last sermon on the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." He had previously taken a severe cold, which now prostrated him, with a burning fever.

On Sunday morning he seemed much better. While sitting in his chair he looked quite cheerful, and repeated, with marked emphasis, the latter part of that verse in the Scripture Hymns on "Forsake me not when my strength faileth:"

“Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And O, my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end!”

Soon after, in a most emphatical manner, he said, “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.” Some who were then present, speaking rather too much to him, he tried to exert himself, but was soon exhausted and obliged to lie down. After a while he looked up and said, “Speak to me; I cannot speak.” On which one of the company said, “Shall we pray with you, sir?” He earnestly replied, “Yes.” And while they prayed, his whole soul seemed engaged with God for an answer, and he added a hearty Amen.

About half after two he said, “There is no need for more than what I said at Bristol, (where, taken with sudden illness, he appeared near to death.) My words then were,

“‘I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!’”

One said, “Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you then did?” He replied, “Yes.” When the same person repeated—

“Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own,”

and added, “’Tis enough. *He*, our precious Emanuel, has purchased, has promised all;” he earnestly replied, “He is all! He is all!” and then said, “*I will go.*” Soon after, to his niece, Miss Wesley, who sat by his bedside, he said, “Sally, have you zeal for God now?”

After this the fever was very high, and at times affected his head; but even then, though his head was subject to a temporary derangement, his heart seemed wholly engaged in his Master's work.

In the evening he got up again, and while sitting in his chair he said, "How necessary is it for every one to be on the right foundation!

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!"

We must be justified by faith, and then go on to sanctification."

On the next day sleeping much of the time, every waking moment exhibited his interest in the kingdom of Christ, and in his future residence in glory. Once, in a low, but very distinct voice, he said, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus."

He afterward inquired what the words were on which he preached at Hampstead a short time before. He was told they were these: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." He replied, "That is the foundation, the only foundation, and there is no other." He also repeated three or four times in the space of a few hours, "We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

Tuesday, March 1st, after a very restless night, (though when asked whether he was in pain he generally answered "No," and never complained through

his whole illness, except once, when he felt a pain in his left breast when he drew his breath,) he began singing,

“All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to thy people return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

“O! wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit descend;
And set up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never shall end;
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey;
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.”

Here his strength failed; but after lying still awhile he called for pen and ink, saying, “I want to write:” but on the pen being put into his hand, and the paper held before him, he said, “I cannot.” One of the company answered, “Let me write for you, sir; tell me what you would say.”

“Nothing,” replied he, “but that *God is with us.*”

In the afternoon he said, “I will get up.” While they were bringing his clothes, he broke out in a manner which, considering his weakness, astonished all present, in these words:

“I’ll praise my Maker while I’ve breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne’er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

“Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel’s God ; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves th’ oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.”

He soon after lay down. Several friends that were in the house being called up, they all kneeled down in prayer, at which time his fervor of spirit was visible to every one present. But in particular parts of the prayer his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when Mr. Broadbent was praying in a very impressive manner, that if God was about to take away their father to his eternal rest he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline, which he had long made his aged servant the means of propagating and establishing in the world, such a degree of fervor accompanied his loud *Amen* as was every way expressive of his soul’s being engaged in the answer of the petitions.

On rising from their knees he took hold of all their hands, and with the utmost placidness saluted them, and said, “Farewell, farewell !”

A little after, a person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, “*The best of all is, God is with us !*” and then, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph not

to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words—

“THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US.”

Seeing some persons standing by his bedside, he asked, “Who are these?”

Mr. Rodgers, after naming the persons, said, “Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown.”

“It is the Lord’s doing,” he replied, “and marvelous in our eyes.”

On being told that his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wesley, was come, he said, “He giveth his servant rest.”

On wetting his lips, he said, “We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies: bless the Church and king, and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!”

At another time he said, “He causeth his servants to lie down in peace.” Then pausing a little, he cried, “The clouds drop fatness!” and soon after, “The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!” He then called those present to prayer: and though he was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit.

These exertions were, however, too much for his feeble frame; and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the Psalm before mentioned, he could only utter,

“I’ll praise—I’ll praise!”

On Wednesday morning the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him,

and the last word he was heard to articulate was, "Farewell!"

His face during that time had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty which was admired by all that saw it. Wrote Charles Wesley :

"With poverty of spirit blessed,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven!
Thy labors of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above;
Crowned, through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward!"

ROGER WILLIAMS.

ROGER WILLIAMS, founder of the Baptist Church in the United States, the first white settler in Rhode Island, died at the age of nearly eighty-four. By birth he was a Welshman, but migrated to Massachusetts at the age of thirty-one. He was a graduate of Oxford University, of the class of 1627. He was early ordained a minister of the Church of England, but subsequently adopting liberal principles, and declaring in favor of freedom of conscience in all religious matters, including the support of the Church, he became a fugitive from religious persecution.

On reaching Boston he declared against the mandatory compulsory system of support adopted by the Puritan Church, and was subsequently, at the age of thirty-six, compelled to fly secretly away in order to save him-

self from banishment to England. Hastily leaving his family, he betook himself to the wilderness, and after a fourteen weeks' journey in mid-winter, "sorely tossed, and not knowing what bread or bed did mean," he reached the shore of Narragansett Bay. Obtaining a grant of land from the friendly ruling chief, he founded the new colony.

"In grateful remembrance of God's merciful providence," he gave to the place the name of "Providence." A poetic admirer makes him say:

"Accept, O Lord, our thanks for mercies past;
Thou wast our cloud by day, and fire by night;
Whilst yet we journeyed through the dreary vast,
Thou Canaan more than givest to our sight.
Lord! 'tis possessed, not seen from Pisgah's height.
We deeply feel this high beneficence;
And ages far shall o'er our graves recite
Of thy protecting grace their fathers' sense,
And when they name their home, proclaim *Thy Providence!*"

After his settlement at Providence, Mr. Williams, now forty years old, with several others, embraced the views of the Baptists. There being no person to administer immersion, after consultation, Mr. Ezekiel Holliman, "a man of gifts and piety," baptized Williams, who in turn then baptized Holliman and the others. Thus was instituted the first Baptist Church in America.*

With this Church Williams remained, officiating as Pastor but four months, when, on account of a change of views on the subject of baptism, ("discarding all baptism because not derived from the authority of the

* Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

Apostles,") he resigned his charge, and declined afterward to submit to the authority of any Church of Christendom. His interest in the general subject of religion did not abate. His zeal for the conversion of souls continued to the close of life. Often, while deeply immersed in the cares of the civil government, he was found preaching to the Indians—a good work which he never fully ceased to perform until the Master called him to “come up higher.”

Williams lived honored and beloved. He filled successively the highest offices in the town and of the colony. He was faithful and patriotic to the last. When upward of seventy-six years of age, he accepted a militia captaincy during a prolonged and bloody war with the Indians under King Philip.

When the desolating sweep of the war reached Providence, and the Indians came up to attack the town, most of the inhabitants, including Williams's family, fled to Newport. But Williams remained. Seeing the Indians coming, the aged hero took his staff and met them on the hill overlooking the town. He explained to them the uselessness of the war on their part. He said to them,

“You may kill the thousands the colonists can send against you, and the King of England will supply their places as fast as they fall.”

“Well,” said the Chief, “we are ready for them. But as for you, Brother Williams, you are a good man. You have been kind to us many years. Not a hair of your head shall be touched.”

In 1782, when eighty-three years old, Williams desired to publish his discourses which he had addressed, as he said, "to the scattered English at Narragansett before the war and since." He recalled, says Mudge, and arranged them at his fireside. He said of himself while trying to carry out his purpose, "I am old, and weak, and bruised." He was also poor. Instead of building up his own fortune during his public official life, he sacrificed all opportunities for the good of others. He lived only to bless society.

At the age of eighty-four, while his heart was yearning as strongly as ever to do good to all the people around him, the venerable man passed peacefully to his immortal home. The particulars of his closing experiences are not known to us. We only know that in his own humble home, surrounded by his aged and affectionate wife and his kind children, he calmly, and with true Christian hope, spake his last "farewell." His biographer, with the purpose of indicating the loving domestic habits of the good old man, quotes the following paragraph from a letter written to Mrs. Williams: "I send thee, though in winter, an handful of flowers made up in a little posey for thy dear self and our dear children to look and smell on when I, as the grass of the field, shall be withered and gone."

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

NIKOLAUS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF, Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, founder of the revived denomination of Moravians or United Brethren, died at Herrnhut, Austria, May 9, 1760, aged sixty. He was a descendant of a noble Austrian family, and early succeeded to his father's estate.

When a mere child his mind became deeply imbued with religious conviction, and it is said he often, while from five to seven, wrote letters to the Saviour, and threw them out of the window of the nursery, "hoping that the Saviour might find them." He early studied theology, and resolved to become a minister of the Gospel:

At the age of twenty-two he married a noble lady, and about the same time gave some emigrant Moravian refugees permission to settle on one of his estates. Soon after he united with them and became their Pastor. The place was then named Herrnhut, which signified "protection of the Lord." Not long after he was consecrated Bishop, and thenceforward devoted himself with most praiseworthy zeal to the promotion of his great work.

The Count's labors were apostolic. He visited various countries, and pushed forward his labors of love with the most self-sacrificing spirit, and with the utmost zeal. In 1742 he organized at Oly, Pa., the first Mo-

ravian congregation in America. He wrote more than *one hundred books* in the promotion of his evangelical labors.

The last work which the Count prepared for the press was the daily texts and watchwords for the year 1761. He was occupied with this and other labors until the beginning of May, when he made arrangements for another journey to Zeist; but his consort was taken so ill that it seemed probable she would soon finish her course. But he was beforehand with her, and left her a widow, though only for a very short time, for she followed him the same month.

On the 5th of May the Count, although he had slept little the previous night, completed the work he had assigned himself for the forenoon, with equal precision and pleasure, exclaiming, "Now rest is sweet!" He sat at table for the last time, but ate scarcely any thing, and complained of extreme thirst. In the afternoon he composed an instructive ode for the festival of the unmarried sisters, and was also present at their love-feast, but was soon after compelled to retire to bed. His physician found that he was attacked by a violent catarrhal fever, which produced great debility.

He conversed that evening with his three daughters, and some other individuals of his household, in a very confidential and pleasing manner. He said to them, with reference to his illness, that when formerly unwell he had always minutely inquired into the cause of his illness, and what the Lord intended by it; and as soon as he had ascertained it, he always preferred revealing

it to his intimate friends, to the keeping it to himself. He knew that the Saviour was not opposed to our openly presenting ourselves before his children as poor sinners, and it always rendered the chastisement lighter. Thus he had acted during the whole of his life, and had always asked forgiveness of his adversaries as soon as he found that he had erred respecting them. Nor had his openness, in this respect, suffered injury by their frequent abuse of it, for the Lord knew how to raise his people again to honor. This time, however, he felt assured that the Saviour had no such intention in his sickness. He was inwardly very cheerful, and entirely resigned to the Lord.

He passed the night almost without sleep, which debilitated him still more, but his spirit continued in its wonted activity. He was accustomed, when ill, to have read to him the letters that were received and the answers that were returned, and this was the case likewise that day. He revised the watchwords for the year 1761, and listened to the latest intelligence which had arrived from the various churches and missions, and at which he expressed his satisfaction.

The next night his illness increased; he was unable to obtain any sleep, and the physician began to be apprehensive of a fatal result. An incessant cough rendered speech difficult; yet still he expressed his pleasure at the presence of his oldest and most intimate friend, Baron Frederick Von Wattewille, and Count Henry XXVIII. Reuss, both of whom conversed with him in a pleasing manner. The ministers of the Church took

it in turn to be with him, and he received each of them with the tenderest affection.

The following night he was also extremely friendly and kind toward the brethren who sat up with him, but was too weak to sleep, and his frequent slumbers lasted scarcely longer than a minute at a time. Notwithstanding this, he was more cheerful on the 8th than during his whole illness. Whoever came to him was received most affectionately. "I cannot express," said he to his son-in-law, and others who were present, "how much I love you all. I am now in my element. We are together like angels, and as if we were in heaven." "Could you have thought it," said he to one of the company, "that the prayer of Christ, 'that they all may be one,' would be so blissfully fulfilled among us?" While speaking on this subject, the greatest kindness and love shone in his countenance. He then called to mind many who had already entered into the joy of their Lord, and calculated how many of his acquaintances and friends had joined the Church above. He mentioned also, on this occasion, the blissful dissolution of the Countess Louisa of Solms.

With the same pleasure and cheerfulness in which he spent the last day of his earthly pilgrimage, he also passed the last night of his earthly life. He conversed much with his Saviour, and also wrote and labored much. The affairs of several of his brethren lay near his heart. He inquired after them by name, and remembered all those with whom he wished to have spoken: in short, all those things in which he had

hitherto been engaged were perfectly present to his mind.

With respect to his disorder, it seemed the evening before as if it would cause an outward eruption; but at midnight it was perceived that his tongue refused its office, a violent attack of phlegm occurred, which, however, passed off in a few minutes. Speech also returned toward morning, and he heartily thanked the Saviour for being still able to speak.

Very early on the 9th of May he said, in a faint voice, to a person who came to visit him, "I am well satisfied with the ways of my Lord: he has special thoughts of peace concerning his disciple; but you do not think so at present. I think I have almost done with you; you know my sentiments, if I should now be taken home."

Soon after John Van Watteville was called, who, at his request, took his seat close by his bed-side, because he could not speak sufficiently audibly. He said to him, "Now, my dear son, I am going to the Saviour; I am ready; I am quite resigned to the will of my Lord, and he is satisfied with me.

Baron Frederick Von Wattewille and David Nitschman came soon after; he received them very tenderly, and conversed with them, but his voice became again so faint that they were able to understand very little. He then sent for his children; but before they arrived an apoplectic seizure had deprived him of speech. He looked at them in the kindest manner, saluted them, blessed them, and died.

PART IV.
BIBLICAL COMMENTATORS.

THOMAS SCOTT,

REV. THOMAS SCOTT, D.D., author of a well-known Commentary, died in England, April 16, 1821, at the age of seventy-four. He entered the ministry of the Church of England at the age of twenty-six, continuing therein until his death in 1821. His Commentary was begun in 1802, at the age of fifty-five. A second and revised edition was completed at the age of sixty; a third at the age of sixty-seven; and the stereotyped edition at a still more advanced age. His theological works were collected and issued by his son, in ten volumes octavo, in 1823.

The bargain as to the price for the work is noteworthy. He received only a scanty allowance as a minister, scarcely enough to sustain his family; hence he accepted the proposition of a London bookseller to write a *Commentary on the Bible*, to be published in numbers, to receive therefor a guinea a week. Even this small amount, owing to the bankruptcy of the publisher, was never paid!

Scott was a man of earnest piety, especially in his old age, somewhat eager and impetuous, but of marked

sincerity. His closing hours are described by Dr. Wilson, afterward Bishop of Calcutta :

On Saturday, March 10, 1821, he was seized with inflammatory fever. The spiritual habit of his mind, under the anguish of bodily sufferings, which clouded at times his apprehensions of his own state before God, may be judged of by such expressions as these: "I think nothing of my bodily pain; my soul is all; I trust all will end well; but it is a dreadful conflict; I fear, I hope, I tremble, I pray. O, to enter eternity with one doubt upon the mind! Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Pity, pity, pity, Lord—deliver me, Lord—suffer not Satan to prevail!"

He was not always thus clouded. "I do not fear death," said he; "I desire to depart, if it be the Lord's will; but I want to do my duty; I would not shorten my sufferings by the least sin."

He asked at another time, "When will this end?" and on his son answering, "In God's good time," "Ah!" he replied, "that is a good expression; I thank you for it—in God's good time," and he repeated it frequently to the close of his sickness.

Referring to his writings, he said, "Posthumous reputation! it is the veriest bubble with which the devil ever deluded a wretched mortal; but posthumous usefulness—in that there is indeed something! That was what Moses desired, and Joshua, and David, and the prophets; the apostles, Paul, and Peter, and John; and, most of all, the Lord Jesus."

A message having been communicated to him from a

friend, which included something expressive of the great benefits his writings had produced to the Church, he stopped the speaker and said, "Now, this does me harm. The last sermon I preached, or something like a sermon, was from the words of the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'" I take them to myself—I am a sinner; nay, more, not merely a sinner, but the chief of sinners; and if God do but save me, all the glory and praise shall be his!"

When dying he appeared to be lost in prayer. "But," says his friend, in whose arms he expired, "just at the moment, when he reclined his head on my breast, the expression of his countenance suddenly changed from that of prayer, and indicated, as I conceived, a transition to feelings of admiring and adoring praise, with a calmness and peace which is quite inexpressible. The idea strongly impressed upon my mind was, that the veil which intercepts eternal things from our view was removed, and that, like Stephen, he saw things invisible to mortal eye."



ADAM CLARKE:

ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.R.S., author of an invaluable Bible Commentary, and one of the most learned men of his day, died in England, August 26, 1832, aged seventy-two. At the age of sixty-two he was chosen for the third time President of the British Wesleyan Methodist Conference, an event which,

prior to that time, had never occurred in the history of that body.

In 1826, at the age of sixty-six, Dr. Clarke completed his greatest work, the Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. He had been at work on it for forty years. The last line was written on his knees. He then cleared his large study table of its piles of manuscripts and antique folios, leaving only the Bible upon it; and having put his extensive library in order, he knelt again at his well-worn library steps, and poured out his most hearty thanksgivings to God, and implored the Divine benedictions upon the work. His family were then called in, and a domestic jubilee followed.

The remainder of Clarke's life * was filled with useful labors, and with enviable virtues and happiness, which would make it an agreeable self-indulgence to linger in his company longer than our limits will allow. His old friends and ministerial companions rapidly drop by his side into the grave; but his natural geniality and religious cheerfulness never fail. When seventy years old he writes that he has resolved to withdraw, as much as possible, from the cares and anxieties of public life, having grappled with them as long as the number of his years can well permit, and in this respect he says he has "a conscience as clear as a diamond, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, he has had his conversation among men," and now feels that, with the necessities

* The balance of this sketch is appropriated from Stevens's History of Methodism, vol. iii.

and conveniences of life, he can cheerfully take up in the wilderness the lodging-place of a wayfaring man. "I no longer like strange company of any kind: not that I have fallen, or would fall out with the world; for, thank God! I feel nothing of the misanthrope. I am ready to spend and be spent for the salvation or good of men." The same year he writes in the album of a friend, and with the style of his favorite Oriental poets:

"I have enjoyed the spring of life—I have endured the toils of its summer—I have culled the fruits of its autumn—I am now passing through the rigors of its winter, and am neither forsaken of God nor abandoned by man. I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day, the first of a spring that shall be eternal! It is advancing to meet me! I run to embrace it! Welcome! welcome! eternal spring! *Halleluia!*"

His generous theology imbues more than ever his interpretations of Christianity and his opinions of the ministerial office. To his son, who was preparing for holy orders, he says: "After having now labored with a clear conscience for the space of fifty years, in preaching the salvation of God, through Christ, to thousands of souls, I can say that is the most successful kind of preaching which exhibits and upholds, in the clearest and strongest light, the divine perfection and mercy of the infinitely compassionate and holy God to fallen man; which represents him to man's otherwise hopeless case, as compassionate as well as just—as slow to anger as well as quick to mark iniquity. Tell then your

hearers, not only that the conscience must be sprinkled, but that it was God himself who provided a Lamb! All false religions invariably endow the Infinite Being with attributes unfavorable to the present condition of men, with feelings inimical to their future felicity, and in opposition to their present good: such descriptions and attributes can never win man's confidence, and, as far as they are used and carried into the Christian ministry, are a broad libel upon the Almighty."

His domestic life is an unmarred picture of affectionateness and felicity. His conversation, if not humorous, is uniformly playful, abounding in fatherly counsel, in apt aphorisms, in quaint citations and learned allusions, with no other severity than a hearty disdain of all misanthropy. He occasionally publishes a volume of sermons, or some other work requiring no great labor, and is always welcomed with eagerness by the reading public. Eminent men of the learned and the religious worlds visit him at Haydon Hall. The Duke of Sussex, the best patron of learning and philanthropy which the royal family affords, delights to honor him in his rural home, and to receive him at Kensington Palace.

He continues to preach habitually, and with his old fervor and success. Twice he makes voyages to his Shetland missions, preaching from island to island. He rejoices in the success of this his favorite project: almost every island has its Methodist society, and the grateful people greet him as their apostle.

"O had I twenty years less of age and infirmity," he exclaims, among those northern rocks, where he

preached at a latitude beyond which no sermon was that day delivered on the globe, "how gloriously might I be employed here! But I have had my time, and through mercy I have labored in my day and generation. I think I can say, with a clear conscience, I have not spared my strength in the work of the Lord."

He makes repeated excursions to Ireland, not failing to revisit the scenes of his old home. He finds but few of the friends of his childhood remaining, but these few "were in raptures" to hear again his voice. Several of them, being blind with age, could not judge of his growth, and in their simplicity and delight accost him as the "little boy" who used to pray and exhort in their cottages. "They forgot," he says, "their own advance in life; forgot the sorrows and trials of fifty years, and talked with me in the same endearing strain and affectionate manner in which they were once accustomed to converse with the 'little boy.' Even the children, hearing their grandfathers and grandmothers talk thus, seemed at once to consider me as some one of the family that had been out on a journey for a long time, but was now returned home; and to me how delightful were this morning's visits!"

In every house he prays with the family, and in many resumes the "exhortations" he had given them fifty years before. "What pleasing ideas," he writes, "are awakened in my mind while visiting these scenes of my boyish days, and passing by the places where I first heard the pure Gospel of the Son of God, and first saw a Methodist preacher; and especially when I en-

tered that field where, after having passed through a long night of deep mental and spiritual affliction, the peace of God was spoken to my heart, and his love shed abroad in it! I would give almost any thing to buy that field where I found the heavenly treasure; but it is not to be sold. O, it almost makes me young again to view these scenes!"

For a few years more he continues to preach constantly, especially at chapel "openings" and in behalf of missionary collections.

In his seventy-second year he again visits Ireland, but is disqualified by his infirmities for his usual labors. "I have now," he writes as he returned, "such evidences of old age as I never had before. There is a Christ, there is redemption through his blood: I have this redemption, and I am waiting for the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Jesus." He adds: "I feel a simple heart; the prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns which I sung when a child I sing now with unction and delight."

He came back to die. In about two months he was cut off by the Asiatic cholera, which was then terrifying Europe. It was raging in England and Ireland. Daily in his household worship he prayed that "each and all of his family might be saved from its perils, or be prepared for sudden death." On the 25th of August, 1832, he began his prayer with the words, "We thank thee, O heavenly Father, that we have a blessed hope, through Christ, of entering into thy glory," and soon after set out in a chaise for Bayswater, where he had an ap-

pointment to preach the next day. There he was requested by a fellow-preacher to fix a time at which he would deliver a charity sermon. "I am not well," he replied; "I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me." The next morning, instead of preaching, he was struggling with the mighty pestilence. Said a friend,

"Put your soul in the hands of your God, and your trust in the merits of your Saviour."

"I do, I do," responded the dying veteran, and that night entered into his eternal rest, in the seventy-second year of his age and the fiftieth of his itinerant ministry.

The whole Methodist world mourned his death. The Conference honored him, in its Minutes, as "one of the great men of his age." "No man," it said, "in any age of the Church, was ever known, for so long a period, to have attracted larger audiences; no herald of salvation ever sounded forth his message with greater faithfulness or fervor, and few ministers of the Gospel, in modern times, have been more honored by the extraordinary unction of the Holy Spirit in their ministrations."

MATTHEW HENRY.

MATTHEW HENRY, author of the justly esteemed Commentary which bears his name, died at the age of fifty-two, and before he had completed his work. Those portions after the Acts were penned by others subsequent to his death.

He was of the number of great men who daily economized time by the habit of early rising, which was continued until death. He used to be in his study at four and remain till eight; then, after breakfast and family prayer, he remained in his study till noon. After dinner he resumed his books or pen till four; then spent the balance of the day in visiting his friends.

His life was filled up with abundant labor. On each Sabbath he preached twice, expounded twice, and prayed six times in public. He often lectured every evening in the week, and sometimes two or three times a day, and all this in addition to his pastoral work. When near his end he said to his friend, Mr. Illidge:

“You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine: *A life spent in the service of God, and in communion with him, is the most pleasant life that any man can live in this world.*”



JOSEPH BENSON.

REV. JOSEPH BENSON, an eloquent and influential British Wesleyan Methodist minister, and author of “Benson’s Commentary on the Holy Scriptures,” died February 16, 1821, aged seventy-three. He completed his Commentary, in five volumes quarto, in his sixty-fifth year. This work has had an extensive circulation

both in England and America, and is still much sought after.

Mr. Benson was also the author of several other works, was twice President of the (British) Wesleyan Conference, and was for a long time Editor-in-chief of the (British) Wesleyan Magazine, and continued at the latter post until his decease. Indeed, he prepared a large portion of the number of the Magazine which announced his death.

For several months his strength had gradually declined; but during the last three weeks of his life the infirmities of age very rapidly increased upon him, until his constitution, originally strong, but now exhausted and worn down by intense application and unremitting labors, sank under their pressure. Yet he ceased not his regular daily editorial work until four days before he breathed his last.

Mr. Benson preached his last sermon when almost seventy-three years of age. He chose for his text Phil. i, 11: "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God." He wrote in his diary, "I was able to preach without difficulty, and with great comfort and enlargement."

Not long after this the venerable Commentator remarked, "I shall not be long here:" adding, "How many have I known that are gone into eternity! many more than I know now upon the earth."

A short time after he had passed his seventy-third year, while rising early in the morning, he fell and hurt

his head. From this time he rapidly grew weaker every day, but did not suffer much pain. In response to the kind interrogations of his friends as to any pain, he would say,

“No pain, either in body or mind.”

On Wednesday, April 14, two days before he died, Dr. Adam Clarke called. After praying with him Dr. Clarke observed: “You feel the power of those great truths which you have for so many years declared to us. You have not followed a cunningly devised fable.”

“No, no,” he responded, “my hope of salvation is by grace through faith.”

On Thursday, April 15, his end appeared to be rapidly approaching. About noon Mr. Marsden said to him: “The Lord has long been your refuge, and he will ever be with you and bless you.”

“I trust he will; and he *will*,” was the answer. Then, after a moment’s reflection, he repeated:

“I trust he does; and he shall.”

This was his last complete sentence. The next morning, while his weeping family were around his bed, he entered the paradise of God.

“The Preacher of the Cross! no common powers,
No single talent, to his trust was given;
Trained and prepared, e’en from his earliest hours,
To be the chosen minister of heaven,
His infant heart received the sacred leaven,
And secretly through all his soul it spread.
The graces of the Spirit, One and Seven,
With hallowed influence on his heart and head
Descending, formed the man—the Christian Prophet sped.

“The Sacred Volume, Source of Truth Divine,
He studied with the royal Prophet’s zeal;
Explored with prayer that rich, exhaustless mine—
With prayer that He who gave it might reveal
Its treasures to his heart, his spirit fill
With hallowed wisdom whose reflected rays
Might on the Churches shine. To know His will,
To sound the depths of his Redeemer’s grace,
Employed his earliest hours, consumed his latest days.

“Hence, disciplined, enlightened, pious, wise,
A master-builder to the Church he came,
And labored long to see that building rise,
A house for God, a temple for the Lamb:
And in that day which shall his work proclaim,
Full many a polished, living stone shall stand,
Full many a saint shall rise to bless his name,
Who, hewn from nature’s quarry by his hand,
Adorn that nobler house, built in Immanuel’s land.

“But who shall speak the fervor of his zeal
While listening multitudes around him stood?
Their mingled grief and terror who shall tell,
While dark on Sinai’s thundering clouds he rode,
Armed with the vengeance and the wrath of God?
When standing with the Judge beside the Throne,
He held by turns the scepter and the rod,
Summoned the just to light, to life unknown,
Or drove the wicked forth, to pour the unpitied groan.

“Nor here the heaven-instructed teacher stayed;
Too well he knew the lessons of his Lord;
He knew the servant, as his Master made,
With him in mind, in spirit, should accord;
The duteous child should hear his Father’s word,
In meekness suffer, and in love obey;
Seek in his smile his rich, his full reward,
With patience labor, and with fervor pray,
Till life’s last work be done, and dawns the eternal day.

“Yet not alone, with calmly-patient toil,
These truths sublime the zealous preacher taught;

Nor studious, lingering o'er the midnight oil,
 From Wisdom's mine the stores of knowledge brought.
 His useful life, with grace, with virtue fraught,
 A living comment on those truths appeared ;
 His words were uttered, and his actions wrought
 As in His sight, whom more than all he feared,
 Whose precepts were his rule, whose light his spirit cheered.

" So preached, so lived, the man whom Heaven ordained :
 No orb of dubious or bewildering light ;
 A star in the right hand of Christ sustained,
 Diffusing o'er the Church a radiance bright.
 Now, sunk beneath the horizon, on our sight
 His luster beams no longer—yet the rays
 By him emitted, in this world of night,
 Have kindled many a spark, whose fires shall blaze
 In long, long shining streams when time itself decays.

" Yet, Zion, who thy genuine grief shall speak ?
 I see the cypress on thy languid brow,
 I see the glistening dew-drop on thy cheek,
 And join with thee in sympathetic woe.
 Justly our tears should for a father flow !
 Justly our hearts should mourn a Prophet's flight !
 Yet follow where the heavenly coursers go ;
 O rise ! and on the empyrean height
 O'ertake his chariot-wheels, and dwell with him in light."

ALBERT BARNES.

REV. ALBERT BARNES, an able, distinguished, and highly esteemed Presbyterian clergyman, author of "Barnes's Notes and Commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures," an invaluable work of wide circulation, died in Philadelphia December 24, 1870, aged seventy-two. His father was a tanner, and Albert worked with him at the business until seventeen years old. He graduated

at Hamilton College at twenty-two, at Princeton Theological Seminary at twenty-six, became Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Morristown, N. J., at twenty-seven, and of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia at thirty-two. His active pastorate at this Church continued until his call to the higher life in heaven.

Mr. Barnes kept up the habit of early rising, and diligently and carefully economized pastoral and literary labor until stricken with death. His "Notes on the New Testament" (of which there are eleven volumes) were written in the midst of very constant and arduous pastoral duties, and while almost deprived of sight. He worked when most others slept. Of his Notes near five hundred thousand volumes have been printed, and some of them have been translated into other languages.

He was born December 1, 1799. On December 6, 1868, having reached the "allotted period of life," he preached, in his church in Philadelphia, a sermon on the words, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten." Psa. xc, 10. In this discourse he furnished some exceedingly interesting reflections, from which the following paragraphs are quoted :

"Few, if any, at that period, ('threescore and ten,') can look over life without recalling the fact that they have often been embarrassed in their way; that they have met with many disappointments in their cherished plans; that obstacles from unforeseen quarters have been thrown in their path; nay, that they may have been

compelled more than once to change their plans of life. At the time when these things occurred they felt them keenly. They were saddened by disappointment, and wept at their want of success; they felt that even 'the stars in their courses fought against them;' they were envious at the success of others in whose path no obstacles seemed to be interposed; and possibly they have been tempted to murmur at what seemed to them an unjust and a partial government of the world—against that superior Power that gave success to others, and frowned on their path.

"Now, in the review, however, all this seems to be changed. Those reverses are seen to have been under a wise direction, in order that they who were thus disappointed might accomplish what they had not designed to accomplish, as well as that their own spiritual and eternal good might be secured.

"So we now look over the history of the world, and see that the great changes which have occurred among the nations—the revolutions of States and Empires, the reverses, the judgments, and the calamities which have come upon nations, have all been necessary in the great movements of human affairs, and have all tended in some way to promote the ultimate welfare of man, and to contribute to the progress of the race.

"For myself, if it will not be regarded as mere vanity to refer to this, I may say that all this has been illustrated in my own life as it now seems to me in the review of the past. I have carried out none of the purposes of my early years. I have failed in those things which I

had designed and which I hoped to accomplish. I have done what I had never purposed or expected to do. I have known what it was to weep at discouragements. I have been led along contrary to my early anticipations.

“It would not be proper to go into details here, and, if I did, they would be such only as occur substantially in the life of every man, and which any one could recount at the age of seventy. It is not because there has been any thing peculiar in my case that I advert to this, but merely to illustrate a general truth—to show you how life will *seem* to you when you review it at its close. If I have done any thing in the world, what I have done has been from no original purpose or plan of my own; if praise is due anywhere, it is not to me, but to Him who has directed my steps; if I have been useful in any respect, it is because there was a controlling Providence that directed my path.

“But if the personal reference may be allowed, I may allude to what in fact has proved to be the principal work of my life, and that in which I have been more successful than in any other; I mean the preparation of notes or commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures. For this work I had made no special preparation, and it never entered into my early plans or expectations. I was led to it as a side-work altogether, and pursued it as a pleasurable occupation from day to day. I began merely with the design of preparing a few plain and simple notes on the gospels for the benefit of Sunday school teachers. There was a demand for some brief explanation of the gospels for Sunday-schools, and it

was certain that such a work would be furnished by some one. Three other gentlemen, each of them peculiarly qualified for the task, commenced the preparation of such notes at about the same time, but each of them abandoned the design.

“With me the preparation of those Notes on the Gospels led to the habit of spending a small portion of each day in writing on some part of the Bible, at such a time as would not interfere with my regular duties as a Pastor, until, to my own surprise, I found myself at the end of the New Testament, and until, to my greater surprise, as the result has shown, more than a million of volumes have been sold in this country and abroad, in my native tongue, and in languages which I cannot read or understand.

“If there may seem to have been some self-denial required in pursuing such a work for more than thirty years; in doing it in the early morning hours when the inhabitants of this great city were slumbering round about me; in pursuing it when burdened with the duties of a most responsible charge; in going to my study in the early morning in all kinds of weather, cold, heat, storm, rain, snow; if there seems to have been something like dogged perseverance in this—I would say that this does not appear to me now to be so.

“Nothing is plainer to my own apprehension, nothing more indelibly impressed on my mind in the review of the past, than that there was an unseen hand that guided me in this work from day to day, and an influence from above that prompted me to it; that there

was a demand in the state of the Church that it should be done by some one ; that an emergency had arisen in the establishment of a new institution, the Sunday-school, for such a work ; that God gave me health, and strength, and a love for the work with reference to its accomplishment ; that he awoke me morning by morning for the pleasant task ; that his hand guided my own in writing ; and that, although conscious of being entirely voluntary, there was an overruling Providence, an overruling Power, that prompted to the conception of the task, and that led to its completion."

At the close of his admirable discourse Mr. Barnes writes : " My life has been a favored life. I know not that I have an enemy on the earth—that there is one human being that wishes me ill. I am certain that no wrong has been done to me, the recollection of which I desire to cherish, or which it is not easy to forgive.

" So glide my life away ! And so, at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat
Beneath the turf that I have often trod."

The prayer embraced in these lines was answered. He continued his delightful and useful work as a ministering Pastor and author to the last. While on a visit of condolence and Christian love at the house of a friend in his congregation he was suddenly stricken down, and almost instantaneous death ensued. He ceased at once to work and live.

“Angel voices, sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing,
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See the strange, bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“Softest voices, silver pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song forever calleth;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“Christ himself the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“Now at length the vail is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“Broken death's dread bands that bound us;
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, himself hath crowned us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

PART V.
MISSIONARIES.

THE MISSIONARY.

HE left his native land, and far away,
Across the waters, sought a world unknown,
For well he knew that he in vain might stray
In search of one so lovely as his own.

He left a home, around whose humble hearth
His parents, kindred, all he valued, smiled—
Friends who had known and loved him from his birth,
And who still loved him as a fav'rite child.

He left the scenes by youthful hopes endeared,
The woods, the streams that soothed his infant ear—
The plants, the tree that he himself had reared,
And every charm to love and fancy dear:

All these he left, with sad but willing heart,
Though unallured by honors, wealth, or fame;
In them not even his wishes claimed a part,
And the world knew not of his very name.

Canst thou not guess what taught his steps to stray?
'Twas love!—but not such love as worldlings own,
That often smiles its sweetest to betray,
And stabs the breast that offered it a throne.

'Twas love to God, and love to all mankind ;
His Master bade the obedient servant go,
And try if he in distant realms could find
Some who His name and saving grace would know.

'Twas this that nerved him when he saw the tears
His aged mother at their parting shed ;
'Twas this that taught her how to calm her fears,
And beg a heavenly blessing on his head.

'Twas this that made his father calmly bear
A godly sorrow, deep but undismayed,
And bade him humbly ask of God, in prayer,
His virtuous son to counsel, guide, and aid.

And when he rose to bless, and wish him well,
And bent a head with age and sorrow gray,
Even while he breathed a fond and last farewell,
Half sad, half joyful, dashed his tears away.

“And go,” he said, “though I with mortal eyes
Shall ne’er behold thy filial rev’rence more ;
But when from earth to heaven our spirits rise,
The Hand that gave him shall my child restore.

“I bid thee go, though human tears will steal
From eyes that see the course thou hast to run ;
And God forgive me if I wrongly feel,
Like Abraham, called to sacrifice my son.”

And he is gone ! With ardent steps he pressed
Across the hills to where the vessel lay ;
And soon, I ween, upon the ocean’s breast,
They saw the white sails bearing him away.

And did he go unfriended, poor, alone?

Did none of those who, in a favored land,
The shelter of the gospel-tree had known,
Desire to see its peaceful shade expand?

'Tis not for me to answer questions here;
Let every heart its own responses give;
And all to whom their fellow-men are dear,
Bestow the bread by which their souls may live.



THOMAS COKE.

THOMAS COKE, D.D., LL.D., the first Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the founder of Methodist missions, died on shipboard in the Indian Ocean, May 2, 1814, aged nearly sixty-seven. He was a native of South Wales. He graduated at Oxford University at the age of twenty-one, was soon after appointed councilman of the borough where he resided, and at twenty-five head of the municipality.

Coke began preaching in the Church of England, but at the age of thirty united with the Methodists under Wesley, and soon became one of the latter's most gifted and successful ministers. At the age of thirty-five he held his first Irish Conference, and his presidency delighted all who were present. At the age of thirty-seven he was set apart by Wesley to the office of a Bishop, to supervise jointly with Francis Asbury the Methodist Churches in America.

Bishop Asbury pronounced Dr. Coke "of blessed mind and soul; a gentleman, a scholar, and a bishop; and as a minister of Christ, in zeal, in labors, and in services, the greatest man of the last century."

"Neither Whitefield nor Wesley," says Dr. Abel Stevens, "exceeded him in his ministerial travels. It is doubtful if any Protestant of his day contributed more largely from his own property for the support of the Gospel. He expended the whole of his large patrimonial estate on his missions and mission chapels. He married twice, and his wives also having large fortunes, and being like-minded with himself, he devoted their united property to the same good work. In 1794 his missionary accounts were published, when it appeared that there was due him nearly \$11,000; but he gave the whole sum to the cause.

"Flying," continues Dr. Stevens, "during nearly forty years, over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; crossing the Atlantic *eighteen times*; traversing the United States and the West Indies; the first who suggested the organization of English Methodism by Wesley's Deed of Declaration; the organizer, under Wesley, of American Methodism; one of the first, if not indeed the very first, of Protestant Bishops in the western hemisphere; the founder of Methodist missions in the West Indies, in Africa, and in Asia, as well as in Ireland, Wales, and England; the official and almost sole director of the missionary operations of the denomination during his long public life, and the founder of its first Tract Society, he must be recognized as

one of the chief representative men of modern religious history."

When an old man of nearly "threescore and ten," he conceived the project of establishing the mission work in Asia. He presented himself before the British Conference, and entreated with tears to be sent as a missionary to India. He offered to meet himself all his expenses, as also all those of seven chosen colleagues. His appeal was successful. December 30, 1813, he sailed with his nine associates (two of them wives of missionaries) in a fleet of Indiamen.

The voyage was one of great suffering. After reaching the Indian Ocean his physical constitution yielded to the severities of the voyage. On the morning of May 3, 1814, his servant knocked at his cabin door to awake him at the usual time, but heard no response. On opening the door the lifeless body of the great missionary was found on the floor. He was cold and stiff, and must have died before midnight. His associates believed he had risen in the night to call for aid, and fell by apoplexy. A "placid smile was on his countenance."



WILLIAM CAREY.

REV. WILLIAM CAREY, D.D., founder of the first Baptist Missionary Society in England, and one of the most distinguished pioneer missionaries of modern times, died in Calcutta, India, June 9, 1834, aged nearly

seventy-three. He was a native of England. At an early age he became a Baptist minister.

In 1792, at the age of thirty-one, he preached the memorable discourse which led to the organization of the Missionary Society. It was on this wise. For some years he had been reading, studying, and praying on the subject until his soul became intensified with missionary fervor. He urged the formation of a society, but his associates were not ready. He published a pamphlet presenting and urging his views. At last in the spring of 1792, at a meeting of the Baptist Association held in Nottingham, he preached his memorable discourse on the text:

“Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.”

With overwhelming energy he urged upon the Church the exhortation, “*Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.*” The effect was irresistible, and the organization of the Baptist Missionary Society followed. “The Society was formed,” says Dr. Ryland, “in Mr. Beebe Wallis’s back parlor, October 2, 1792.”

Dr. Carey was the first to offer himself as a missionary, and India was the field selected. In June, 1793, himself and family bid adieu to England, and in November following reached Calcutta. The burden of opening the

Gospel cause among a hundred and fifty millions of native population was the work before him.

For forty years Carey continued his great work. His zeal knew no abatement. He mastered the native languages, into twenty-six of which he translated the Scriptures, opened schools as well as churches, and preached and taught with extraordinary ability and energy, until he passed beyond his "threescore years and ten."

In 1823, at the age of sixty-two, Dr. Carey was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and a Corresponding member of the Horticultural Society of London. The King of Denmark sent him an autograph letter approving of his great work, accompanying the letter with a gold watch, and a few days later inclosed him an order conveying to his mission a large house and grounds belonging to his Majesty.

Toward the close of this year, having been to Calcutta to preach, as he was stepping from the boat on his return he fell heavily to the ground, causing a violent contusion of the hip-joint. A violent fever followed, and for a long time he was at death's door. As soon as he was able to resume his ordinary duties he resolved to work extra hours daily, so as to recover the time lost in illness. This habit was continued until he reached his seventieth year!

At the age of sixty-four he issued his Bengalee Dictionary. The shock received in his fall still affected his system, and fevers and other disorders attacked him with alarming frequency. Still the great missionary worked on.

In his seventieth year he brought out the revised edition of his Bengalee version of the Scriptures. This closed his labors in the department of Scripture translation.

The infirmities of advanced age now pressed heavily upon him. He began to look forward with special thought to the change that awaited him. The same cheerful serenity which had characterized him in his early years continued. He expressed a profound consciousness of his own unworthiness, and unshaken confidence in the Divine mercy, through the intercession of the Saviour. Not long before he passed away he wrote :

“I trust I am ready to die through the grace of my Lord Jesus, and I look forward to the full enjoyment of the society of holy men and angels, and the full vision of God for evermore.”

“It is from the same source,” he said in a later communication, “that I expect the fulfillment of all the prophecies and promises respecting the universal establishment of the Redeemer’s kingdom in the world, the abolition of war and oppression. It is on this ground that I pray for and expect the peace of Jerusalem; not merely the cessation of hostilities between Christians of different sects and connections, but that genuine love which the Gospel requires, and which the Gospel is so well calculated to produce.”

In this blessed state of mind the good Dr. Carey continued until June 9, 1834, when he “fell asleep.”

On opening his will a clause was found requesting

that he might be buried by the side of his second wife, and that on the memorial stone should be inscribed "the following and nothing more :

"WILLIAM CAREY, BORN AUG. 17, 1761; DIED —.

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."



ROBERT MORRISON.

ROBERT MORRISON, LL.D., F.R.S., the early and distinguished missionary to China, first translator of the Bible in the Chinese language, one of the founders of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and author of numerous Chinese works, died in Canton, China, August 1, 1834, aged nearly fifty-three years.

He first went from England, his native country, to Canton at the age of twenty-five. In order to conciliate the affection of the Chinese he resolved to conform to their prejudices and customs. He let his nails grow, wore a "tail," and became an adept in the use of "chopsticks." In the factory where he slept he wore a Chinese frock and Chinese shoes. These habits, however, did not prove successful, and he abandoned them and dressed like a European.

In one of his visits to England he brought with him a collection of ten thousand Chinese books. During the closing years of his life he conducted the "Chinese Repository" in English, and another monthly periodi-

cal in Chinese. He also instructed a number of the Chinese youth in the truths of Christianity.

A short time before his lamented death he wrote a letter to a friend in America from which the following is an extract: "I beseech you, if you have any influence among the opulent Christians in America, to consider the practicability of a 'Bible Ship' to navigate the shores of Eastern Asia. If science, and discovery, and luxury, and commerce have their ships sailing the ocean and visiting every shore, why should it be thought strange that the Christian should also have his ship to convey to man the written mandate of his Maker—the message of mercy from the Saviour of the world?" This suggested the following spirited poem by Mr. W. B. Tappan:

THE BIBLE SHIP.

Fling out our banners to the breeze!
Be every sail unfurled!
Our ship must cleave the farthest seas,
And search the heathen world.

"Pipe up all hands!" the boatswain's cry
Rang never cheer like this;
We're off—we proudly dash on high,
And stoop to the abyss.

Speed on! we steer for lovely isles,
Where lies of guilt the ban;
And sunny continents, where smiles
Each gladsome thing but man.

And Africa, the clime of night,
And shores by Chinese trod,
Shall joy for us: we bring true light—
The priceless word of God.

Speed on the King's discovery ship!
She seeks not vassal ground,
Nor scans the varying needle's dip—
The lost, the *lost* is found!

Speed on! speed on! a thousand sail
Are flapping on the mast,
For dark lands soon to breast the gale,
God's Bible there to cast.

Speed on! speed on! the broad blue dēeps
Shall hastening heralds bear
To every pagan coast, where weeps
A soul in sin's despair.

O God, to see their canvas speck,
Like birds, the distant seas!
O God, to see each noble deck
Thronged by the feet of these!

Dr. Morrison baptized his first native convert, Tsae A. Fo, (twenty-seven years of age,) July 16, 1814. He thus describes the event in his journal: "At a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill on the sea-side, away from human observation, I baptized, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the person whose character and profession has been given above. O that the Lord may cleanse him from all sin in the blood of Jesus, and purify his heart by the influence of the Holy Spirit! May he be the first-fruits of a great harvest; one of millions who shall believe and be saved from the wrath to come!"

Dr. Morrison continued his great work until attacked by a fever which baffled all medical skill, and on the 1st day of August, 1834, he peacefully passed to his heavenly reward.

GIDEON HAWLEY.

REV. GIDEON HAWLEY, for many years a missionary to the Indians, died at the age of eighty. He was a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1749. For more than fifty years he was Pastor of the tribe of Indians at Marshpee, whither he had been sent by the Commissioners of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. His whole soul, up to the last, was intent in benevolent exertions for the benefit of the "red men."

In his last sickness he made the following declaration, which was illustrative of his general experience :

"I have hope of acceptance with God, but it is founded wholly upon free and sovereign grace, and not all upon my own works. It is true my labors have been many, but they have been so imperfect, attended with so great a want of charity and humility, that I have no hope in them as the ground of my acceptance."

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D., one of the founders and first missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and later the principal founder and one of the first missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union, died at sea April 12, 1850, aged sixty-one.

He was a native of Malden, Massachusetts. He early united with the Congregational Church. In 1809, while at Andover Seminary, he read Dr. Buchanan's celebrated sermon entitled "The Star in the East," and in company with kindred spirits resolved to devote himself to missionary labor. Formal application for encouragement and aid was made to the General Congregational Association of Massachusetts. This was the incipient step in the formation of the American Board. He was ordained a missionary in his twenty-second year, and soon after sailed with his wife and several other missionaries for Calcutta. Subsequently, having become a Baptist minister and returning to the United States, he traversed the whole country, inciting in all directions a missionary zeal, which resulted in the formation of an American Baptist Missionary Society at Philadelphia in April, 1814. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were its first missionaries.

In 1823, while the missionaries were residing at Ava, a war broke out between the Burman Government and the British East India Company, bringing with it great sufferings and the severest perils to Mr. (now Dr.) and Mrs. Judson. Then occurred one of those series of acts of female devotion and heroism which have often ennobled the pages of Christian biography. Dr. Judson was arrested at his dwelling on a false charge by a posse of officers, thrown into the "death prison" with other white foreigners, and loaded with chains.

Mrs. Judson was kept a prisoner at her own house, under the guard of ten ruffian soldiers, but on the third

day the offer of a present to the Governor resulted in her release. Further gifts secured the transfer of her husband and the other white prisoners from the dungeon to a more airy and less deadly room. Hither she carried mats and food, commencing those angelic ministries to the sufferers which have made her name immortal.

In the midst of her labors of love came the announcement of the confiscation of all of Dr. Judson's effects. Careful of the future, she secreted a considerable sum of money. This was necessary to her support, as well as to her success in any further intervention on behalf of the prisoners. She also succeeded in saving several articles of inestimable worth in her continued service of philanthropy.

Seven months thus passed away, her utmost efforts failing to secure the release of her husband. New miseries were in store. The hot season arrived, and the sufferings of the prisoners became intolerable. The birth of a child suspended her labors for a time; but twenty days later she was again at the prison, and again at the door of the Governor.

Returning one day from the Governor's office, she was alarmed at finding the prisoners gone. She ran in every direction, making inquiries in vain. At last she learned from an old woman that they had been carried hurriedly toward Amarapoora, the capital, about six miles distant. "You can do nothing for your husband," said the Governor, "take care of yourself." She obtained a passport, and set off, first in a boat and then in a cart, for Amarapoora. Arriving there she learned that the pris-

oners had been pushed on for Oung-pou-la. Here she found them; chained two and two, and almost dead from fatigue and suffering. For six months longer she pressed her suit for their relief, ceasing not until success crowned her efforts.

October 24, 1826; this angel of mercy was called to her heavenly rest. Her memory ever lives. Around it is entwined a garland of honors.

Dr. Judson continued his mission labors, often under great embarrassments. He was thrice married. The three gentle spirits were all gifted, loving, and useful. Their names are in the list of the precious.

In September, 1849, at the age of sixty-one, a severe cold, followed by a fever, prostrated his strength. A voyage on the coast, with sea-bathing, failed to restore his wasted energies. His sufferings were extreme. But his mind was peaceful, and his conversation heavenly. He longed to do more for Burmah, but was ready to depart if it was the will of God.

When all hope of recovery in Maulmain was given up he sorrowfully bade farewell to his wife, who was too ill to accompany him, and on the third of April, 1850, sailed with a single attendant for the Isle of Bourbon. The passage down the river was slow, and he nearly sunk under pressure of disease and the suffocating atmosphere. When he reached the open sea his condition improved, and the pilot carried back the hopeful intelligence to his friends. The relief was only temporary. For three days he endured indescribable sufferings, in the midst of which he uttered the cry:

“O that I could die at once, and go directly to Paradise, where there is no pain!”

He was asked soon after if he felt the presence of Jesus. “O yes; *it is all right there!*”

Subsequently he added, “I believe he gives me just so much pain and suffering as is necessary to fit me to die—to make me submissive to his will.”

In this condition of physical suffering and of mental triumph he continued until a few moments before he died. He then became apparently free from pain. Giving some directions concerning his burial, and some last loving words for her whom he had left behind, he peacefully yielded to the call of the Master and “fell asleep.”

He shall rise again; for the sea shall give up its dead.



WILLIAM WEDLOCK,

THE BLIND MISSIONARY.

REV. WILLIAM WEDLOCK, a Wesleyan missionary in Central America, died May 5, 1866, aged sixty-two. At the age of thirty-four, while passing from one preaching-place to another, he became totally blind, the affliction being the result of straining the eyes in reading while the carriage was in motion, and under the reflection of the strong rays of a tropical sun.

His blindness increased rather than lessened his zeal in his mission work. He preached the word; he warned

the careless, comforted the sorrowing, administered the sacred Supper, baptized little children, and went in and out among the homes of his successive charges. Led by friend, or child, or grandchild, he visited the sick and the dying, whispering words of peace to mourners, carrying relief to the poor, desiring nothing better or higher on earth than to follow Him "who went about doing good."

A spiritual atmosphere seemed to surround him. Always devout, always cheerful, to converse with him was to be lifted for the time above earthly things. Shut out from the visible, he seemed to converse with things invisible; the light of some inward thought often rippling across his open face as he sat quietly in his room, and his lips moving in silent prayer. He was happy in his work; and in some of the circuits in which he traveled new societies were formed under his fostering care, and new chapels were erected. If with forebodings, occasioned by his blindness, the people greeted his entrance among them, yet with sorrow did they mark his departure.

Few who heard Mr. Wedlock preach could realize that he was totally blind. The Hymn-Book was opened, the page announced, and the hymn correctly repeated, for the entire collection seemed to be fixed in his mind. The lessons were recited with open Bible, and seldom did his retentive memory stumble or halt. The sermon was affectionate, full of fervor, and interspersed with powerful appeals that often hushed the listeners to perfect stillness. The concluding prayer was characterized

by a reverent, earnest pleading, as of a man who had frequent access to God. Only when the service was over, and some friend guided the preacher's steps down the pulpit stairs, did the congregation realize that he who had been speaking to them was insensible to all earthly light.

"In April, 1866, he had to mourn the loss of his wife, who had been his faithful companion for thirty-eight years. His journal contains many allusions to her Christian worth while with him in the mission-field. She was a woman of strong sense, undaunted courage, and unwearied energy; a true helpmate for him both at home and abroad. After her death, which he deeply felt, a throat malady which had troubled him for months rapidly increased. To swallow food became at length impossible, and life hastened to its close.

On Tuesday, April 24th, after retiring to rest, he said, "I feel much weaker; perhaps I may not be spared until the morning. I should like to conduct family prayer once more." Before doing so he turned to his children, and said, "I have no fortune to leave you, my dear children; but I leave you a good name, which is better than riches." He then repeated with great animation the first fourteen verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and prayed earnestly for his family, the servants, the Church, and the world, exclaiming toward the close, "Halleluia! it is light in the valley, all light beyond, and light forever!"

And now, as his illness assumed a more distressing aspect, his meekness, his thankfulness for the least

kindness received, his desire to be with Christ, were beautifully manifest in all he said. His patience, his resignation to the Divine will, his readiness to remain here and toil awhile longer, or to depart at once for his heavenly home, rendered his "sick-chamber" a privileged room.

When, on his feeling languid and depressed, a fan was used, with a smile he exclaimed, "A breeze from off the Delectable Hills!" When his pillow was arranged in order to render his position more comfortable, he exclaimed with a confident tone,

"How can I sink with such a prop
That bears the world and all things up?"

Early one morning one of the attendants said to him, "Mr. Wedlock, you are sinking." "Nay," he replied, "*I am rising*:"

'Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh.'

Then, alluding to his want of sight, he said, "These eyes shall see,

'And every face
Be heavenly and Divine.'"

When his daughter bade him good-night, she remarked, "Nurse will remain with you to-night; to-morrow I will stay myself with you." To this he calmly answered, "*What if I rest under the wing of the archangel to-morrow?*"

On Friday he lay in a peaceful state: life was gradually ebbing away. His hands were often uplifted, and

his lips moved, as though, in prayer. "Bless the Lord," he was heard to say; "nearly home!" Then pointing to the window, and turning his sightless face in the same direction, he said, "I am coming, mother!"

'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er!
I'm joining those who are gone before."

And gently and peacefully passed over the river to meet his loved ones on the other shore.

THE REAPER'S REST.

The harvest is done, and the Reaper is sleeping;
His sheaves are all safe from the blast;
The treasures he gathered the good Master's keeping;
The ransomed will claim them at last.

The "burden and heat of the day" have departed,
And peace brings its balm to his bed.
No more shall he sigh, or e'er pray, weary-hearted,
For rest that awaits on the dead.

He planted in Spring, and he toiled all the Summer,
Then sank with the sun in the west.
The angels rejoice to receive the new-comer
To homes "in the isles of the blest."

Then "count it as gain" that he's gone where no sorrow
Can weary and wear like the past:
His Christ has arisen, and a glorious morrow
May 'wait us, like him, at the last.

O, blessed be Christ for that hope in th' immortal!
That faith beyond life which expands,
That loved ones will greet us, and death's friendly portal
Show "mansions not made with our hands."

MANUEL T. BROCKELBANK.

PART VI.

MARTYRS,

POLYCARP.

POLYCARP, one of the early Christian fathers, a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, one of the early Bishops of the Church at Smyrna, and author of several Epistles, was put to death in A. D. 167, in extreme old age—after he had been a Christian *for eighty-six years*.

Some of the early writers believed it was of Polycarp, “the angel of the Church in Smyrna,” the Apostle John wrote in the Apocalypse: “I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art *rich*: . . . Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. . . . Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

In his old age, during the prevalence of a controversy with regard to the celebration of Easter, he visited Rome to consult the Chief of the Church with regard to the matter. While there he distinguished himself by his opposition to certain heresies which were then rife, “stopping his ears,” says Irenæus, “whenever false doctrines were uttered in his presence, and exclaiming, ‘Great God, to what times hast thou reserved me that I should hear such things!’”

During the persecution which took place under Marcus Aurelius, he was seized and carried before the Roman proconsul at Smyrna. Eusebius furnishes us with the account of what further transpired.

Placed at the proconsul's tribunal, he stood bowed beneath the weight of many years, in the fullness of patriarchal beauty, while a ferocious mob clamored fiercely for his blood. We love to picture him to our fancy with a few thin locks of whitened hair scattered over his head; a large, clear brow, rich in the wrinkles of honorable age; unclouded, mild eyes, beaming with devotion from beneath his arched brow; a venerable beard white as driven snow, and his aged countenance radiant with the light which streams from his happy soul, and beautiful for the benevolence of its expression.

Thus he appears, that lovely old man, the fame of whose piety is as wide as the knowledge of Christianity, at the judgment-seat of his persecutors. The proconsul himself, despite his Roman firmness, is moved by his appearance, and appears anxious to save his victim's life. Addressing him, he says:

"Have a regard for your age! Swear by the genius of Cæsar! Swear, and I will dismiss you."

These look like easy terms. A few words, and Polycarp may live. Ay, but those few words would wound his Master, and render himself an infamous traitor to the best of sovereigns. And what is death compared to such infamy? Evidently death is nothing to Polycarp compared to dishonor. Hence, after calmly surveying the multitude a moment, he turns to the proconsul with

words so full of simple affection, we wonder they had not broken even a Roman heart. Hear him:

“Revile Christ!” he exclaims, as if that were a crime too base to be thought of—“revile Christ! *Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; and can I now blaspheme my King that has saved me?*”

The Roman still urges, but the noble old man replies, “I am a Christian! If you want to know what the doctrine of Christianity is, grant me a day and listen to me.”

The proconsul, finding entreaty useless, now resorts to threats. “I have wild beasts at hand,” he says; “I will cast you to them unless you change your mind!”

“Call them!” replies the invincible old man.

Thinking to add terror to his threats, the incensed judge cries out, “I will cause you to be consumed by fire should you despise the beasts!”

At this utterance a smile lights up the intrepid patriarch’s face, and he calmly responds, “You threaten fire that burns for a moment, for you know nothing of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the wicked. But why do you delay? Bring what you wish!”

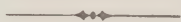
Upon hearing this the astonished proconsul proclaimed, through a herald, to the multitude, “Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian!”

And then, amid cries and yells from innumerable voices, the glorious old patriarch is dragged to a pile of wood and straw, which is hastily thrown together by the blood-thirsty mob. With perfect self-possession he lays aside his outer garments, and suffers himself

to be bound to the stake. Thus bound, he lifts his eyes to heaven, but not as common martyrs do, to seek strength to suffer. He had *that* already. He looked up to offer a sort of triumphal song to God—a loyal thanksgiving for being permitted the honor of proving his adhesion to his Master by a martyr's death. As the voice of his praise dies away fire is applied to his pyre, and a moment afterward he is seen standing in serene majesty, wrapped in flames.

A few moments of suffering succeed, and Polycarp is in heaven.

This is heroism in the highest degree, combining bravery, intrepidity, and firmness, under circumstances most trying to human courage. More nobly human nature cannot deport itself: and there is no battle-scene which displays the heroic half so beautifully as this martyrdom of a Christian Bishop.



BARON VON BUDOWA,

THE reader of Bohemian religious history will remember the record of the terrible persecutions of the Evangelical Christians in 1621. On the 19th of June in that year twenty-seven of the nobles and chief men of Prague were sentenced to death. Nobly and with Christian triumph did each of them suffer martyrdom. Among them was the Baron von Budowa, a man advanced in life, but full of animation and vigor,

and richly gifted in talents and acquirements. He and Otto von Loss were officially the "Watchers of the Crown;" and feeling that he ought to be at his post, he returned when he had placed his wife, children, and grandchildren in safety.

"I am ready to seal the cause with my blood," he said, when arrested, to a friend who had remonstrated with him on his return. "Here I stand. My God," he added, "do with me as thou wilt! I am weary of life. Do thou take me, and let me not survive the ruin of my country."

On hearing the report that he had died of grief, he exclaimed, smiling, "I die of grief! Scarcely ever had I such cause for joy as now. Here is my pleasure-garden"—and he held up his Bible. "Never did such sweet nectar and ambrosia flow from it as now. No; I live, and shall live as long as it pleases God; and I hope that day will never come when it can be said that Budowa died of grief."

Three days before his sentence he related the following dream to his servant: "He thought he was wandering in a garden, thinking anxiously on the business in hand, when a person approached him and handed him a book. He opened it, and saw that the leaves were of snow-white silk, and on one was inscribed the fifth verse of the Thirty-seventh Psalm, 'Commit thy way to the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass.' As he pondered on these words another came to him and clothed him in a white garment."

"So," said the old man, when he awoke, "I go hence

clothed with the robe of righteousness, that I may see the face of God, in whom I have trusted."

The Jesuits harassed him very much upon his trial. "We would show you, my lord," said one, "the way to heaven."

"The way to heaven!" said Budowa. "I know it already, through the mercy of my God."

"You are deceived," rejoined the others.

"My hope," resumed the Baron, "is grounded on certain truth; for I know no way but through Him of whom it is said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'"

Later, his enemies reproached him with presumption for his full assurance of safety; and a Jesuit professed to quote Scripture to the effect that man could not know whether he was the subject of grace or wrath. The Baron referred to the apostle's words, "Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The Jesuit objected that St. Paul said this of himself only. Budowa replied by quoting the end of the verse, "Not I only, but *all* who love His appearing."

This silenced the objector; and Budowa asked him in what part of the Scriptures the words he had quoted against assurance could be found. The Jesuit was not sure. He believed they were in the Epistle to Timothy.

"And you would teach me the way of salvation, and cannot show me these few words in the Bible?" said the Baron. "Go, and trouble me no further."

"An honor awaits thee, my gray head," he said on the scaffold, "to be a witness for the truth, and to wear

the martyr's crown." He then prayed for the Church, his country, and his enemies; and, commending his soul to God, received the blow of the executioner.

SIR CASPAR CAPLICZ.

THE KNIGHT CASPAR CAPLICZ, a veteran of eighty, was also among those chief men of Prague who suffered death during the persecution of evangelical Christians in 1621. He spoke to the Pastor Rosacius after his sentence with tears in his eyes, but a cheerful demeanor. "My death," he said, "will be disgraceful in the eyes of the world, but glorious in God's sight; for it is for him I suffer."

He received the Lord's Supper devoutly, lamenting that in his youth he had followed too many of the evil practices of the world, but thanking God that he had awakened him to repentance and a new life.

"Yesterday," continued the pious old man, "my mother's sister announced to me that if I would ask pardon and mercy from the Prince Lichtenstein, I might have my sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. But I told her I would not seek such a favor. If I asked for pardon it would imply that I were guilty, and deserved death. And this is not the case. Tell the Prince I will seek the favor of Him against whom I *have* sinned much in my former life. But to the Prince I have done no harm. And if he granted me a prison instead of death, it would be a bad exchange for me. I am feeble and

weary of life. My eyes are dim, my ears dull; I cannot walk without support. Life is burdensome to me even in freedom, and what would it be in a prison? I am at peace with God," he added later, "and fear no man. My flesh and heart fail, but God is my portion forever. Sinner as I am, I am cleansed through the blood of my Redeemer. Let my hour come when it may, I am ready."

As he arrayed himself with unusual care, and in his most costly apparel, he observed to a companion, "I am putting on my marriage garments."

"The righteousness of Christ is the true clothing for the inner man," said the other.

"I know it," rejoined the old knight; "but, for the honor of my heavenly Bridegroom, I wish also to be outwardly dressed in festive garments."

He was now summoned to the scaffold. "In God's name," he replied, "I have waited long enough."

Supported by his servants—for he was too feeble to walk alone—he moved slowly to the place of execution, after taking leave of his friends. As he had to descend some stairs on his way, he said, "My God, give me strength that I may not stumble and cause my enemies to mock me!"

The old man was too stiff and weak to kneel without great difficulty. He begged the executioner to give the stroke as soon as he was able to place himself on his knees, as he could not remain long in that position. His last words were, "*Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit.*"

PART VII.

PHILANTHROPISTS.

HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD, the great and good Philanthropist, honored by mankind as the "*Just*," was born September 2, 1726, and died January 20, 1790, aged sixty-three. His great work of carrying relief to the suffering, and of reforming the conditions and modes of prison life in all countries, was continued until his last hours. "He fell with the armor on."

Howard had a considerable acquaintance with science, geography, and medicine, and was deservedly honored with a membership of the Royal Society of England. The first prison he ever visited was that of Bedford Jail, in which John Bunyan wrote his immortal "*Pilgrim's Progress*." This visit was made while he was Sheriff of the town. He found the jail close, filthy, and intolerable. This was at the age of forty-seven. Thenceforward he consecrated his life to the reform of all prison abuses. The world rejoices in the fruit of his labors.

Some of his noblest and most heroic efforts were put forth after he had reached the age of threescore. Hepworth Dixon, of England, his best biographer, graphically portrays his closing tour. Its purpose was to visit

the prisons of Russia, Tartary, and the East, and determine if possible the sources and cause of the Plague.

On July 5, 1789, at the age of nearly threescore and three, he left England to return no more. His farewell interviews with his private friends were solemn and affecting. His last farewell words have been religiously preserved. To one he said :

“I am going to the Mediterranean and elsewhere. I have had several malignant disorders: yet I am persuaded that I shall not return and be permitted to lay my bones in my native land. If, however, I should, I think I shall then have done all that duty can require of me ; and I shall most probably seek a peaceful retirement for the rest of my days.”

To another he said, “You will probably never see me again ; but, be that as it may, it is not matter of serious concern to me whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. My whole endeavor is to fulfill, according to the ability of so weak an instrument, the will of that gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to His divine will.”

In parting with one friend he observed, “We shall soon meet again in heaven ;” and as he thought it most likely that he would fall a victim to the heat or the plague in Egypt, he added, after a pause, “The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London.”

Arriving at Amsterdam, July 7, 1789, he proceeded by slow stages through Germany and Prussia into the empire of the Czar. From Moscow he sent a letter to

his friend Dr. Price, dated September 22d; and as it is the last he wrote, and contains several particulars of his journey, it must be given entire:

“My dear Friend: Your kind desire of hearing from me engages me to write. When I left England, I first stopped at Amsterdam. I proceeded to Osnaburg, Hanover, Brunswick, and Berlin; then to Königsberg, Riga, and St. Petersburg; at all of which places I visited the prisons and hospitals, which were all flung open to me, and in some the burgomasters accompanied me into the dungeons, as well as into the other rooms of confinement. I arrived here a few days ago, and have begun my rounds. The hospitals are in a sad state; upward of seventy thousand sailors and recruits died in them last year. I labor to convey the torch of philanthropy into these distant regions, as in God’s hands no instrument is weak. I go through Poland into Hungary. I hope to have a few nights of this moon in my journey to Warsaw, which is about one thousand miles. I am pure well—the weather clear—the mornings fresh—thermometer forty-eight, but we have not yet begun fires. I wish for a mild winter, and shall then make some progress in my European expedition. My medical acquaintances give me but little hope of escaping the plague in Turkey; but my spirits do not fail me; and, indeed, I do not look back, but would readily endure any hardships, and encounter any dangers, to be an honor to my Christian profession.”

Circumstances prevented him from following the route here indicated—and in fact he was destined never more

to quit the soil of Russia. He continued his work of love until stricken down, January 12, by a virulent infectious fever, caught in a visit to one of his beneficiaries.

As soon as his illness became known, Prince Potemkin, the princely and unprincipled favorite of Catharine, then resident in Cherson, sent his own physician to attend him; and no effort was spared to preserve a life so valuable to the world. Still he grew worse and worse.

In one of his intervals from pain, probably on the fifteenth or sixteenth of the month, he wrote the following pious reflections: "May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones in this world, as I am only a pilgrim and wayfaring man that tarries but a night. This is not my home; but may I think what God has done for me and rely on his power and grace—for his promise, his mercy, endureth forever. I am faint and low, yet, I trust, in the right way, pursuing, though too apt to forget my Almighty Friend and God. O my soul, remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace—mercies in the most seasonable times; how often, better than thy fears, exceeded thy expectations. Why should I distrust this good and faithful God? In his word he hath said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy path.' Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly, nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify thee on earth, and finish the work thou givest me to do; and to thy name alone be all the praise!"

Early on the morning of the twentieth, came to see

him his most intimate friend, Admiral Priestman—a Russianized Englishman in the service of the Empress. Howard was fully conscious that death was nigh. He knew now that he was *not* to die in Egypt; and, in spite of his friend's cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching end. Priestman told him not to give way to such gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him.

"Priestman," said Howard in his mild and serious voice, "you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other."

And then he went on to say, "I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die;" and then turning to his friend, added, smiling, "It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers."

This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor could bear; he turned away to conceal his emo-

tion; his heart was full, and he remained silent, while Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral.

“There is a spot,” said he, “near the village of Dauphiny—this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.”

In this strain of true Christian philosophy did Howard speak of his exit from a world in which he felt that he had done his work.

Toward evening Admiral Priestman returned to his bedside. Although still sensible, Howard had now become too weak to converse. After a long silence, during which he seemed lost in profound meditation, he recovered for a moment his presence of mind, and taking a letter from his son which had just before come to hand—evidently the subject of his thoughts—out of his bosom, he gave it to the Admiral to read; and when the latter had glanced it through, said tenderly:

“Is not this comfort for a dying father?”

These were almost the last words he uttered. Soon after he fell into a state of unconsciousness, the calm of sleep, of an unbroken rest.

Howard was dead !

This mournful event, says Dixon, took place about eight o'clock on the morning of January 20, 1790, one thousand five hundred miles from his native land, with only strangers round about his bed ; strangers, not to his heart, though their acquaintance with his virtues had been brief, but to his race, his language, and his creed.

Every possible mark of honor—public and private—was paid to the memory of Howard. All orders of men vied with each other in heaping honors upon his name. The court, the press, Parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and stage, each in its different fashion, paid the well-earned tribute of respect. The intelligence of his demise was publicly announced in the official Gazette—a distinction never before accorded to a private individual. The Muses sang his virtues with innumerable voices ; the churches echoed with his praise ; the senate and the judgment-seat resounded with the tribute to his merits ; and even at the theaters his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his death was delivered from the foot-lights.

Nor was a more enduring memorial wanting. The sculptor Bacon was employed to make a full-length marble statue of the Philanthropist. At that time it was in contemplation to make St. Paul's serve the double purpose of a cathedral and a Walhalla ; and this design was inaugurated by placing there, as the first great worthy of England, the statue of John Howard. It stands immediately on the right hand of the choir-screen ; it is a handsome figure, tolerably faithful,

and is illustrated by emblems of his noble deeds, and by the following inscription :

This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honored,
whilst living,
in the manner which his virtues deserved.

He received the thanks
of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments
for his eminent services rendered to his country and to
mankind.

Our national prisons and hospitals,
improved upon the suggestion of his wisdom,
bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment,
and to the estimation in which he was held.

In every part of the civilized world,
which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery,
from the throne to the dungeon, his name was mentioned
with respect, gratitude, and admiration.

His modesty alone
defeated various efforts that were made during his life
to erect this statue,

which the public has now consecrated to his memory.
He was born at Hackney, in the county of Middlesex,
Sept. 2, MDCCXXVI.

The early part of his life he spent in retirement,
residing principally upon his paternal estate
at Cardington, in Bedfordshire ;
for which county he served the office of sheriff in the
year MDCCLXXIII.

He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the
20th of Jan., MDCCXC,
a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt
to ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy
for, the plague.

He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality
in the ardent but unintermitted exercise of
Christian charity.

May this tribute to his fame
excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements.

BUXTON.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, a British legislator and philanthropist, died near Aylsham, England, in 1845, aged about sixty. He was brother-in-law of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and, like her, devoted himself to the relief of the suffering. Locally connected with the manufacturing district of Spitalfields, the sufferings of the poorer classes became familiar to him. In one instance he secured through a public meeting £44,000 in contributions for their benefit.

Reform in prison discipline engaged his special attention and labor. In conjunction with Mrs. Fry, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, he personally investigated the condition of British prisons and published the result of his examinations. He originated the Prison Discipline Society.

The suppression of lotteries, the abolition of Hindoo widow-burning, the abolition of slavery, and kindred reforms, largely occupied his mind and heart. On these topics, for twenty years in Parliament, he was specially eloquent and forcible. He was an associate and co-laborer with Wilberforce.

Sir Thomas was in every respect a man of firm purpose and most extended benevolence—prompt at every call of public need—one of the most self-denying and exalted benefactors of society. His last effort, though unsuccessful in its issue, was nobly conceived:

the Niger expedition is highly illustrative of his large and last desire to bless the poor African, by extending to him the benefits of civilization and Christianity. Sir Fowell's health had gradually declined, and his family became aware that the fatal issue was not remotely distant. His own solemnity increased this impression.

On Sunday, November 17, 1844, he went as usual to church, and read, as was his custom, the hymns sung by the congregation. One of these hymns was that the first line of which is,

“All hail the power of Jesus' name.”

In reading the last verse, says his son, which runs thus—

“O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all;”

so fervent was his emphasis, and so marked the expression of his uplifted countenance, that, on returning home, Rev. P. C. Law mentioned it to his family, and said he felt a strong conviction that he should never again hear Sir Fowell's voice in that church. The presentiment was verified.

On the 5th of December, while sitting in his chair in his dressing-room, he poured out his heart in prayer that he, unworthy as he was, might, without a single doubt, know the blessed Lord to be the Saviour; that he might dwell in Christ, and Christ, through infinite mercy, in him, filling his heart with charity

love, and every grace; that his numerous transgressions might be pardoned, and that finally he might be gathered into the land of everlasting life.

Soon afterward he said, "I feel my faculties and powers obscured;" but immediately added, "My faith is strong."

On the 15th of December he was seized with a severe spasm on the chest, the effects of which, in the course of a week or two, became extremely alarming to his family, and they all collected around him.

While reduced to the lowest state of weakness he was full of the spirit of gratitude, and continually poured forth fervent thanksgiving "for pardon given and redeeming love." His prayers were earnest for "the gift of the most Holy Spirit, and the removal of all clouds, that he might come to Christ, under humiliation, suffering, and infirmity, and find strength and consolation in him."

On Sunday, January 21, he broke forth, with much energy of voice and manner, in these words: "O God, O God! *can* it be that there is good reason to believe that such a one as I shall be remembered among the just? Is thy mercy able to contain even me? From my heart I give thee most earnest thanksgivings for this and for all thy mercies."

After this he rallied for a short season. The interval was characteristic of his kindness and benevolence. He was not without intervals of doubt; but his gloom was usually short and transient. After the administration of the sacrament to him he began talking,

apparently in his sleep, of the conversion of the heathen, and of longing to be at work for them, saying, .

“I am ready to undertake all the working part.”

Mr. J. J. Gurney, who did not long survive his coadjutor in his many schemes of benevolence, thus speaks of his posture of mind: “It was almost, if not entirely, a painless illness. Nothing could be more quiet and comfortable than the sick room, with an easy access to all who were nearly connected with him. No fear of disturbing him, who was sure to be either asleep, or, if awake, in an unruffled, cheerful, happy state of mind, giving us from time to time characteristic tokens of himself, with his well-known arch manner, and with undeviating kindness and good temper to all around him, and no fretfulness or irritation. Never was Christian believer more evidently rooted and grounded in his Saviour—never was the Christian’s hope more evidently ‘an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast.’

“On my remarking to him that I perceived he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied, in a clear, emphatic manner, ‘Yes, indeed I have! unto eternal life!’ After a long-continued state of torpor he revived surprisingly. Just before we left him, on the 14th of February, his mind was lively and bright as a morning without clouds. While memory lasts I can never forget his eager look of tenderness and affection, of love, joy, and peace, all combined, as he grasped my hand, and kept firm hold of it for a long time, on my

bidding him farewell and saying to him, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for thee ; yes, for *thee*, my dearest brother.' "

Thus died Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, statesman, orator, and philanthropist, died July 27, 1833, lacking less than a month of the age of seventy-four. He was the contemporary and intimate acquaintance of Pitt, Burke, Fox, Canning, John Newton, Lord Brougham, and other celebrities of Great Britain. His work on "Practical Christianity" has passed through more than fifty large editions, published in England and America. Burke spent the last two days of his life in reading it. Sir Samuel Romilly esteemed Wilberforce "the most efficient speaker in the House of Commons," and Pitt himself said repeatedly, "Of all men I ever knew, Wilberforce has the greatest natural eloquence." "Few persons," says Lord Brougham, "have either reached a higher and more serviceable place in the esteem of their fellow-creatures, or have better deserved the place they had gained, than William Wilberforce."

Wilberforce quitted the House of Commons in 1825, at the age of sixty-six. He was the first member of that body to propose, in 1789, the abolition of the

slave-trade. Twenty years later, after continued vigorous efforts in that direction, he had the high gratification of seeing the important measure accomplished.

During the debate on the second reading of the abolition bill, when Sir Samuel Romilly entreated the young members of Parliament to let this day's event be a lesson to them how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition, and then contrasted the feelings of the Emperor of the French in all his greatness with those of Wilberforce, who would this day pillow his head with the assurance that the slave-trade was no more, the whole House of Commons, forgetting its ordinary habits, burst forth into acclamations of applause—"a tribute of approbation," says Bishop Porteus, "scarcely ever before given to any man sitting in his place in Parliament."

Wilberforce was early brought to habits of piety through the influence of Whitefield, Wesley, and other evangelical ministers, whose ministries were then producing their good fruits in England and elsewhere. His devotional habits followed him to the close of life, and his character is one of the most beautiful on record. His state in dying is described by his sons as being that of one already in the enjoyment of heaven:

"He hardly speaks of any one subject except to express his sense of thankfulness, and what cause he feels for gratitude. This is the case even in speaking of the things which try him most. Thus, talking of his being kept from exercise, 'What cause of thankfulness have I that I am not lying in pain and in a suffering posture,

as so many people are! Certainly it is a great privation to me, from my habits, not to be able to walk about, and to lie still so much as I do; but then, how many there are who are lying in severe pain!" And then he would break out into some passionate expression of thankfulness. During an interval in the evening of Sunday, he said,

"I am in a very distressed state," alluding apparently to his bodily condition.

"Yes," it was answered, "but you have your feet on the Rock!"

"I do not venture," he replied, "to speak so positively; but I hope I have."

And after this expression of his humble trust, with but one groan he entered into that world where pain and doubt are forever at an end.

"WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling
Who the vast creation fills;
When the paths of prayer, and duty,
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God;

"With the light of resurrection
When our changèd bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that 'flesh' obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
Flashes forth in beams divine;

“While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e’er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?
Shall we e’er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him?

“Shall the memory be banished
Of his kindness and his care,
When the wants and woes are vanished
Which he loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which he led us,
All the grievings which he bore,
All the patient love he taught us—
Shall we think of them no more?

“Yes! we surely shall remember
How he quickened us from death—
How he fanned the dying ember
With his Spirit’s glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On his everlasting arms.

“And his rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And his light will seem the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.
O, ’twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day!
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.”

PART VIII.
E D U C A T O R S,

DR, WITHERSPOON.

REV. JOHN WITHERSPOON, D.D., LL.D., for twenty-six years President of the College of New Jersey, died November 15, 1794, aged seventy-two years. He was a native of Scotland, and came to America to take charge of the College. His ministry (in the Presbyterian Church) continued for over half a century. For six years he represented New Jersey in Congress, and many of the most important state papers of the times were from his pen. Eight weeks before his decease he presided at the Annual Commencement of the College.

For some time previous to his death Dr. Witherspoon suffered from total blindness, caused primarily by a contusion received on shipboard while crossing the Atlantic during the prevalence of a severe storm. But after he was thus shut out from the light of day, he continued his active labors in some departments with very little abatement. He occupied a farm about two miles from Princeton, and professed to be exceedingly fond of agricultural pursuits. It is said, however, that his farming was unsuccessful. In gardening he did not

fail, and his claim to have the best garden in the community was well founded. Strangely enough, he was intolerant of flowers. Walking in his garden on a certain day with a lady of his acquaintance, she said to him with surprise,

“Why, doctor, I see no flowers in your garden!”

“No, madam,” was the reply, “nor in my discourses either.”

In his conversations he abounded in anecdote, and had a most felicitous talent in giving it the full force of the intended application. The young as well as the old loved his society.

He was fond of horseback exercise, and till he was blind used it as a daily habit. Often while in Congress he preferred to make his journey to Philadelphia on horseback rather than by the stage. Indeed, he was seldom seen in a carriage of any kind. Though a good horseman he punctiliously avoided fast riding, and is reported to have said that in Scotland it would have been considered a great indecorum to put a horse on a gallop, that he never did it there, nor had he ever done it in America, except on one occasion, and that was after Congress had adjourned from Philadelphia to Lancaster, where he and other members were hastening because of a report that the enemy's cavalry were after them.

He was exceedingly punctual in observing all his appointments, and intolerant of those who did not keep theirs. Dr. Green, his biographer, relates this incident: A man in his neighborhood had engaged to meet him

at a certain place on a day and hour that were specified. Dr. Witherspoon, as usual, was punctual to the hour, but the other man did not attend at all. They soon after met by accident, when it was found that the delinquent could give no sufficient reason for his neglect, but said,

“I will positively meet you, doctor, on such a day and hour,” naming them.

“No, sir, you will not,” was the reply; “I must change my mind greatly if I ever make with you another engagement while I live.”

His descent to the grave is said to have been easy, and his views and feelings with reference to his approaching change sublimely Christian.

“Those who were left to mourn could almost hear
The strains of heavenly music strike the ear;
And to their longing eyes by grace was given
In such a scene, as ’twere, a glimpse of heaven.”

DR, SIMPSON,

REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, D.D., Pastor for several years of a Dissenting Church in Bolton-le-Moor, in Lancashire, England, subsequently Principal of the Evangelical Academy, and one of the earliest and most active supporters of the “Evangelical Magazine” and the London Missionary Society, died December 21, 1817, aged seventy-one.

He continued his work as Principal of the Academy

until May preceding his death, at which time chronic disease compelled him to resign the office. He continued, however, his lectures to the students.

His last year was the most joyous of the whole number of his threescore and ten, and this, too, notwithstanding the most severe bodily pains. At intervals he employed his tongue in giving expression to the strong feelings and the lively hopes which animated his breast, and he spoke like one who was in the very suburbs of the New Jerusalem. The most sublime ideas, clothed in the most forcible and appropriate language, and expressed with uncommon energy, often astonished and overwhelmed those who were standing by. His sun went down, after a lengthened and useful course, in surpassing glory; no cloud of unbelief being suffered for a single moment to obscure its luster.

Many of his expressions were recorded, and two or three of the most remarkable are inserted here.

One day, when several of his family were in the room, he said, "O that I had strength to speak what I feel! My body, it is true, is tormented beyond measure; but the joy of my soul is transporting, my prospects are ravishing in the extreme. O what must it be to dwell with Jesus in heaven, to behold his inexpressible glories, to feast on his love! If faith can see and enjoy so much, what must the beatific vision be! Why, the very prospect of this is enough for all 'the pains, the groans, the dying strife,' of frail mortality. Why should we refuse, and be afraid to die? What is death but a conquered enemy? Has not Christ opened for us

a passage to immortality? O yes, blessed be his name! I feel it; I rejoice and triumph in the thought:

“The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave!”

Many other memorable sayings dropped from his lips; but his triumphant challenge, addressed to the King of Terrors, on the morning of his dissolution, must not be omitted. He had endured a night of indescribable agony; and early in the morning, as if he saw the enemy actually approaching, with a fixed look, and an energy not to be described, he exclaimed, “Now, have at thee, Death! have at thee, Death! What art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy, through the blood of the Cross. Thou art only a skeleton, a mere phantom. *Have at thee, Death!* HAVE AT THEE, DEATH!”



DR. BALCH.

REV. HEZEKIAH BALCH, D.D., the founder and first President of Greenville College, Tennessee, died in 1810, aged sixty. He was a minister of the Presbyterian Church for forty-one years.

His life was considerably harassed by controversy and providential afflictions, but in the midst of all he “possessed his soul in patience.” An incident will illustrate the general spirit in which he could meet

even a persecutor. On a certain occasion one of his Elders complained of him before the Synod of the Carolinas, to which they belonged. He proposed to the Elder that for convenience and safety they should travel the long journey together. They did so. But rains had raised a certain stream so high that they saw it could not be forded without swimming their horses. Dr. Balch then said to his fellow-traveler,

"Sir, you and I have families at home to whom our deaths would be afflictive; we are in the hands of Divine Providence; don't you think we should do well to kneel down here on the bank of this deep and rapid stream, and pray God to help us over in safety."

"By all means, sir," answered the elder; "please, Mr. Balch, offer prayer."

Dr. Balch did so. They passed over safely, and traveled on quietly together. The prosecutor was conquered. On reaching their destination the Elder cordially *shook hands with his Pastor before the Assembly.*

President Coffin, in a letter to Dr. Sprague, recounts the experience of his last years. To all persons who had any familiar and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Balch during his last years the sunshine of his heavenly Father's countenance seemed to irradiate his noble soul in a manner altogether uncommon. His numerous citations and trials were disastrous to his temporal interests. Pains of body and anxieties of mind, with irreparable injuries to his constitution, from his many

journeys and exposures, were not their only consequences. The many imperious calls to attend trials, mostly at a distance from the whole circle of his home duties, as husband, father, master, Pastor, and President, during the most exposed years of his younger children, the arrest given to instruction in the college when most needed, the failing health of his wife, and the increased expenses of his family, caused him to endure trials which touched the sympathies of his worthy opposers, and appeared to all exceedingly rare. Like his several brethren here in the ministry, he then had slaves in his family, who, from the kindness of his treatment, dearly loved him. He wished to do his duty to them. But the greater number were taken from him for family debts. The rest he liberated. One went to Liberia, and became useful there. Under all his afflictions, he so encouraged himself in his God that, submissive and cheerful, he stood erect and unshaken with an unbroken fortitude that struck all beholders.

Once, late at night, when all were in bed, his large and well-filled barn was struck with lightning. A large crop of hay and a valuable horse were consumed with the building. Some of his opposers observed him bathed in tears, and supposed that a troubled conscience was the cause, thinking that he interpreted the lightning-stroke, as they did, to be a token of God's anger against him for his errors and missteps. I was then absent in the counties below. Soon after my return I heard of the above surmise. Some of the family had

given me an account of the fire, and said they wished I could have witnessed the scene of their family worship the next morning when Mr. Balch, having read a select portion of Scripture, and sung a few stanzas from Watts with melting emotions, instead of kneeling as was common, prostrated himself at his whole length on the floor, and offered what they considered the most admirable and affecting prayer to which they had ever listened. In our conversations before my absence he had so condescendingly let me into his inmost soul that I had a strong desire to hear what account he would himself give of his tears and emotions while his barn was burning. Taking opportunity one day when we were alone, I intimated my wish

"Sir," said he, with his emotions kindling afresh, "I was so filled with a sense of God's love while, in his adorable sovereignty he was burning down my barn and destroying my property, that I felt it, and still look back upon it as one of the most favored scenes of my life."

It then seemed to me useless to ask why he prostrated himself in family prayer the next morning. Considering the originality of his character, and the strength of his devotional feelings, I concluded, without the shadow of a doubt, that to exalt his God and to abase himself in the dust at his footstool as unworthy of the love with which he had condescended to refresh him was the joyful effort of his happy heart.

Some years after that I saw him in distress incomparably more extreme. The wife of his youth lay a

corpse in his house. I found him silently and calmly pouring out a copious flood of tears.

"Sir," said he when he spoke, "I have been in many a trying condition, where nothing but absolute submission to the will of God could reach my necessity ; and I am now in one of the most trying in my whole life. But, blessed be God! absolute, unconditional submission to his will is plaster sufficient for every sore."

Dr. Balch's retirement from his duties in the college was chiefly to the bed of languishment and death. But from that bed, on the lower floor of his log-house, shone forth all but the radiance of heaven itself. When I first mentioned to him his approaching death, and his entrance into the world of retribution,

"Sir," said he, "with such a Redeemer as the Lord Jesus Christ for my dependence I scorn to be afraid to die."

Not many days afterward he resumed his soul-rejoicing theme. "Sir," said he, "if it were not for the infinite atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the dependence of my soul before God, I would not go into eternity for ten thousand worlds. Without this, if I had strength I would be running through the woods and tearing the trees for very agony ; but with this for my reliance, here I am, sir, calmly waiting the mighty Master's call."

In another interview he said to me, looking up with tears toward heaven,

"Sir, I cordially submit to the righteous sentence of God's eternal law, the precepts of which I have no

apology for breaking. At the same time I trust I have a little, O how little! of that holy, disinterested love which makes the life of a justifying faith in Christ; that love, sir, that will bear the examination and meet the approving smile of the great Judge of quick and dead."

DR. ALLISON.

REV. BURGESS ALLISON, D. D., a minister of the Baptist Church, died in Washington, D. C., February 20, 1827, aged seventy-four. He was a native of Bordentown, New Jersey, united with the Church at the age of sixteen, and entered the ministry at twenty-seven, and at the same time opened a classical school in Bordentown.

In 1816, at the age of sixty-three, he was elected Chaplain to the House of Representatives in Congress, and continued in that office for several years. Subsequently, when about seventy, he was appointed Chaplain to the Navy Yard in Washington, and after filling the office with great promptness and faithfulness, he passed to his heavenly home at the age of seventy-four.

He was so popular and successful in teaching that he was pressed to accept the presidency of three different colleges.

He was celebrated for his mechanical ability. He was also skilled in the fine arts. He had a special love for music and painting, in both of which he usually

spent considerable time daily. Many of the pieces of apparatus in his academy, and several of the most beautiful pieces of furniture in his dwelling, including the chandeliers in his parlors, were specimens of his own handiwork.

Dr. Allison pushed his pursuits, as far as health would permit, to the very last. His books, his laboratory, his mechanic shop were as attractive in his old age as ever. He had so strong a passion for them that he found himself practicing great self-denial when compelled to leave them.

As a chaplain Dr. Allison was greatly esteemed. His venerable appearance, as well as his recognized integrity and ability, every-where secured him attention and reverence. A friend who had known him intimately for many years, when asked to describe him, answered,

“Few men have lived a longer, better, happier, and holier life than Burgess Allison.”



DR. MILLER.

REV. SAMUEL MILLER, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian divine and author, after serving fifty-nine years in the ministry, died at Princeton, New Jersey, January 7, 1850, aged nearly eighty-one. For forty-three years he was a Trustee of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and for over thirty-six years one of its professors.

In his latter years Dr. Miller had no considerable vigor of constitution, and was obliged to nurse himself with more than ordinary care; yet he was able to perform the duties of his chair in the seminary, besides considerable outside literary work, until he was about eighty years old.

His great care for his health led him to take exercise in the open air, and he permitted no weather, however inclement, or engagement, to prevent his walking or riding out at least once a day. He would carefully avoid a current of air coming in from a window or door, but he feared neither cold nor heat, snow nor rain, in an atmosphere freely circulating on all sides.

Before Dr. Miller went to Princeton, and for some time after, he was accustomed to take a single glass of wine at dinner, thinking that it promoted digestion. But fearing the example might prove deleterious to others he ceased its use, and denied himself even the least artificial stimulant.

Dr. Miller even in his later years was scrupulously neat in his dress, urbane and courteous in his manners. Among his works is one entitled "Clerical Manners," a book with the advice of which his own example fully accorded. He was also most economical and punctual in the management of all his personal and domestic affairs. In all respects his life was symmetrical.

Dr. Nicholas Murray describes an interview with him a little before he passed to his heavenly home. The barber was in the room engaged in shaving him. "As I entered it the scene which presented itself was truly

impressive. The room was his library, where he had often counseled, cheered, and instructed me. There, bolstered in a chair, feeble, wan, and haggard was my former teacher and friend—one half of his face shaven, with the soap on the other half, and the barber standing behind his chair. The old sweet smile of welcome played upon his face, and having received his kind hand and greetings, he requested me to take a seat by his side. His communication was a brief one: he had written a history of the Theological Seminary for the Historical Society, which was not yet printed, and he wished an unimportant error into which he thought he had fallen to be corrected; and that there might be no mistake he wished me to write it down—thus showing his ruling passion for even verbal accuracy. When his object in sending for me was gained, he then, in a most composed and intensely solemn manner, thus addressed me:

“My dear brother, my sands are almost run, and this will probably be our last meeting on earth. Our intercourse as professor and pupil, and as ministers, has been one of undiminished affection and confidence. I am just finishing my course, and my only regrets are that I have not served my gracious Master more fervently, sincerely, and constantly. Were I to live my life over again, I would seek more than I have done to know nothing but Christ. The burdens that some of us have borne in the Church will now devolve upon you and your brethren. See to it that you bear them better than we have done, and with far greater consecration.

And as this will, no doubt, be our last interview here, it will be well to close it with prayer. As I am too feeble to kneel, you will excuse me if I keep my chair.

"I drew my chair before him and knelt at his feet. The colored barber laid aside his razor and his brush, and knelt at his side. As he did not indicate which of us was to lead in prayer, I inferred, because of his feebleness, that it would be right for me to do so; and while seeking to compose my own mind and feelings to the effort, I was relieved by hearing his own sweet, feeble, melting accents. His prayer was brief, but unutterably touching and impressive. He commenced it by thanksgiving to God for his great mercy in calling us into the fellowship of the saints. . . . 'And now, Lord,' said he, 'seeing that thine aged, imperfect servant is being gathered to his fathers, let his mantle fall upon thy young servant, and far more of the spirit of Christ than he has ever enjoyed. Let the years of thy servant be as the years of his dying teacher; let his ministry be more devoted, more holy, more useful; and when he comes to die, may he have fewer regrets to feel in reference to his past ministrations. We are to meet no more on earth, but when thy servant shall follow his aged father to the grave may we meet in heaven, there to sit, and shine, and sing with those who have turned many to righteousness, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Amen.'"



John P. Minturn

DR. BUNTING.

REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D. D., one of the most eminent of Wesleyan ministers, the first President of the English Wesleyan Theological Institution, died June 16, 1858, in his eightieth year. His conversion dated at the age of sixteen, his license to preach at nineteen. For ten years he served his Conference as Secretary, and was four times elected its President. Twenty years he was General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and for the last twenty-four years of his life President of its Theological Institution.

Throughout his long life he was strongly attached to his own denomination, but cherished the largest charity toward all evangelical Christians. In the rise of the "Evangelical Alliance" he was an earnest and efficient worker. He was at home with the generous, the noble, and the good: his deep emotion responding to theirs as the strings of one lute tremble to the music of another.

When near seventy years of age Dr. Bunting heard Dr. Chalmers preach on Sunday morning, and called upon him in the afternoon. Of this interview Dr. Chalmers wrote: "Delighted with a call after dinner from Dr. Bunting, with whom I and Mr. Mackenzie were left alone for an hour at least. Most exquisite intercourse with one of the best and wisest of men. Mr. Mackenzie and I both love him to the uttermost."

As a theologian and preacher Dr. Bunting took first

rank. In the former capacity he was lucid, discriminating, and always evangelical; in the latter, instructive and arousing. In the body of his discourses his style was even and flowing as a beautiful river; in their application, thundering and overwhelming like a mountain flood. As a debater he had no superior.

He was one of the founders of the Missionary Society. In order to devote himself to its wants and services, he deliberately relinquished various other projects which had occupied his attention. "The die is cast," were his memorable words. "If I give to our missions the attention they require, I shall not have time hereafter for literature."

Next to his regard for the immediate salvation of the souls of men, was his interest in the Theological Institution of which he was so long the honored head.

In domestic life Dr. Bunting was a model both as a husband and a father. "As a friend among friends he was the friendliest of all." His soul, even to the latest, breathed love to all around him.

Most of the last year of his life was spent in languishing weakness and acute pain. Unable to receive adequate nourishment, or to obtain refreshing rest, he would have found his days and nights wearisome had not the Master's presence been most powerfully manifested. Protracted suffering was endured with invincible patience.

His mind retained its clearness to the last. As death approached his consolations in Christ became richer and

more satisfying. When the power of speech was almost gone he was heard to say,

"Perfect peace!"

His last words were, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

DR: ALEXANDER,

REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., an eminent Presbyterian minister and teacher of theology, for several years President of Hampden Sidney College, and one of the first Professors of the Princeton Theological Seminary, died August 16, 1851, at the age of eighty years. He entered upon the duties of his professorship at Princeton at the age of forty, and continued to perform the duties of that office until near his death.

Dr. John Hall records a pleasing incident to show the vivacity, intelligence, and inquisitiveness of Dr. Alexander's conversation. Though always seeking information from every one he encountered, he seemed already to be familiar with the leading facts, and generally with details. "A friend of mine once said to me that while a student at the Seminary he was often foiled in trying to communicate to his teacher in their familiar interviews something new or uncommon that had occurred to him in his reading or observation, and had to content himself with the resolution to be constantly receiving every sort of information from him, without imparting any thing in return. After leaving the Seminary, however,

he (the student) spent ten years in India, and upon his return he went, he said, with some confidence that he could now find something to say that Dr. Alexander did not know beforehand; but after a long conversation he came away with the disheartening impression that Dr. Alexander knew more, even about India, than himself."

Another biographer describes Dr. Alexander's great naturalness and power of preaching. "Men of all classes felt his power alike. Beyond any minister of his day, his preaching was equally acceptable to the learned and the illiterate, the old and the young, the untutored and the refined; for the *nature* of all men is the same, and Dr. Alexander was one of Nature's preachers. He was so simple that children could understand him; but his simplicity never degenerated into 'silliness;' it was the graceful but invisible mold into which the instinct of his nature, and the habit of his life, made him cast the rich lore of Divine truth." This habit of the *natural* was especially apparent in his later years.

Rev. W. E. Schenck, of Philadelphia, thus describes his last interview with Dr. Alexander:

"It was on the morning of the Thursday preceding his death that I called in to inquire after his health. As I entered the study he was lying on the sofa in his usual dress, but supported by pillows. He extended his hand in a very cordial manner; on taking it I found it icy cold. He at once said to me in a warm, tender tone, 'My dear young friend, I have desired to see you once more, and I am glad to have this opportunity; I wish to

bid you farewell. You will see my face no more in this life.'

"I was so greatly overcome by this address that I hardly knew what to reply. I merely said, 'I trust and most earnestly hope, dear sir, that you may yet be mistaken. Should it be so, we are confident it would be your inexpressible gain; but it would be a sorrowful day indeed for all of us that survive.'

"'I feel confident,' said he, 'that I am not mistaken; I shall not live long. Nor have I any wish to stay longer. I have lived eighty years, which is more than the usual term of human life; and if I remain I have little to look forward to but infirmity and suffering. If such be the Lord's will I feel thoroughly satisfied, and even would prefer to go now. My work on earth, I feel, is done.'

"'And it does seem to me,' he added with great earnestness, 'as if my heavenly Father had in great mercy surrounded me with almost every circumstance which could remove anxieties, and enable me to go without regret. My affairs have all been attended to, my arrangements are all completed, and I can think of nothing more to be done.'

"'I have greatly desired to see my son James (Dr. James Alexander, of Princeton Seminary) before my departure, and I sometimes feared I should not have the privilege; but the Lord has graciously brought him back to see me, having led him safely through much peril on the ocean. My children are all with me. The Church of which you are Pastor is prosperous and flour-

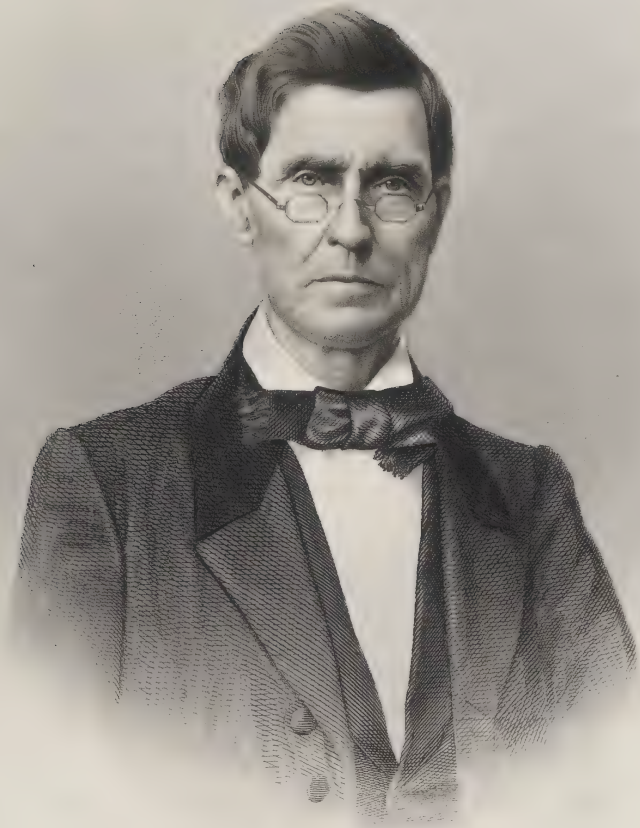
ishing. The Seminary faculty is again full, and the institution is in an excellent condition. The more I reflect upon the matter, the more all things seem to combine to make me perfectly willing to enter into my rest.'

"The Lord has very tenderly and graciously led me," he added, closing his eyes and clasping his hands in a devotional manner, "all the days of my life. Yes, *all the days of my life*. And here he is now with me still. *In him I enjoy perfect peace.*"

DR. LONGSTREET.

AUGUSTUS B. LONGSTREET, LL.D., Judge for several years of the Superior Court in Georgia, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, after the division of the Church, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died in Oxford, Mississippi, September 9, 1870, aged nearly eighty. He was President of Emory College from 1839 to 1848, and then, at the age of fifty-nine, entered upon the presidency of Centenary College, Louisiana. Soon after he accepted the presidency of the University of Mississippi. In 1858, at the age of sixty-eight, he resigned, and accepted the presidency of South Carolina College. In 1860, at the age of seventy, he was appointed by the President of the United States a member of the Statistical Congress at London.

Dr. Longstreet after reaching advanced life wrote several valuable and popular books. The last of these was



Augustus B. Longstreet

entitled "A Revision and Correction of Canonized Errors of Biblical Interpretation." In order to do this last work well he mastered in his old age the Hebrew language. He was a great teacher up to his closing years, every-where recognized as a scholar and minister of cultivated taste and powerful influence. Thousands of Southern youth will rise up and call him blessed.

His was a "sunny old age." One of his intimate friends, describing him, says, "He abounded in wit and humor, and had that 'merry heart' of which Solomon speaks that 'doeth good like a medicine.'"

The death of Dr. Longstreet produced a profound sensation throughout the South, and called forth many public tributes to his memory. Judge James Jackson, in a memorial address delivered at Oxford, Georgia, before the alumni of Emory College, thus speaks of the closing moments of his venerable friend :

"Gentlemen, Dr. Longstreet's death-bed was at the very threshold of heaven! so near to the holiest of holies that it seems almost profane to attempt to describe it. Now and then, at long intervals in the history of the Church, God draws a dying saint who has been illustrious in his earthly career, and thereby widely known among men—God draws such a saint, while yet clogged with mortal flesh, close to himself above, or else he descends near to that saint here, and makes the union of mortality and immortality about to be consummated so plain; he passes the Divine hand so soothingly over the brow in the death-sweat; he reflects so much of heaven's light upon the dying

face, that it seems the great heart of the Almighty yearns to convince thereby those who 'will not be persuaded though one should rise from the dead!' God, with heaven's own pencil, therefore, paints the scene for mortal sight. We may, therefore, nay, we ought to approach and look upon it, though reverently and with shoes off our feet; for the chamber, the bed, the dying mortal just putting on immortality, all are on the verge of the glory-land, and looking on such a scene, gentlemen, we look well-nigh into heaven. And could we but realize for one moment at such a time the faith of Elijah we should behold not indeed the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof, but the angelic escort ready on snowy bosoms and in loving arms to transport the disembodied spirit to his home in the skies.

"Gentlemen, such a scene I saw in this village, in Mr. Branham's house, near midnight twelve months ago. It was the death scene of Dr. Longstreet, as portrayed to me by his son-in-law, my friend, the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar. Never, never, never can I forget it! I may not attempt to copy it. There are some paintings so vividly beautiful, so strikingly—I had almost said—divine, that even the sun, with all daguerrean and photographic art, cannot transfer them from the original to another canvas! Yet I saw that picture; I see it still.

"The old man, with the deliberation and calmness of the Christian philosopher, counting his own pulse as life ebbed, and when he could no longer place the

one hand on the other wrist to note the ebbing of the life-tide, requesting another to help him put it there; the daughter, her face on the pillow, bathed in tears; the voice, feeble in utterance, yet distinct with the immortality of faith, whispering, 'Not a cloud, not a cloud,' as, with fingers on pulse and eye up-gazing, he seemed watching for the gates of heaven to open; the sudden exclamation of Lamar to his wife, 'Look, Jennie, look, look!' the dying face just then lighted up with heavenly radiance; the eye, the mouth, the whole countenance lighted up with immortality, the soul thus passing almost visibly into glory!

"Gentlemen, I repeat, I see that death-bed scene now, and I hear the exclamation with which the earnest and eloquent Lamar emphasized the conclusion of his narrative to me: 'I don't know what he saw, Judge, but I tell you, sir, that old man saw something awe-inspiring, sublime, divinely beautiful beyond human ken!'

"Aye, gentlemen, he did; and, thank God! I believe it all just as firmly as if I had myself been blessed with the heavenly vision.

"And now, gentlemen *Alumni*, what shall I add? Shall I attempt to dissect, and thereby describe, the talents and character of Dr. Longstreet? As well try to paint the rainbow by reducing its blended beauty into elemental light, or to represent the kaleidoscope, with its ever-varying shades and colors, truthfully to the eye by minutely examining each single pebble. His life blends his many-sided character into one beau-

tiful whole; his works best illustrate that life and display those talents. His was a sunny life—generous, sympathetic, like the sun. He wept over human suffering as readily as he laughed over human folly. He loved to contemplate the goodness of God, and he abounded in goodness to God's creatures. He was a happy, not a moping Christian. It was thrilling to talk with him on religion, and to catch the melody of his soul as he sang the hymns he loved."

DR. WAYLAND,

REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., LL.D., an American Baptist clergyman, author of several well known text-books, for thirty years President of Brown University, died in Providence, Rhode Island, September 26, 1865. He graduated at Union College at the age of seventeen, was ordained Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston at twenty-five, and became President of Brown University at Providence at thirty-one.

In 1855, at the age of nearly threescore, Dr. Wayland, because of failing health, tendered his resignation of the presidency of the institution whose interests he had supervised with great ability and success.

Dr. Wayland's useful service was not confined to his own Church. He labored in behalf of liberal education every-where. No man in Rhode Island enjoyed more

largely the affections of the people. It is said that he was more than once urged to allow himself to be nominated for the United States Senate, with the assurance that he would be elected by acclamation.

He sought to be useful in the humble as well as the higher walks of life. He was an officer of several beneficiary and reformatory institutions, and regularly taught a Bible-class in the State-prison.

Dr. Wayland was ever generous to the needy. Said a gentleman always active in philanthropy, "I never like to go to Dr. Wayland with regard to any charitable object, for he always gives too much." He practiced economy in order to be able to give. During the war he heard a friend speak of the expensiveness of tea, and the good use which might be made of the money thus expended. He at once resolved to forego the article.

During the last two or three years of his life he took special pains to have considerable daily out-door exercise. Walking was not considered sufficient. In winter he would shovel snow from the sidewalk, if opportunity afforded. He would at times saw and split wood, and it is said there was something of heroism in his victories over the knottiest sticks. Gardening was his favorite employment. Indeed, he had a passion for the cultivation of plants, vegetables, fruits, and flowers. His care over every tree and shrub extended to the minutest particulars.

He was accustomed to spend the hour before breakfast in secret prayer and reading the Scriptures. His

family devotions were invariably brief, never tedious. When the out-of-door work was over he bathed, and dressed for the remainder of the day. He then spent a little time in secret prayer. Toward the close of life a friend asked him,

“Can you always feel when you pray that prayer is a reality?”

“Almost always I can; and the older I grow the more I am convinced that it is a real thing to ask God for blessings, and to receive them in answer to prayer.”

At about nine in the evening he would join the family in their devotions in the parlor. Through the greater part of his life he worked until very late at night, but in later years he retired to his bed at ten. He wrote, and worked upon his proof-sheets, up to within a few days of his death.

On Wednesday and Thursday, September 13 and 14, the Warren Baptist Association met in Providence. Dr. Wayland participated. This was his last public work.

On the following Saturday he complained of great debility, and was not able to leave his bed. On the succeeding day he said to an intimate Christian friend, “I feel that my race is nearly run. I have, indeed, tried to do my duty. I cannot accuse myself of having neglected any known obligation. Yet all this avails me nothing. I place no dependence upon any thing but the righteousness and death of Jesus Christ.”

These were among his last coherent expressions. He soon after was stricken with paralysis, lingered until the succeeding Saturday, when he peacefully passed away.

At the ensuing meeting of the alumni of the College a beautiful Memorial Ode, composed by the Hon. Thomas Durfee, was read, the closing stanzas of which were the following:

Meanwhile, with tireless tongue or pen,
He toiled to spread the Gospel light,
And kindled in the hearts of men
The love of freedom and of right.

No caste or color, clime or creed,
The fervor of his zeal allayed;
He strove to realize in deed
The life of love for which he prayed.

The convict in his lonely cell,
The slave by cruel fetters bound,
The heathen with his fetish fell,
In him a benefactor found.

For his belief was no mere word
Which, uttered, dies upon the lip;
But faith, co-working with the Lord,
In meek and loving fellowship.

He sleeps in death: its darkness hides
The grandeur of his form and face;
The lesson of his life abides,
A blessing to the human race.



DR. NOTT.

REV. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D., for sixty-two years President of Union College, died in Schenectady, New York, January 29, 1866, aged over ninety-two years. His early education was under the tutorship of his brother, Rev. Samuel Nott, who was

for over "threescore years and ten" Pastor of the Congregational Church of Franklin, Connecticut. Dr. Nott graduated at Brown University, and was licensed to preach at twenty-two, and became President of Union College at thirty-one.

During his long presidency Dr. Nott graduated over *four thousand* students, all of whom, whatever their differences in other respects, agreed in respect and veneration for him whose instruction and counsels they had so long enjoyed.

Dr. Nott, after laboring long and successfully for the College, crowned his old age with the personal gift of five hundred thousand dollars, to be added to its endowment. When compelled by his extreme age to relinquish the active duties of the presidency, he still sought in all possible ways to serve its interests.

He was a father and friend to young men. His interest in their mental and moral training continued to the very close of life. His life was devoted to their good. One who knew him well said, "Dr. Nott governed Union College by his prayers."

As stated by his Pastor in his funeral discourse, "he was pre-eminently a *peace-maker*." He always manifested a forgiving spirit, and to many a furious and ruinous discord he successfully said, "Peace, be still."

From the time he reached the age of eighty-seven until his death, he felt that he was within a momentary summons to go hence. Yet he unwaveringly trusted in God. He was pleased to sit at the Master's feet, and confide fully in his loving and wise guidance.

In his dying hours, when he felt that the end could not be far away, his parting counsel and legacy to his nearest friend was, "Fear God and keep his commandments."

When utterance was difficult, and when his spirit was almost gone, he whispered, "One word, one word—*Jesus Christ.*"

His very last expression was, "*My covenant God.*"

"Higher and higher then the preacher rose,
 From principality to power and might,
 Until our weary spirit, in its flight,
 Sighed for some blessed haven of repose.
 But up, and onward still, with eager wings,
 Our thoughts were borne, (the world had passed away;)
 And every name to which affection springs
 Unheard, unheeded in our memory lay.
 Only *one* Name, all other names above,
 That guardian angel whispered evermore:
 Jesus—Immanuel—Saviour—God is love;
 Let us reach him; our journey will be o'er.
 He freely welcomes all, howe'er opprest;
 We are beside him: weary spirit, rest!"

DR. ELLIOTT.

REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D., LL.D., a Methodist clergyman, editor, author, and college president, died in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, January 6, 1869, aged nearly seventy-seven. He was a native of Ireland, was educated at Dublin, came to America in 1816, at the age of twenty-four, and entered the itinerant minis-

try at twenty-six. He was a Pastor for fifteen years, editor for twenty-two years, college professor for three years, and college president for five years.

Dr. Elliott continued his active public official labors until he was seventy-two, when he finally resigned the Presidency of the Iowa Wesleyan University. At the age of nearly seventy-four, after a career of remarkable health, he was stricken with partial paralysis. He was still able to read and write, which he continued to do with unabated assiduity.

His old age was full of cheerfulness and hope. Blessed with a competence and a pleasant home, in the bosom of his devoted family, and surrounded by hosts of friends of all ages, he passed life's evening hours without any complaint or repining. A member of his family wrote the day after his death:

"Dr. Elliott never grew old; his heart ever kindled with the fervor and glow of eternal youth."

Just a month before he died he finished reading *the entire New Testament in three weeks!* When asked by his daughter what he was reading, he answered,

"I'm reading the *news!*"

Thus did this veteran scholar and minister indicate his abiding and growing interest in the Scriptures. To him the Gospel was ever *new*.

His closing experiences were full of peace and Christian triumph. With an unfaltering step, and with "full assurance of faith," he entered the dark valley.

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!"

BISHOP CHASE.

RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D., the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, founder and first President of Kenyon College and the Theological Seminary of Ohio, died September 20, 1852. He was a native of Connecticut, graduated at Dartmouth College at the age of twenty, entered the ministry at twenty-two, and was consecrated Bishop at thirty-eight.

At the age of forty-one, being compelled to labor with his own hands in order to obtain a sufficient support, he accepted the Presidency of Cincinnati College. Two years later he entered upon the work of founding the College and Theological Seminary at Gambier. He visited England in its behalf, securing there the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the object. For ten years he filled the onerous duties of President and Bishop. Both offices he resigned in 1831, at the age of fifty-six.

In 1835, at the age of sixty, he was consecrated Bishop of Illinois, the first incumbent of that diocese. In connection with his episcopal work he founded Jubilee College. Thus he was the episcopal and college pioneer of his Church in two States. The charter for the latter College he obtained when he was nearly seventy years old.

He was the most zealous and successful pioneer of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He pushed everywhere in his dioceses, organizing parishes and securing

a supply of Pastors. His soul was intensified with the greatness and importance of the enterprise in hand.

His old age was earnest, and laborious as his younger years. His tenacity of purpose continued to the last. He was a patriarch both in personal appearance and his yearning of soul for the welfare of the Churches and institutions which he had planted.

On September 14, 1852, while he was riding with Mrs. Chase near his house, his carriage was overturned and he was thrown to the ground. When he recovered his consciousness his first words were,

“You may order my coffin; I am glad of it.”

The venerable Bishop expressed his readiness to depart, and gave evidence of good hope in Christ. He lingered for six days, and peacefully passed to his reward.

“Behold the bridegroom cometh,
But the hour, who can tell?
At cock-crow, or the morning,
To the watcher, it is well.
With lamp all trimmed and burning,
A loved one heard the cry,
Bidding the white-robed chosen
To the wedding feast on high.

“Whether for us the summons
Shall early come or late,
God grant like happy entrance
Through Zion’s pearly gate.
To the joy that is before us,
Where the ransomed throng appears,
Onward pressing to the glory,
Faith is looking up through tears.

DR. DEMPSTER.

REV. JOHN DEMPSTER, D.D., founder of the first Theological Seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Chicago November 28, 1863, aged nearly seventy. He entered the ministry at the age of twenty-two, was appointed a Presiding Elder at thirty-five, went out as a missionary to Buenos Ayres at forty-two, became a theological professor first in Newbury, Vermont, and then in Concord, at fifty-one, and theological professor at Evanston, Illinois, at sixty-one. He filled the latter post as senior Professor and acting President until his death.

His father, Rev. John Dempster, a Scotch Presbyterian, was thoroughly educated at the Edinburgh University, but John did not become a careful student until after his conversion in his eighteenth year. After entering the ministry, and while diligently and energetically performing its duties, he largely made up, by incessant application, the deficiencies in his early training.

Dr. Dempster never permitted any obstacle, however great, to prevent his success in any practicable undertaking. Rev. Dr. D. P. Kidder, for several years associated with him as a theological professor, relates the following incident in illustration :

“In January, 1849, I was astonished to find that the man I had revered for so many years was at the door of my humble cottage in Pennington, N. J. His story

was soon told: he wanted a teacher, or, as he dignified it, a Professor for the Chair of Hebrew in the General Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., and he had come to confer with me about taking it. 'But how did you get from Trenton to Pennington at this early hour of the day?' said I, knowing that the stage did not arrive till evening.

"*'I walked,'* said he.

"Thus this self-sacrificing servant of the Church on a cold, windy day of January walked through the yielding snows of New Jersey a distance of eight miles. This was characteristic of Dr. Dempster. He ever went straight forward to the accomplishment of his object."

A few months before his decease he asked leave of the Trustees of the Institute at Evanston to make a visit to California, hoping to recruit his health, and also aid in establishing a "School of the Prophets" on the Pacific. The Board advised the trip. But Providence otherwise ordered.

A tumor of long standing, which had given him intense suffering for years, had become so painful that its removal was necessary, in his judgment, before the voyage could safely be undertaken. He visited Chicago for the purpose of securing the operation at the hands of a skillful surgeon. The operation was too severe for his physical strength.

He was fully conscious, and when told that he could not revive no change came over his features. He rested his head upon the breast of a ministerial friend, and peacefully passed away.

PART IX.
PASTORS AND EVANGELISTS.

BEDE.

THE VENERABLE BEDE, a learned and pious English Roman Catholic monk, died May 26, 735, at the age of sixty-five. He lived in the early and purer age of his Church, and at that interesting period just after the triumph of the Roman over the Scottish Church, and in the seed-time of what is now known as the Church of England. At the age of thirty he became a priest. He completed his great and justly admired *Historia Ecclesiastica*, (Ecclesiastical History,) in Latin, at the age of fifty-nine. After he had reached the age of threescore he wrote several other important works which were largely sought for.

His close application to study and writing is said to have induced pulmonary consumption, which finally terminated his life. He continued even to the last to perform the full duties of his station, and to write as in his early years. Especially in his closing days was he anxious to complete the translation of the Gospel of St. John into the vernacular of the common people. Says one of his pupils :

“Many nights he passed without sleep, yet rejoicing and giving thanks, unless when a little slumber inter-

vened. When he awoke he resumed his accustomed devotions, and with expanded hands never ceased giving thanks to God. By turns we read and by turns we wept; indeed, we always read in tears. In such solemn joy we passed fifty days; but during these days, besides the lectures he gave, he endeavored to compose two works, one of which was a translation of St. John into English. It has been observed of him that he never knew what it was to do nothing. And after his breathing became still shorter he dictated cheerfully, and sometimes said, '*Make haste*; I know not how long I shall hold out; my Maker may take me away very soon.' On one occasion a pupil said to him,

" 'Most dear master, there is yet one chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?'

" 'It is no trouble; take your pen and write *fast*,' he answered.

"He continued to converse cheerfully, and while his friends wept as he told them they would see him no more, they rejoiced to hear him say, 'It is now time for me to return to Him who made me. The time of my dissolution draws near. I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Yes, my soul desires to see Christ in his beauty.' The pupil before mentioned said to him,

" 'Dear master, *one* sentence is still wanting.'

" 'Write *quickly*,' he replied.

"The young man soon added, 'It is finished.'

“He answered, ‘Thou hast well said; all is now finished! Hold my head with thy hands. I shall delight to sit on the opposite side of the room, on the holy spot at which I have been accustomed to pray, and where, while sitting, I can invoke my Father.’ Being placed on the floor of his little room he sang, ‘*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,*’ and died as he uttered the last word.”

One of the poets has beautifully described the touching and sublime closing scene as follows:

“ . . . Within his studious cell,
The man of mighty mind,
His cowed and venerable brow
With sickness pale reclined. ”

“ ‘Speed on!’ Then flew the writer’s pen,
With grief and fear perplexed;
For death’s sure footsteps nearer drew
With each receding text.
The prompting breath more faintly came—
‘Speed on! his form I see—
That awful messenger of God,
Who may not stay for me.’ ”

“ ‘*Master, ’tis done.*’ ‘Thou speakest well,
Life with thy lines kept pace.’
They bear him to the place of prayer,
The death-dew on his face;
And there, while o’er the gasping breast
The last keen torture stole,
With the high watchword of the skies
Went forth that sainted soul.”

DU MOULIN.

PETER DU MOULIN, D.D., a celebrated French Protestant minister, died in 1658, at the advanced age of ninety. He studied in Christ College, Cambridge, England, and subsequently became Professor of Philosophy at Leyden. At the age of thirty-one he went to Paris to officiate as Chaplain in the royal household.

His incessant controversies with the Jesuits often exposed his life, so that he was often compelled to have a guard around him for his protection. Some of his deliverances from death at the hands of his enemies seemed to be almost miraculous. A single one is here given:

In that period of Christian barbarism rendered infamous in a neighboring country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the blood of the saints was shed without measure—since then God has given that nation blood to drink—some of those persons employed in the diabolical work of persecuting to death, in the name of heretics, their unoffending neighbors, were sent in pursuit of Du Moulin. They had long sought for him in vain, when at length they traced him to a house, and followed immediately his steps into it. Every corner of this house they searched, an oven excepted, which He who can employ on the designs of his mercy an insect as well as an angel had rendered,

by means of a *spider*, the secure asylum of his servant. A web just thrown over its mouth prevented scrutiny, and thus Du Moulin was preserved! God "cared for him."

At the age of fifty-one he accepted the professorship of divinity and ministry of the Church at Sedan, both of which he held until death.

His closing experiences, though full of the utmost Christian humility, were most triumphant. Frequently, when he seemed to slumber, he would whisper out short sentences from an overflowing heart, as,

"The Word was made flesh! Death is swallowed up in victory! I desire to depart and be with Christ! O see him! O how beautiful he is!"



RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER, author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," and many other works, died December 8, 1691, aged seventy-six. He was a minister of the Established Church of England, and for a time Chaplain to King Charles II.

At the time of the passage of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, he, with about two thousand other clergymen, were separated from the Established Church, and thenceforward became a Nonconformist minister. In addition to his work in the pulpit he wrote a very large number of books. One of his biographers numbers in

his list of printed works "four folios, fifty-eight quartos, forty-six octavos, twenty-nine duodecimos, besides pamphlets and prefaces to other men's books."

When Baxter was a little over threescore, and after having suffered numerous persecutions, he built a house of worship near London, hoping to be able to enjoy its services for the remainder of his life. But he only occupied its pulpit once. At the second meeting the congregation was greatly disturbed, and Mr. Sedden, who preached for him, was arrested and imprisoned for three months because of the service.

In 1682, at the age of sixty-seven, Baxter was seized by a warrant for coming within five miles of a corporation, and his goods and books were confiscated as a penalty for five sermons which he had preached. An influential friend of his went to five of the Justices and gave such assurances as to his infirm health that he was not thrown into prison.

At the age of seventy he was sent to the King's Bench by a warrant of the infamous Jeffries, who was then Lord Chief Justice. His only offense was some passages in his paraphrase on the New Testament. But having obtained from King James a pardon, he retired to Charter-house Yard, where he afterward preached occasionally to large and devoted congregations. His abstemious habits, abundant labors, and pious devotions continued to the last. Dr. Bates, one of his biographers, furnishes a graphic account of the experiences of his last hours, from which the record which follows is chiefly drawn.

He was tortured with agonizing pain from a stone in the bladder, so that for some years he had not one waking hour of complete ease; yet he was wonderfully resigned, and often said, amid his sharpest pains, "I have a *rational* patience, and a *believing* patience, though sense would recoil." He was of a pacific spirit, and prayed and labored to unite all who held the essentials of religion in the bond of peace. He said once to a friend, "I could as willingly be a martyr for love as for any article in the creed."

He continued his interest in the salvation of souls until his strength entirely failed him. He said to his friends that visited him, "You come hither to learn to die; I can assure you that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain, deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort."

Never was penitent sinner more humble in debasing himself; never was sincere believer more calm and comfortable. Admiring the divine condescension, he often exclaimed, "Lord, what is man? what am I, a vile worm, to the great God?" Often he put up the publican's prayer for mercy, and rejoiced that it was left on record as an effectual prayer. "God," said he, "may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did, and all my hopes are from the mercy of God in Christ." After a short slumber he waked and said,

"I shall rest from my labor."

A minister present added, "And your works follow you." To whom he replied,

"No works; I will leave out works if God will grant me the other."

When a friend was comforting him with the good many had received from his preaching and writings, he said, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

Under his excruciating anguish he was sometimes led earnestly to pray for release by death, but would check himself, saying, "It is not fit for me to prescribe; Lord, *when* thou wilt, *what* thou wilt, and *how* thou wilt."

Again, amid fresh pangs, "O how unsearchable are his ways, and his paths past finding out! the reaches of his providence we cannot fathom! Do not, my friends, think the worse of religion for what I suffer."

Being often asked under these corporeal tortures how it was with his inward man—the immortal part—he replied, "I bless God I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within;" but added, "Flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it;" and though his judgment submitted, yet sense would still make him groan.

Being asked by a person of quality whether he had not great joy from his believing apprehensions of the invisible state, he replied, "What else, think you, Christianity serves for? The consideration of the Deity in his glory and greatness was too high for our thoughts;

but the consideration of the Son of God in our nature, and of the saints in heaven whom we knew and loved, doth much sweeten and familiarize heaven to me."

"I went to him," says Dr. Bates, "with a very worthy friend, Mr. Mather of New England, the day before he died, and speaking some comforting words to him, he replied, 'I have pain, there is no arguing against sense; *but I have peace, I have peace.*'"

"I told him, 'You are now approaching to your long desired home.'

"He answered, 'I believe, I believe.'

"He expressed a great willingness to die; and during his sickness, when the question was asked how he did, his usual reply was,

"*'Almost well: better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be.'*"

In this delightful state of mind the aged saint departed.



CHRISTMAS EVANS.

CHRISTMAS EVANS, an eloquent and powerful Baptist evangelist, was born in South Wales in 1776, and died at the age of seventy-three. He was a minister over fifty years, and multitudes were converted through his instrumentality.

At the age of sixty-five he wrote about two hundred sermons, many of which have been published. They are characterized by remarkable originality and vivac-

ity. Many of them were the reproductions of those which he preached to the masses with wonderful power.

His energy and his efficiency increased with his years. He began the study of Latin and Greek at the age of forty, when nearly blind, and pursued them with diligence and marked success. His endurance in the ministry was wonderful. He preached from three to five times each Sunday, and often on the other days of the week.

One of his memoirs now before us states that "prayer was his daily bread—the very breath of his spirit." He considered himself entitled through Christ to all the blessings of the Gospel, and came boldly to the throne of grace in every time of need. It was his custom for many years of his ministerial life to retire for devotion three times every day, and to rise regularly for the same purpose at midnight. When he was about to preach on some important occasion he would wrestle in prayer for hours, nor relinquish his hold until "endowed with power from on high."

His almsgiving continued to the close of life, and was often carried beyond his ability. Once, while on a visit to an acquaintance whose family were in distressing want of food, he emptied his pocket of his last dollar. His wife remonstrated, stating that her own supply of food would not last twenty-four hours, and demanded what she should do for more if his money was all gone. His reply was:

"Jehovah-jireh; the Lord will provide."

The next day he received a letter from England in-

closing two pounds as a present. Calling his wife, he urged :

“Catherine, I told thee that Providence would return the alms-pound, for it was a loan to the Lord ; and, see here, *it is doubled in one day!*”

One of his last sermons was preached before the Baptist Association of Monmouthshire, at the age of seventy-three. It was one of the most powerful of his life. In his introduction he described a man whom he had met a short time before throwing beans to a herd of swine that followed them, enticing them to the door of the slaughter-house, and then said that in a similar manner, with one temptation after another, Satan allures deluded sinners to the gates of hell. He spoke of the Gospel on the day of Pentecost as a great electrical machine, Christ turning the handle, Peter placing the chain in contact with the people, and the Holy Ghost descending like a stream of ethereal fire, and melting three thousand at once ! The effort was too great for him, and he was confined to his room for several days.

Following this indefatigable man, continues his biographer, we find him on a subsequent Sunday preaching like a seraph on the Prodigal Son in the morning, and in the evening on the words of Paul, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.”

The next evening he preached his last sermon. He said he had taken his model from the day of Pentecost. He described the event of that memorable day as a great naval battle between Immanuel and the Prince of

Darkness. "The Captain of our Salvation" sent out twelve little boats to engage the whole fleet of hell. For a time all was enveloped in fire and smoke, and the issue of the day seemed doubtful; but when the conflict ceased and the cloud cleared away, it was ascertained that the twelve little boats had captured *three thousand* of Satan's ships of war!

When the aged preacher sat down he said,

"This is my last sermon."

And so it was. That night he was taken violently ill. The next day he lay in a partial stupor, taking but little notice of his friends. On Wednesday he seemed somewhat better. On the morning of the fourth day he arose and walked in the garden. Toward evening he sank again, and grew worse during the night. At two o'clock on Friday morning he said to his friends:

"I am about to leave you. I have labored in the sanctuary about fifty-three years. And this is my comfort and confidence, that I have never labored without 'blood in the basin,'" meaning that he had not failed to preach *Christ*, and him crucified.

After a few remarks of a similar character he repeated a Welsh stanza expressive of his firm trust in the Redeemer, and then, as if done with earth, and desiring to depart, exclaimed in English,

"Good-bye! Drive on!"

He turned over and seemed to sleep. His friends tried to wake him. It was too late. The angelic postillion had obeyed the order. The chariot had passed to the everlasting hills.

STEPHEN WILLIAMS.

REV. STEPHEN WILLIAMS, D.D., for sixty-six years a minister of the Congregational Church in New England, died in 1782, in the ninetieth year of his age. In his eleventh year he was taken captive by the Indians and carried into the forests of Canada, but was subsequently purchased from his captors by the kind-hearted Governor of the Province. When over forty years of age he aided in establishing one of the Indian missions. He was a thorough patriot, and in three different campaigns officiated in the frontier regions as Chaplain in the army.

In his advanced age he was especially punctilious that all his parishioners should observe domestic worship. Whenever he heard of a couple who, on commencing housekeeping, omitted such worship, he immediately mounted his horse and rode off to visit the delinquents, and seldom, if ever, left them without obtaining a promise that the neglected duty should be taken up.

Dr. Williams continued to perform the full service of the week and Sabbath until a few weeks before his death. When no longer able to go out among his congregation, the people were invited into his sick-chamber to hear the words of Christian counsel dispensed from his dying bed. Just before he expired his family gathered around him, and he addressed them thus :

“It is a great thing to die; I must say I am afraid of dying. I am afraid of the pangs and throes of death, for death is the wages of sin; but I am *not afraid to be dead*, for I trust that through the merits and grace of my Redeemer and Advocate, Jesus Christ, the sting of death (which is sin) is taken away. And O, I would now tell you that if at the last day you are found at the left hand of Jesus Christ, it would have been ten thousand times better if you never had a being. I cannot say more—I pray God to give you all understanding.”

COTTON MATHER.

REV. COTTON MATHER, D.D., a prominent Congregational minister of New England, and an extensive author, died in 1728, when he had just completed his sixty-fifth year. His publications numbered three hundred and eighty-two, some of them of considerable magnitude. He had great domestic afflictions, not only in the death of many of his children, but in the profligacy and ruin of some of them.

His habits of devotion were extraordinary. He sought in every possible way to cultivate a prayerful spirit. When he heard a clock strike he prayed, “Lord, teach me so to number my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom.” When he mended his fire he prayed that his zeal and love might “be kindled into a

flame." When at table, looking upon the person carving for the guests he would silently say, "Lord, carve a rich portion of thy comforts and grace to us each." Observing an aged woman he would say, "Lord, adorn that person with the virtues which thou dost prescribe for aged women." So as he walked the streets he implored blessings upon all whom he met. On seeing a tall man he said, "Lord, give that man high attainments in Christianity." For a lame man the prayer was, "Lord, help that man to walk uprightly." For a colored person, "Lord, wash that poor soul; make him white with thy Spirit." For a very little man, "Lord, bestow upon him great blessings." For a very old man, "Lord, make an old disciple." His diary shows that he observed as many as sixty fast days in a single year.

In December, 1727, he was stricken down with the disease which terminated his life. To the question put to him by one of the members of his Church, whether he was desirous to die, he responded, "I dare not say that I am, nor yet that I am not; I would be entirely resigned to God."

When his physicians informed him that he could not recover he lifted his hands toward heaven, sweetly saying, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Just before he died he said, "Now I have nothing more to do here; my will is entirely swallowed up in the will of God."

As the death power began to creep over him he exclaimed, "Is this dying? Is this all? Is this all

that I feared when I prayed against a hard death? O, I can bear this! I can bear it! I can bear it!"

As his wife gently wiped the tears from his eyes he whispered, "I am going where all tears will be wiped away."

Thus tranquilly Cotton Mather passed away. An immense concourse, including the chief officers of the province, attended his funeral.



BISHOP ASBURY.

FRANCIS ASBURY, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, died near Fredericksburgh, Va., March 31, 1816, aged nearly seventy-one. He was born in England, entered the Wesleyan ministry at the age of seventeen, came as a missionary to America at twenty-six, and was ordained Bishop at thirty-nine. He was a minister fifty-four years, and a Bishop thirty-one.

During the last thirty-one years he annually visited the Churches in all parts of the United States, traversing the country from North to South, and from East to West. He traveled, chiefly on horseback, more than six thousand miles a year, preached over seventeen thousand sermons, and ordained three thousand preachers. He was "foremost in the band of tireless itinerants."

After reaching the age of "threescore and ten," he wrote in his journal, at a Conference session in Lexington, Ky.:

“My eyes fail; I will resign the stations to Bishop M’Kendree; I will take away my feet. It is the fiftieth year of my ministry, and forty-fifth year of my labor in America. My mind enjoys great peace and Divine consolation. My health is better, which may in part be because I am less interested in the business of the Conferences; but whether health, life, or death, good is the will of the Lord. ‘I will trust him; yea, I will praise him; he is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.’”

Bishop Asbury was an indefatigable student as well as traveler and preacher. When not traveling, his custom was to rise at four o’clock every morning, spend two hours in reading and study, and one in recreation and conversation. Ten hours out of sixteen were spent in reading the Hebrew Bible and other books, and in writing. He retired to his room at eight o’clock, when not at meeting or in counsel, and spent an hour in meditation and prayer before retiring to rest.

He was every-where received by the Churches with the fullest veneration and confidence, and with the most affectionate regard. Private families in every part of the country gave him the heartiest welcome to their homes, and sought in all possible ways to minister to his comfort. “Bishop Asbury’s homes were a multitude, dotting every settlement of the country.”

The aged itinerant was deeply appreciative of these beautiful hospitalities, especially those which were tendered him in the midst of the infirmities of age and sickness. At Norfolk, Va., he wrote:

"I have been moved about among the families [so great was the desire to entertain and care for him] of the Williamses, the Harrises, the Weavers, the Bennetts, and the Merediths, and O what kindness and nursing!"

After one of the Conference sessions at Philadelphia, being detained at various points on his journey by illness, he wrote:

"I would not be loved to death. Attentions constant and kindness unceasing have pursued me to this place, (Greensburgh,) and my strength increases daily. I look upon a martyr's life of toil, privation, and pain, and I am ready for a martyr's death! My friends in Philadelphia gave me a light four-wheeled carriage, but God and the Baltimore Conference made me a richer present—they gave me John Wesley Bond for a traveling companion. Has he his equal on earth for excellences of every kind as an aid?"

The closing stage of the aged Bishop's experience is told by his biographer, Dr. Strickland:

The veteran pioneer had taken his last round and had attended his last Conference. Forty-five years of incessant toil in cities and villages, and in the log-cabins and wildernesses of the far West and South, traveling around the continent, with but few exceptions, every year, subject to every kind of itinerant hardship and privation, bore heavily upon his physical constitution, and we find him, as if impelled by a ruling passion strong as life, and undismayed by the approach of death, urging his weary way from appointment to appointment. He needed rest and relief from all cares and anxieties, but,

like one who was determined to rest not until the grave should unvail its bosom to receive him, he continued to travel and preach.

When he could no longer walk to the house of God, he was borne in the arms of his brethren; and when he could no longer stand in the holy place to deliver his dying message to the assembled flocks over which he had been a faithful and affectionate overseer for upward of forty years, he sat, as the beloved of the Apocalypse, and poured out the treasures of his loving, overflowing heart to the weeping multitudes, who sorrowed most at the thought "that they should see his face no more."

In the midst of his last labors he says in his Journal: "I die daily, am made perfect by labor and suffering, and fill up still what is behind. There is no time or opportunity to take medicine in the day-time; I must do it at night. I am wasting away."

By slow and difficult stages he passed, with his faithful Bond, through South and North Carolina, preaching at different points until he reached Richmond, Virginia. His anxiety to preach once more in Richmond was so great that, notwithstanding the entreaties and endeavors of his friends to dissuade him therefrom, seeing his extreme debility, he overcame all their efforts, saying, "I must once more deliver my public testimony in this place." When the hour for preaching arrived he was taken in a close carriage to the Old Methodist Church. On arriving he was borne in the arms of his friends into the Church and placed upon a table pre-

pared for the purpose, whereon he was seated. The "Old Church," whose walls had so often echoed to his voice, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

After singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, the Bishop announced, in tremulous tones, his text: "For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness; because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." Impressed with the consciousness that his work was done, and that he was like one who was waiting for the voice of the bridegroom, the text was chosen.

Before and around him were his brethren and friends of former years. With tearful eyes and throbbing hearts they were listening to the last sermon of their beloved father in God. Slowly and measuredly the solemn truths fell from his trembling lips. Carried away by his feelings he exceeded his strength, and was obliged to pause frequently from sheer exhaustion. Feeble as he was he preached for nearly an hour, during which time a deep and awful stillness pervaded the entire assembly, only broken by the sobs of sympathetic hearers. To the vast audience gathered on this occasion the scene before them must have been sublimely impressive. When he closed his discourse he was much exhausted, and was borne back to his carriage and taken to his lodgings.

Almost any other person would have desisted from traveling in such an ill state of health, but the spirit of Asbury could brook no delay; besides, he was particularly anxious to reach Baltimore, to be present at the

session of the General Conference in May. Accordingly, taking his last farewell of the brethren and friends in Richmond, he proceeded on his journey in the care of his ever-faithful Bond. Having arrived at the residence of his old and long-trying friend, Mr. George Arnold, about twenty miles south of Fredericksburgh, in Virginia, his illness increased so that he was unable to proceed.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth of March his carriage stopped at the door of this, his last earthly resting-place, and he was borne into the house never more to leave it until his worn and weary body should be carried to the tomb. He suffered much during the night and the succeeding day, notwithstanding every thing was done that affection could do to mitigate his distress. When Sabbath came he requested the family to be called together at the usual hour for religious services. His traveling companion read and expounded the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, during which time Asbury was calm and devotional. His end was near, and his faith doubtless enabled him to catch a glimpse of the holy city which John saw coming down out of heaven, and to hear the voice assuring him that God would wipe away the tears from sorrow's weeping eye. The sun of his life was declining, but there were no clouds in the evening heavens. All was calm, and clear, and bright.

The services were closed, and Bond, perceiving that the venerable Bishop was sinking in his chair, hastened to support him; and while he held up his reclining head

the spirit of the patriarch passed away in peace to its God, and thus,

“Like some broad river wid’ning toward the sea,
Calmly and grandly life joined eternity.”



ROBERT HALL.

REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M., a Baptist minister of great genius and eloquence, for many years Pastor in Cambridge and Leicester, England, died February 21, 1831, aged nearly sixty-seven. When he was only nine years old his favorite works were Edwards on the Will, and Butler’s Analogy, which he was even at that age able to analyze and discuss intelligently.

He suffered most severely from physical disease. So intense was the pain that for twenty years he was never able to pass an entire night in bed, and was often obliged in a single night to take *one thousand drops of laudanum*; yet he never intermitted his studies or the labors of his ministry. “No man,” says his physician, “ever, probably, went through more physical suffering. He was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of the mind, exalted by religion, over the infirmities of the body.”

Robert Hall in his old age continued to take an active part in all the noble charities of his age, and by his sermons, speeches, and writings, exerted a wide and powerful influence upon society, not only in England, but

also on the Continent and in America. Some of his most powerful works were prepared after he had reached the age of threescore.

In February, 1831, the Church of Christ and the world at large were deprived of the services of this great man, now in his sixty-seventh year, after an illness of ten days, a full and affecting account of which has been given to the public by Dr. Chandler. When he first announced his apprehension that he should never again minister among his people, he added,

“But I am in God’s hands, and I rejoice that I am. I have not one anxious thought either for life or death. I think I would rather go than stay; for I have seen enough of the world, and I have a humble hope.”

After one of his severe paroxysms, being asked if he felt much pain, he replied that his sufferings were great. “But what,” he added, “are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ? *His* sufferings were infinitely greater; his sufferings were complicated. God has been very merciful to me, very merciful.”

During the last day, when the final paroxysm came on, Mrs. Hall in much agitation exclaimed, “This can’t be dying!” To which he replied, “It is death—it is death—death! O the sufferings of this body!”

Being asked, “But are you comfortable in your mind?” he immediately answered, “Very comfortable—very comfortable!” and exclaimed, “Come, Lord Jesus—come—” He hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word; and one of his daughters involuntarily anticipated him by saying, “quickly!” on which her

departing father gave her a look of the most complacent delight.

There was a solemn and awful grandeur in this last scene. He died from a failure of the vital powers of the heart, amid the most vigorous exercise of consciousness and volition. Peacefully he closed those brilliant eyes which had so often beamed rays of benignity and intellectual fire. Calmly, yet firmly, he sealed those lips which had so often charmed the ears of thousands with messages of Divine mercy and grace. "I have never before seen," says Dr. Chandler, "and scarcely shall I again witness, a death in all its circumstances so grand and impressive; so harmonious with his natural character, so consistent with his spiritual life."

JESSE LEE.

REV. JESSE LEE, an American Methodist clergyman, best known as the "Apostle" of his Church in New England, died September, 1816, aged seventy-four. He was Chaplain to the United States Congress for six successive terms.

Dr. Abel Stevens in his sketches describes his eloquence as often remarkable, smiting the conscience with remorse, or melting the heart with uncontrollable emotion. In person he was large, and his countenance was expressive of two traits—tenderness and shrewdness. Many a conceited gainsayer in attempting, after his ser-

mons in the open air, to embarrass him on metaphysical points, has cowered beneath his replies, and retreated in mortification and wonder.

My lamented old friend, Dr. Thomas Sargent, (himself one of the pioneers,) says the same writer, has assured me that the current anecdote of the Methodist preacher's reply to two lawyers on extemporaneous preaching actually occurred with Jesse Lee. The shrewd itinerant had been preaching in a town during the session of the court, and had dealt rather faithfully with the lawyers, two of whom were disposed to make themselves merry at his expense. The day on which the court adjourned he left the place for another appointment. While riding on his way, he perceived the two lawyers hastening after him on horseback, with evident expectations of amusement. They entered into conversation with him on extemporaneous speaking.

"Don't you often make mistakes?" said one of them.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you do with them? Let them go?"

"Sometimes I do," replied the preacher, drily. "If they are very important, I correct them; if not, or if they express the truth, though differently from what I designed, why, I often let them go. For instance, if, in preaching, I should wish to quote the text which says, 'The devil is a liar, and the father of it,' and should happen to misquote it, and say he was a '*lawyer*,' etc., why, it is so near the truth I should probably let it pass."

The gentlemen of the bar looked at each other, and were soon in advance, hastening on their way.

Many anecdotes illustrate his Christian meekness. The following was furnished to Dr. Stevens by Rev. Dr. Leroy M. Lee, of Richmond, Va., who says the anecdote may be relied on as having really transpired. It was communicated to a member of the family under the following circumstances by the individual most involved in the affair.

Some few years since a nephew of Mr. Lee engaged in some business transaction in a store in Petersburg, Virginia, and being addressed as Mr. Lee, attracted the attention of an aged gentleman, General P., at the same time in the store, who immediately accosted him, and asked if he was a kinsman of Rev. Jesse Lee. On being informed that he was a nephew, the General said he had long desired to see some member of the old minister's family, in order to communicate a circumstance that once occurred between himself and Mr. Lee. On being told that it would afford him pleasure to hear any thing concerning his venerable relative, the General proceeded to relate in substance the following anecdote :

“When I was a young man I went to hear Mr. Lee preach at — Meeting-house. There was a very large crowd in attendance, and a great many could not get into the house. Among others I got near the door, and, being fond of show and frolic, I indulged in some indiscretion, for which Mr. Lee mildly, but plainly, reproved me. In an instant all the bad feelings of my heart were roused. I was deeply insulted, and felt that my whole

family was disgraced. I retired from the crowd to brood over the insult and meditate revenge.

It was not long before I resolved to whip him before he left the ground. I kept the resolution to myself, and watched with eager intensity of resentment the opportunity to put it in execution. But the congregation was dismissed and dispersed, and I saw nothing of the preacher. How he escaped me I could never learn. I looked on every hand, scrutinized every departing group, but saw nothing of the man I felt I hated and was resolved to whip. I went home sullen, mortified, and filled with revenge. My victim had escaped me.

"But I 'nursed my wrath to keep it warm,' and cherished the determination to put it into execution the first time I saw Mr. Lee, although long years should intervene. Gradually, however, my feelings subsided, and my impressions of the insult became weaker and less vivid, and in the lapse of a few years the whole affair faded away from my mind.

"Thirteen years passed over me, and the impetuosity of youth had been softened down by sober manhood and gradually approaching age. I was standing upon 'the downhill of life.' On a beautiful morning in the early spring I left my residence to transact some business in Petersburg, and on reaching the main road leading to town I saw, a few hundred yards before me, an elderly-looking man jogging slowly along in a single gig. As soon as I saw him it struck me, that's Jesse Lee. The name, the man, the sight of him, recalled all

my recollections of the insult, and all my purposes of resentment. I strove to banish them all from my mind. I reasoned on the long years that had intervened since the occurrence; the impropriety of thinking of revenge, and the folly of executing a purpose formed in anger, and after so long a lapse of time. But the more I thought the warmer I became. My resolution stared me in the face, and something whispered coward in my heart if I failed to fulfill it. My mind was in a perfect tumult, and my passions waxed strong. I determined to execute my resolution to the utmost, and, full of rage, I spurred my horse, and was soon at the side of the man that I felt of all others I hated most.

“I accosted him rather rudely with the question, ‘Are you not a Methodist preacher?’

“‘I pass for one,’ was the reply, and in a manner that struck me as very meek.

“‘Ain’t your name Jesse Lee?’

“‘Yes; that’s my name.’

“‘Do you recollect preaching in the year —— at —— meeting-house?’

“‘Yes; very well.’

“‘Well, do you recollect reproving a young man on that occasion for some misbehavior?’

“After a short pause for recollection he replied, ‘I do.’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘I am that young man, and I determined that I would whip you for it the first time I saw you. I have never seen you from that day

until this; and now I intend to execute my resolution and whip you.'

"As soon as I finished speaking the old man stopped his horse, and, looking me full in the face, said, 'You are a younger man than I am. You are strong and active, and I am old and feeble. I have no doubt but, if I were disposed to fight, you could whip me very easily, and it would be useless for me to resist. But as a man of God I must not strive. So as you are determined to whip me, if you will just wait I will get out of my gig and get down on my knees, and you may whip me as long as you please.'

"Never," said the old General, "was I so suddenly and powerfully affected. I was completely overcome. I trembled from head to foot. I would have given my estate if I had never mentioned the subject. A strange weakness came over my frame. I felt sick at heart. Ashamed, mortified, and degraded, I struck my spurs into my horse, and dashed along the road with the speed of a madman.

"What became of the good old man I know not. I never saw him after that painfully-remembered morning. He has long since passed away from the earth, and has reaped the reward of the good, the gentle, and the useful, in a world where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find eternal rest.'

"I am now old; few and full of evil have been the days of the years of my life, yet I am not now without hope in God. I have made my peace with Him who is 'the Judge of the quick and dead,' and hope ere long

to see that good man of God with feelings very different from those with which I met him last."

The old man ceased. A glow of satisfaction spread over his features, and a tear stood in his eye. He seemed as if a burden was removed from his heart—that he had disencumbered himself of a load that had long pressed upon his spirits. He had given his secret to the near relative of the man he had once intended to injure, but whose memory he now cherished with feelings akin to those that unite the redeemed to each other, and bind the whole to "the Father of the spirits of all flesh."

Jesse Lee's last sermon was preached at a camp-meeting near Hillsborough, Maryland, August 21, 1816, at the age of seventy-four. The same evening he was stricken down with fever, and on September 12 his spirit went "home." A little time before he died he broke out in ecstasies of joy, uttering such expressions as these: "Glory! Glory! Halleluia! *Jesus reigns!*"



SAMUEL SPRING.

REV. SAMUEL SPRING, D.D., forty-five years an esteemed minister of the Congregational Church, and Pastor for forty-two years in Newburyport, Massachusetts, died March 4, 1819, aged seventy-three. During the Revolutionary War he served the Continental army for two years as Chaplain. The sermon

which led to his call to the Church at Newburyport was preached before a portion of the American army on the Sunday before the troops left that town for Quebec, the text being, "Except thy presence go with us carry us not up hence."

Dr. Spring was largely identified with public affairs, and was prominently connected with many of the leading benevolent enterprises of the day. He was the chief founder of Andover Theological Seminary.

His activity and energy were never more apparent than in old age. He sought, however, to keep the fact of his probable nearness to the grave constantly in mind, so that whenever the Master should call for him he might be found "watching." One of his last sermons was preached on the first Sunday in 1819 from the words, in Genesis xxvii, 2, "Behold now, I am old, I know not the day of my death." He enjoyed the full use of his reason until three days before his death. To a friend who called to see him he said:

"I have hope in the infinite mercy of God. I have had seasons of discouragement respecting my spiritual state, and I have had seasons in which I have enjoyed the light of God's countenance. As to the truth of the system I have preached I have no question. . . . I have nothing of my own, not one spark of righteousness, to recommend me. I come as a sinner to my Saviour."

To this it was replied, "God forbid, sir, that we should any of us come in any other way but in reli-

ance on a crucified Saviour." After a brief pause he replied,

"I am not adventurous, but I think I can venture my immortal soul on the infinite mercy of God in Christ."

"Do you enjoy the peace of God?" inquired another friend.

"I should be miserable without it," said the aged minister.

To a prominent minister who called to see him he said, "You occupy the most important station there can be in this life. I hope you will be faithful. God be with you, and bless you, succeed you, uphold you." Among his last words were these,

"O let me be gone! Do let me be gone! *I long to get home.*"

JOSEPH IVIMEY.

REV. JOSEPH IVIMEY, Secretary of the Baptist Irish Society, and author of the "History of the English Baptists," died February 8, 1834, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was a graduate of the Bristol Institution, and for twenty-nine years Pastor of the Baptist Church, Eagle-street, London.

He published Bunyan's "Pilgrim, with Notes," the "Life of Bunyan," a "Treatise on Baptism and Communion," and "The Life, Times, and Opinions of Milton;"

but the great work of his pen was his "History of the English Baptists," in four volumes octavo, the first volume of which appeared in 1812, and the last in 1832.

Mr. Ivimey's dying bed presented a beautiful and impressive scene. His health began to fail in 1833. In October of that year he resigned his Secretaryship, and withdrew from all public engagements. His last sermon was delivered December 8 from 2 Tim. i, 12, "I know in whom I have believed," etc. From this time he suffered much, and once said to a friend, "Here I lie, a perfect wreck on the shores of mercy. Why my life is prolonged I cannot tell. It is sufficient for me to know that it is my heavenly Father's will." "I am no longer the Lord's *working* servant, but I trust I am his *waiting* servant. O that I may see his face!"

One remarking that he would soon join "an innumerable company of angels," he replied, "Yes, and, better than that, I shall be with Him whom not having seen I love; and in whom, though now I see him not, yet believing I rejoice."

His habitual tranquillity was a fine illustration of Isa. xxvi, 3; he would frequently say,

" 'And not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast.' "

I have no fears, no misgivings; I trust in the word of God for support. I have nothing else to trust in."

CHARLES SIMEON.

REV. CHARLES SIMEON, an eminently pious divine of the Church of England; died November 13, 1836, at the age of seventy-eight. He was highly educated, and was for fifty-three years a minister, preaching among poor and rich, ignorant and learned, without respect of persons.

In 1832, at the age of seventy-three, he published his sermons, forming twenty-one volumes, with upward of two thousand skeleton sermons, which have had a large degree of popularity in Great Britain.

He was a man of catholic spirit, and had a fraternal acquaintance with many of the principal ministers of different denominations in his day. He had large influence, especially in the University of Cambridge, of which he was a fellow. During his whole life, in storm and in sunshine, he remained a true and faithful follower of the Lord Christ, animated by one object—the desire to glorify Christ. His health had been almost always singularly good.

In the month of September, 1836, he took cold, and was soon after laid upon his death-bed. In answer to an inquiry whether he were supported by Divine consolations, Mr. Simeon said, “I never felt so ill before; I conceive my present state cannot last long; but here I lie waiting for the issue without a fear, without a doubt, and *without a wish*.”

On a question being asked, what had been lately passing in his mind, and of what he was at that time more particularly thinking? he replied, in the most animated manner, "I do not *think* now—I am enjoying." He also described his perfect acquiescence in the will of God, saying, with energy, "Whether I am to have a little less suffering, or a little more, it matters not one farthing. All is right and well, and just as it should be; I am in a dear Father's hands; all is secure. When I look to HIM I see nothing but *faithfulness*, and *immutability*, and *truth*; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—I CANNOT HAVE MORE PEACE. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—O then THERE is nothing—*nothing, nothing* (pausing) but what is to be abhorred and mourned over. Yes, *I say that*, and it is true."

To a medical friend he said, "Ah! what, is that you? How glad I am to see you! I have greatly wished to see you; my soul has longed for you that you might see the difference in the end between the power of these principles, and what it is to go to God in contrition and faith."

At one period, when there was a larger number of persons than usual gathered around his bed, Mr. Simeon, mistaking the circumstance, said, "You are all on a wrong scent, and are all in a wrong spirit; you want to see what is called a dying scene. *That I abhor from my inmost soul*. I wish to be alone with my God, and to lie before him as a poor, wretched sinner."

He seemed now to breathe entirely an atmosphere of

peace and love; and enjoying such a sense of God's pardoning love himself, he longed to manifest an affectionate and forgiving spirit to all around. A striking instance of this occurred with reference to one of the fellows of his college who had grieved him by frequent acts of discourtesy, and was now lying on his death-bed in acute suffering, and altogether in a state so wretched and distressing as to deter his friends from visiting him. Daily did Mr. Simeon send to make inquiries after him, conveying at the same time some kind expression of sympathy. This at length so wrought upon him that he could not forbear observing, "Well, Simeon does not forget me, but sends every day to inquire after me, ill as he is."

As his end drew near he broke out, "It is said, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" Then, looking at those who stood round his bed, he asked, in his own peculiarly impressive manner,

"Do you see any sting here?"

They answered, "No, indeed, it is all taken away."

He then said, "Does not this prove that my principles were not founded on fancies or enthusiasm, but that there is a reality in them? and I find them sufficient to support me in death."

Thus departed a laborious servant of Christ, entering into rest at the very moment that the bell of St. Mary's was tolling for the university sermon which he himself was to have preached.

SAMUEL STILLMAN.

REV. SAMUEL STILLMAN, D.D., a popular and useful minister of the Baptist Church, died March 12, 1807, aged seventy. His first pastoral charge was at James Island, near Charleston, South Carolina. Subsequently he preached at Bordentown, New Jersey, and later he was installed pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston. He was one of the first incorporators of Brown University, and continued one of its Trustees until the close of his life.

His discourses abounded in eloquent passages, which seemed to be unpremeditated, but which were often so impassioned as to quite overcome the audience. His manner was affectionate, and found way directly to the hearts of the hearers.

In private life he always breathed a catholic, devout, and loving spirit. He was habitually cheerful in temper, and always took delight in adding to the happiness of those around him. Toward those who regarded themselves as his inferiors he was always condescending. An instance occurred on this wise. A colored man whom he met very politely took off his hat and bowed to Doctor S., who immediately reciprocated the civility. A friend who was with him, being unaccustomed to such a recognition, remonstrated with him, asking him why he took off his hat to "that black man."

"Why," replied Stillman, "that man made his obeisance to me, and I should be loath to have it said that I had less manners than a negro."

His sermons abounded in illustrations, some of which were often repeated. It is said that scarcely a year elapsed in which he did not relate the story of Addison's death—a story which in the way he retold it seemed ever appropriate. The story is this:

"Addison while dying was informed that a beloved nephew was in the house and was desirous of seeing him. 'Let him come to my bedside,' was the reply. He did so, and the venerable man held out his hand as the youth approached him, and said, 'See, my young friend, with what peace a Christian can die.'"

A friend writing an account of his closing years observes: I remember once to have been in his study when several who were candidates for admission into the Church had expressed their faith and hope with unwonted freedom and cheerfulness. And so deeply was the good man affected by their expressions that he looked round most affectionately upon the little group, and with a smile of delight exclaimed,

"What a wonderfully strange thing religion is! How happy it makes us!"

To one who said, "Sir, I was walking in the street in happy meditation, and my mind was so delightfully elevated that heaven appeared to me only a little way off," he replied,

"Ah, heaven is not far off when we feel right."

A few hours before his death Dr. Baldwin, who for

sixteen years had been privileged to enjoy his society and counsel, called and expressed his deep regret at the prospect of parting. Dr. Stillman, who had not entirely lost the power of speech, articulated in reply these impressive words :

“ God’s government is infinitely perfect.”

JOSEPH GRAFTON:

REV. JOSEPH GRAFTON, an esteemed Baptist minister, President of the Board of Trustees of the Newton Theological Institution, and either President or Vice-President of several other Baptist Missionary Societies, died in Boston December 16, 1836, aged seventy-nine. He was a native of Newburyport, R. I. He was ordained to the ministry as Pastor of the Church at Newton, Massachusetts, at the age of thirty-one, and continued to labor zealously in his Master’s work for near fifty years.

For many years previous to his death he was subject to severe nervous attacks, which, in connection with the growing infirmities of age, compelled him in 1835, at the age of seventy-seven, to retire from the pastorate.

The old age of Mr. Grafton abounded in incidents, some of which we quote from an article furnished for Sprague’s “Annals of the American Baptist Pulpit” by Dr. S. F. Smith, the successor of Mr. Grafton at Newton.

He once preached the Annual Sermon before the old Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, and took for his text Matthew xvii, 26, 27. At the close of his sermon, as there was to be a collection in aid of the funds of the Society, he said, "And now let every gentleman feel in his pocket, and every lady in her purse, and see if there be not a piece of money, as there was in the mouth of Peter's fish." The archness and *naivete* with which this was said produced general gratification, and secured a handsome donation to the funds of the Society.

In preaching a charity sermon he once remarked that some persons are always ready to give when they are asked; but they are governed by impure motives, hoping for some sort of recompense. He said they were willing to cast their bread upon the waters, but they were careful to have a string tied to it that they might be secure of drawing it back.

He spent little time in his study, but a great deal in pastoral visitation. There was scarcely a day when he did not ride abroad to see some of his parishioners. Much of his preparation for the pulpit was conducted in his chaise. Sometimes, when riding with a familiar friend, he has been observed not only talking out the plans of his sermons, but actually gesticulating, as if preaching them in his pulpit.

He was very social in his disposition, and greatly enjoyed the companionship of friends. When he came to the decline of life he was not unconscious of the ravages of time upon him. Even in those respects in

which persons are not so readily sensible of their own decay, he felt that what he might not perceive himself was perceptible by others. Dr. Horner once asked him pleasantly, "Brother Grafton, what is the reason there are now no old people as there used to be? Where are the old people?" Mr. G. perceived the hallucination of his venerable friend, and replied, "Brother Horner, ask the young people; they will tell you."

In his last brief illness he was unconscious for portions of the time, but in the lucid intervals manifested an intelligent and serene confidence in his Redeemer.



GEORGE PICKERING.

REV. GEORGE PICKERING, a highly esteemed and eminently useful Methodist minister, died in New England, at the age of seventy-eight. He was an active and successful itinerant minister for nearly sixty years. The fruits of his labors abound in every part of the New England States.

Dr. Abel Stevens thus describes this venerable father in the ministry: "His countenance was expressive of energy, shrewdness, self-command, and benignity; and his silvered locks, combed precisely behind his ears, gave him in his later years a strikingly venerable appearance. The exactitude of his mind extended to all his physical habits. In pastoral labors, diet, sleep, and dress he followed a fixed course, which scarcely admitted of deviation.

“His personal habits had the regularity of clock-work. During his itinerant life he devoted to his family, at Waltham, Mass., a definite portion of his time; but even these domestic visits were subjected to the most undeviating regularity. During fifty years of married life he spent, upon an average, about one fifth of his time at home—an aggregate of ten out of fifty!

“The rigor of his habits may, indeed, have been too severe. It reminds us of the noble but defective virtue of the old Roman character. If business called him to the town of his family residence at other times than those appropriated to his domestic visits, he returned to his post of labor without crossing the threshold of his home. In that terrible calamity which spread gloom over the land—the burning of the steamer Lexington, by night, on Long Island Sound—he lost a beloved daughter. The intensity of the affliction was not capable of enhancement, yet he stood firmly on his ministerial watch-tower, though with a bleeding heart, while his family, but a few miles distant, were frantic with anguish. Not till the due time did he return to them; when it arrived, he entered his home with a sorrow-smitten spirit, pressed in silence the hand of his wife, and, without uttering a word, retired to an adjacent room, where he spent some hours in solitude and unutterable grief. Such a man reminds us of Brutus, and in the heroic times would have been commemorated as superhuman.”

His last illness is thus described by the same writer: “After a week of illness and much pastoral labor, during which he was often compelled by weakness to re-

pose on the wayside, he ascended the pulpit on the Sabbath; but during the sermon he sank down insensible, and was carried from the church to his lodgings. The next day was the regular time for his periodical visit to his family. He started, therefore, for a village at the depot of the railroad on which he was to pass to his home the following morning. Though languishing with a fever, he insisted on preaching that evening. It was a discourse of great power—his last proclamation of the ‘glorious Gospel.’

“On reaching his home his fate was sealed. At one time, however, his symptoms were favorable, and his physician informed him that the crisis of the disease was past. He called his companion to his bedside, and ordered his clothes to be immediately prepared, that he might depart the next day to his charge. The ruling passion was strong in death.”

But his work was done. While lingering upon his sick couch his soul constantly triumphed. His son-in-law furnishes a lengthy account of his last moments, closing with the following:

Every lineament of his countenance glowed with unearthly beauty, and seemed to reflect the radiance of that joy “which is unspeakable and full of glory.” Lamb-like patience, or *entire* submission, was the prevailing expression; while gleams of light, triumphant light, seemed to play upon his venerable features. Each marked that look as they gazed upon the venerated patriarch, so near his home, and it left an impression never to be forgotten. It reminded me more of the

countenance of the figure personifying the Church, in Anelli's celebrated painting, than any thing earthly I have ever seen. But this was life, stern reality; and there are expressions so much like heaven, that earthly genius, with all its triumphs, is utterly incompetent to portray. Words cannot express it; but it is written upon the inner temple of many hearts.

Before, he had prayed, "Lord, have mercy, have mercy; take me home to heaven, sweet heaven!"

Now he sees the "chariot of Israel, and horsemen thereof descending," and he exclaims, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

He recognized all who came to his bedside, and, when he could not speak, pressed the hand, while emotion was visibly manifested. He seemed to have an unclouded view of his place of rest, and an earnest of that "inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

To his wife he said, in broken whispers, "I am happy in the Lord; you are not left as some are; you have a good God to go to."

His son-in-law, Mr. Bemis, watched with him Sabbath night, and finding him so weak he said to him with much emotion, "Father, we fear you cannot live till morning."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because you are so feeble."

"Glory to God!" he replied, "then I'm almost home. Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!" And he said also to

him, "My affairs for time and eternity are all settled. Glory to God!"

Just as his spirit was departing the lips of the aged saint again whispered "*Glory*"—his last word.



REV, SAMUEL MOODY,

REV. SAMUEL MOODY, for many years Pastor of the Congregational Church in York, and one of the most successful Congregational ministers in New England, died November 13, 1847, aged nearly seventy-two.

He was a man of great fervor of spirit, and delighted in revivals of religion. Whitefield visited him, and preached to his congregations on different occasions. It is said that when Whitefield came to York, Mr. Moody, then aged sixty-six, called on him with this salutation: "Sir, you are welcome, first, to America; secondly, to New England; thirdly, to all faithful ministers in New England; fourthly, to all the good people of New England; fifthly, to all the good people of York; and, sixthly, to me, dear sir, less than the least of all." Noble words, breathing a blessed spirit of enlarged charity.

At the age of seventy he was still in his vigor, and went out as chaplain on the famous Cape Breton expedition. It is said that he did this at the earnest solicitation of Sir John Pepperell, and that one of the controlling motives was that when Louisburg should be

taken he might aid in destroying the objects of papal worship. Some of his friends sought to dissuade him, but he was resolute. As he embarked at Boston he seized an ax, exclaiming,

“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!”

After the capture of the city he actually shouldered the ax and cut down the Catholic images with his own hands. There, in the Catholic Church, he preached the first Protestant sermon ever delivered on the island of Cape Breton. The text was Psalm c, 4, 5: “Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.”

Mr. Moody was a man of great constitutional eccentricity. Several anecdotes illustrative of his peculiarities have been furnished by Rev. Jotham Jewell, a descendant of one of Mr. Moody's family relatives, and are printed in “Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit.” A few of them are here abbreviated.

He was accustomed to preach extempore. His daughter Mary was the wife of Rev. Joseph Emerson, Pastor of the Church in Malden, near Boston. The latter used to write his sermons and read them. Several times he preached to the congregation in York. Some of Mr. Moody's people were wont to say, “O what instructive sermons!” Father Moody found it out and thought within himself, “If I should once in a while write out a sermon in full, perhaps I might benefit those people who do not so well relish my random fires.” So

he concluded to put the matter to trial, and wrote a sermon with this object in view. After opening the meeting as usual he began to read his manuscript, and kept on reading till he got tired, and then stopped and looked around upon the people and said,

“Emerson must be Emerson, and Moody must be Moody. I feel as if I had my head in a bag. You call Moody a rambling preacher, and it is true enough; but his preaching will do to catch up rambling sinners—you are all runaways from the Lord.” And so he went on his old way; he would not submit to be trammelled at that rate.

At a meeting of the association to which he belonged, held at his own house, the ministers undertook to call him to an account for his odd expressions and back-handed strokes.

“Father Moody, we do not think you do right.”

“Why, what have I done?”

“Why, we are told that at such a time you expressed yourself so and so. Now *you* know whether it is true or not. If it is, we do think you ought to be more careful, for you are liable by such a course to injure the good cause.”

He made no answer, but stepped into his study, and soon returned with a memorandum of twenty or thirty cases of the hopeful conversions of persons who had been awakened by just such expressions as his brethren were condemning. As he read it over to them, with the dates, etc., they looked at each other with no little surprise, and one of them remarked,

"If the Lord owns Father Moody's oddities, we must let him take his own way," and to this they all agreed.

One morning, late in the fall, after snow had begun to fall, he rose early before his wife, and while he was making a fire in his kitchen there came a poor woman and asked if Madam Moody had not an old pair of shoes that were better than hers, that would keep her feet from the snow and cold ground. Mr. Moody took his wife's shoes and gave them to her, and she went off highly delighted. By and by, when Mrs. Moody arose and could find nothing of her shoes, Mr. Moody, hearing her inquire for them, said,

"I gave them away to such a poor woman this morning."

"Why, Mr. Moody, how could you do so, when you knew they were all the shoes I had in the world?"

"Never mind, the Lord will send in another pair before night, I don't doubt." And the prediction was verified; in the course of the day a new pair of shoes was actually sent to her.

A couple of strangers called on Father Moody one day early in the forenoon. Their horses were put out, and he took them into the sitting-room and engaged in conversation with them. His wife opened a door from another room and beckoned to him to come to her. He went, and she said to him in a low tone:

"Dear Mr. Moody, what shall we do? We have nothing to set before these men for dinner."

"Never mind; set the table, and I do not doubt the Lord will send us something by dinner-time."

One of his Church members, who lived in sight, and saw the men call at the parsonage, said to her daughters, "There are a couple of strangers gone to Mr. Moody's, and I guess it is pretty short times with them; let us prepare a dinner and send it in." They did so, and thus the set table was furnished in season.

One time Father Moody was some distance from home, and called on a brother in the ministry, thinking to pass the Sabbath with him if agreeable. The brother appeared glad to see him, and said,

"I should be very glad to have you preach for me to-morrow, but I am almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Our people are in such a habit of leaving before the meeting is closed that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop to preach for you."

When Sabbath came, and he had named his text, he looked around and said, "My friends, I am going to preach to two sorts of people to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention." He went on and preached to them as long as he thought proper, and then paused and said, "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." Of course no one availed himself of the permission.

During his closing hours he suffered great bodily distress. At the very last his son Joseph sat behind him

on the bed, supporting the dying father in his arms. When the breath had ceased, and it began to be remarked that he had gone, his son exclaimed with a loud voice, "And Joseph shall put his hands upon thine eyes!" He then actually performed the office of closing his eyes, and laid him back lifeless on the bed.

BISHOP HEDDING.

REV. ELIJAH HEDDING, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Poughkeepsie, New York, April 9, 1852, aged seventy-two. He entered the ministry at the age of nineteen, and was ordained Bishop at forty-four. In 1848, at the age of sixty-eight, he was chosen by the General Conference a delegate to represent his Church in the British Wesleyan Conference.

His dignity, affability, and kindness greatly endeared him to all those with whom he had official or social intercourse. His excellent Christian character, his extensive attainments, his eminent pulpit abilities, his superior skill as a presiding officer, and his general episcopal deportment and services, made him pre-eminent in the veneration and confidence of his Church, and gave him an exalted place in the esteem of the Christian public.

The last of December, 1850, when about seventy years of age, Bishop Hedding was suddenly seized, while walking in the street, with a spasm of the lungs of such violence, that for some time he was thought to be in a

dying state. From this date his health gradually failed. His intellectual powers, however, remained vigorous to the last. In the midst of intense and protracted bodily suffering he was calm, trustful, triumphant.

"I do not depend," said he, "so much upon my past experience, nor upon present states of feeling, as upon a clear inward witness, like the shining light, that Jesus died for me; that he *loves me*, and *owns me* for his child. I am going down to the dust, but I expect to go to a better world. This supports me. Sometimes the state of my body presses down the mind, so that I do not feel joy; but there is a settled peace, and an assurance that the Saviour is mine."

He was not merely calm, but cheerful, and often exhibited flashes of that genial sprightliness, humor, and wit which characterized him in earlier days. "Yet," his biographer tells us, "a heavenly atmosphere reigned around him." His work was done; he was tarrying a moment on the bank of Jordan, waiting permission to pass over.

Many of the scenes in his sick chamber were most affecting. On one occasion he said to several ministerial friends present:

"I had labored fifty years and one month in the itinerancy before I was broken down. I have come short in many things, but I have labored sincerely and earnestly. I have suffered many privations and endured many trials; but after all, if I had a hundred lives I would be willing to spend them all in the same way. . . . I look back upon these things with more pleasure than

crowns and kingdoms, or than all the riches and honors the world could ever have given."

On the Sunday before he died he said to Bishop Janes, who had called to visit him,

"It is now more than fifty years since I was converted. From that time to this I have never gone to sleep without knowing that my sins were forgiven. One night I got into bed without feeling entirely satisfied, but I could not sleep, and got up, and on my knees wrestled with the Lord in prayer until the assurance came. O," he continued, "I have mighty comforts!"

He also said to Bishop Janes in the same interview,

"I wonder why infidels write so feebly; if I were to tell the suggestions that Satan has made to me since I have been sick, they would shake the faith of many Christians; but my evidence has been so bright that they have not amounted to even a temptation to me. They have not made me doubt of my salvation for a single instant." Then he repeated,

"O I have such mighty comforts!"

On another occasion, after referring to the sudden and terrible attack he suffered when stricken down over a year before, he said: "With the stroke God gave me wonderful grace, and it has been with me ever since. My prospect has been clear ever since. Not a day, not a hour, not a moment, have I had any doubt or tormenting fear of death. . . . To-day I have been wonderfully blessed. I have served God over fifty years; I have generally had peace, but I never saw such a glory before—*such light, such clearness, such*

beauty! O, I want to tell it to all the world! O that I had a trumpet voice,

‘Then would I tell to sinners round
What a *dear Saviour* I have found.’”

In this delightful frame of mind he continued to the very last. Among his closing words were,

“I am happy—filled.”

Thus passed away the honored and useful veteran Bishop. Bishop Clark—himself now also gone to his rest—justly wrote of him: “His life was a triumph of goodness, his death a triumph of faith.”



LYMAN BEECHER.

REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D., an eminent and influential Presbyterian minister, died in Brooklyn, New York, January 10, 1863. He graduated at Yale College at the age of twenty-two, was licensed to preach at twenty-three, and at twenty-four was ordained and installed Pastor of East Hampton, Long Island. Ten years later he became Pastor at Litchfield, Connecticut, and in 1826, at the age of fifty-one, he accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the Hanover-street Church, Boston.

In 1832, at the age of fifty-seven, Dr. Beecher accepted the Presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, in which service, and in that of the Second Presbyterian Church in that city, he remained for

twenty years. In 1852, at the age of seventy-seven, he resigned the presidency of the Seminary and returned to Boston.

Dr. Beecher was blessed with a vigorous organization, both physical and mental, and was equally noted for boldness and kindness. He was one of the most brilliant pulpit orators of his day. He spoke and wrote for an immediate purpose.

He had a large-hearted sympathy with the public interests, and an intense personal concern for the Church, his country, and his race. This made him a Christian reformer. "This moved him to see and feel the wasting desolations of intemperance, not in this or that family or social circle only, but to make this family and circle the image of thousands of families and communities throughout the country, till the word of the Lord was a fire in his bones, and he could not but lift his voice in the appalling energy of a commissioned prophet." *

As a reformer he was enterprising, bold, and judicious. He believed in God, and set his heart upon accomplishing every useful project upon which he entered. His intense sympathy for the good of the whole people continued to the last, and led him to work grandly on even in advanced age.

As his age advanced, and his command of language decreased, he was reluctantly compelled to give up preaching. All his papers, including his sermons, were placed in the hands of his son, Rev. Charles Beecher,

* M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia.

who afterward became his biographer. As the aged minister looked over his sermons for the last time his heart was filled with regret. Says his son, "It was the warrior bidding farewell to his trusty sword and spear." He gazed on them with tears.

"O," he exclaimed, "if I might have just ten years more; I could preach *so much* better!"

"The day he was eighty-one," writes Professor Stowe, "he was with me in Andover, and wished to attend my lecture in the Seminary. He was not quite ready when the bell rang, and I walked on in the usual path without him. Presently he came skipping along across lots, laid his hand on the top of the five-barred fence, which he cleared with a bound, and was in the lecture-room before me."

Dr. Beecher's last days were spent in Brooklyn with his son, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As long as he was able he was a deeply interested attendant upon meetings at Plymouth Church. One of his last testimonies in the lecture-room was the following, uttered feebly:

"If God should tell me that I might *choose*," (and then hesitating, as if thinking whether the remark would seem non-submissive to the Divine will,) "that is, if God said it was *his will* that I *should choose* whether to die and go to heaven, or to begin my life over again and work once more," (straightening himself up,) "*I would enlist again in a minute!*"

While he longed to labor in the precious work in which he had so long been engaged, he was always patient and uncomplaining. He saw much around him

to be done, and he would have rejoiced to labor still, but he cheerfully yielded to the Divine will.

The closing scene is thus described by his daughter, Mrs. Stowe: "Twice his spirit seemed for a moment to throw off the torpor that was upon it with premonitions of approaching triumph. The first was when he quoted those words of Paul, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown which God, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day;' and added, 'That is my testimony; write it down; that is my testimony.'"

The other was still more impressive, when the veil was rent for a few hours, and a vision of transfiguration was vouchsafed. He called his daughter, thinking it was his wife, "Mother, mother, come sit beside me; I have had a glorious vision of heaven! I think I have begun to go. O such scenes as I have been permitted to behold! I have seen the King of Glory himself. Blessed be God for revealing himself! I did not think I could behold such a glory while in the flesh." He prayed for some time, and then soliloquized, "Until this evening my hope was a conditional one; now it is full, free, entire. O glory to God!"

"Had you any fear?" she asked.

"No, none at all; and, what is wonderful, I have no pain either."

She then repeated the words, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

"How wonderful," he answered, "that a creature

can approach the glory so as to awake in his likeness! O glorious, glorious God!"

"I rejoice with you, father."

"I know you rejoice as a pious woman, but you cannot enter into my experience now."

"Father, did you see Jesus?"

"All was swallowed up in God himself."

In this blessed frame of mind the spirit of the venerable and beloved saint departed.



BISHOP CAPERS.

REV. WILLIAM CAPERS, D.D., a highly esteemed Christian minister, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died in Anderson, S. C., January 29, 1855, aged sixty-five. He entered the ministry at the age of nineteen, was sent as fraternal delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference at thirty-eight, became editor of the "Southern Christian Advocate" at forty-six, and Southern Missionary Secretary at fifty, and was elected Bishop at fifty-six.

Dr. Capers was always a refined Christian gentleman. His rise in the ministry was rapid. His eloquence in the pulpit was smooth and graceful, and yet at times powerful, and even overwhelming. He enjoyed the unction of the Holy Ghost.

In both home and public life he was genial in spirit and refined in manners. He was every-where received

with the most hearty welcome by all classes of people, and his activity, his great kindness of spirit, and his restless desire to be a blessing to all, gave him great influence both in public and private life. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his numerous episcopal duties, for which he was eminently qualified.

On the 24th of January, 1855, he reached his home in Anderson, S. C., after a wearisome official journey to Florida. Though he had apparently been for some time in better health than usual—with the exception of one or two brief asthmatic attacks—he had often mentioned “a strange feeling in his left side.”

On the 25th he completed his sixty-fifth year, and at midnight the fatal attack came. The circulation of his blood seemed to be arrested, and an icy coldness seized his extremities. Seeing alarm depicted in the countenances of those around him, he said, “I am already cold; and now, my precious children, give me up to God. O that more of you were here! but I bless God I have so lately seen you all.”

A physician was called. He asked the hour, and on being informed, said, “What, only three hours since I have been suffering this torture! Only three hours! What then must be the voice of that bird which cries, ‘Eternity! Eternity!’ Three hours have taken away all *except my religion*.”

He lingered until the 29th, when he quietly and peacefully passed to his reward on high. The announcement of his death produced every-where a profound sensation of sorrow.

PART X .

HISTORIANS.

NEANDER.

JOHANN AUGUST WILHELM NEANDER, a renowned German divine and ecclesiastical historian, called "the Father of Church History," died in Berlin July 14, 1850, aged sixty-one. He was the son of a poor Jewish peddler. He was reared in great poverty, but succeeded in obtaining a thorough education. In 1813, at the age of twenty-four, he became Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin, and continued to perform with the most distinguished ability the duties of his office until his death.

His outward appearance was not intellectual. He was small in stature, with very weak eyesight, (and blind toward the last,) and dressed carelessly, with jack-boots and shabby hat. A friend who visited him in the lecture room describes his appearance as singular: "Playing with a goose-quill, which his amanuensis always provides for him, constantly crossing and re-crossing his feet, bent forward, frequently sinking his head to discharge a morbid flow of spittle, and then suddenly throwing it again on high, especially when roused to polemic zeal against pantheism and dead

formalism; at times threatening to overturn the desk; and yet all the time pouring forth, with the greatest earnestness and enthusiasm, an uninterrupted flow of profound learning and thought from the deep and pure fountain of his inner life; and thus, with all his eccentricities, at once commanding the veneration and confidence of every hearer."

Neander was regarded as a giant in learning and a child in simplicity of heart. He was revered as a father by the students, who delighted in his society. He was accustomed to gather them around with his numerous guests from various parts of the world, and converse with them as tenderly and affectionately as if they had been children.

Neander was universally esteemed for his absolute sincerity, humble piety, and unaffected benevolence. He died as he lived, in communion with his Saviour. His last words, spoken to his sister, (he was never married,) were:

"I am weary; let us go home."

HUMBOLDT.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT, the great German traveler and naturalist, the most distinguished savant of the nineteenth century, died in Berlin May 6, 1859, aged nearly ninety years. His celebrated lectures in "Cosmos" were delivered in Berlin at the age of fifty-nine. He had previously been the most extensive and

utilitarian traveler of history. At the age of sixty he traveled in Asia about ten thousand miles in nine months.

At the age of sixty-one, on the news of the French Revolution and the accession of Louis Philippe, Humboldt was appointed special Government ambassador to convey from Berlin to Paris the Prussian recognition of the new administration, and be the bearer of special political advices. He performed the latter office five times during the ensuing twelve years, residing four or five months in each instance in Paris. At the age of seventy-two he was invited to accompany King Frederick William IV. to England to attend the baptism of the Prince of Wales, and to Denmark four years later.

Humboldt's old age, from seventy-nine onward, was spent chiefly in or near Berlin. He was honored with royal attentions, receiving the visits of *savants*, and revered by the whole people. To his personal influence is due nearly all that the Prussian Government did during his life for science in the latter part of his life.

From his *seventy-sixth to his eighty-ninth year* he attended to the issues of his *Cosmos*, (4 vols., 1845-58,) a work which explains the physical universe according to its dependencies and relations, "grasps nature as a whole moved and animated by internal forces, and, by a comprehensive description, shows the unity which prevails amid its variety." It has been translated into all European languages.

The personal habits of Humboldt in advanced age were peculiar. He slept but four hours in each twenty-four, rose at six o'clock in the morning in winter, and at five in the summer. He then studied two hours, drank a cup of coffee, and returned to his study to answer letters, of which his biographer thinks he received, at a low estimate, one hundred thousand annually! From twelve to two he received visitors, and then returned to the study till dinner. From four to eleven he passed at the table, usually in company with the King, but occasionally at the meetings of learned societies, or in the company of friends. At eleven o'clock P. M. he retired to his study. It is said his best books *were written at midnight*.

Humboldt died, after an illness of only two weeks, a grand old man. Princes, Ministers of State, Generals of the Army, Professors in the University, officers of the Court, the diplomatic corps, distinguished scholars, students, and citizens, followed his funeral car to the tomb.



IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, LL.D., a well-known American author, died at his residence, at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859, aged seventy-six. His "Sketch-Book" was written at the age of thirty-five; "Bracebridge Hall" at thirty-nine; "Tales of a Traveler" at forty-one; "Life of

Christopher Columbus ' at forty-five; "Alhambra" at forty-nine; "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" at fifty-two; "Astoria" at fifty-three; "Mohammed and his Successors" at sixty-six; a revised edition of his works in fifteen volumes, at sixty-five to sixty-seven; the first volume of the "Life of Washington" at seventy-two, and the last (fifth) volume at seventy-six. This was his greatest work.

Irving was never married. The reason is said to have been in the fact of the death of a young lady whom he most tenderly loved, and whose Bible, "an old and well-worn copy, with the name in a delicate lady's hand," was preserved by him, and lay upon his table by his bedside when he died. But near relatives, including the children, ever rendered his home dear to him.

For some years before his death he dwelt chiefly at his home, "Sunnyside," on the left bank of the Hudson, a few miles above New York. Of this home, located near "Sleepy Hollow," Irving wrote long before: "If ever I should wish for a retreat, where I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this valley."

The works of Washington Irving are full of sunshine. The lessons which he ever furnishes are those of charity and love. The beautiful, tender, and loving in life are the pictures which he delighted to pencil. A most entrancing humor is one of the features of his style. These traits increased rather than diminished with his advancing years. They were chastened with the expe-

rience and the dignity of age, but they remained to the last.

He wrote with great dispatch, and often during hours greatly needed by him for rest. Early in the year 1852, when sixty-nine years old, he wrote to his niece, at Paris :

“It is now half past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study long after all the family are abed and asleep, a habit I have much fallen into of late. Indeed, I never fagged more steadily with my pen than I do at present. I have a long task in hand which I am anxious to finish, that I may have a little leisure in the brief remnant of life that is left to me. However, I have a strong presentiment that I shall die in harness, and I am content to do so, provided I have the cheerful exercise of intellect to the last.”

A few months later Irving wrote : “This spring I have been almost entirely idle, from my mind’s absolutely refusing to be put in harness ; I dare no longer task it as I used to do. When a man is in his seventieth year it is time to be cautious. I thought I should have been through this special undertaking by this time, but an unexpected turn of bilious fever in midwinter put me all aback, and now I have renounced all further pressing myself in the matter.”

By the autumn he was strong again, and earnestly resumed his work. After reaching seventy, and onward to the end of his life, he had numerous interruptions in his work by sickness, health excursions, etc., but he wrote on as rapidly as his condition would permit.

Concerning his first volume of "Washington," brought out when he was seventy-two, Mr. Bancroft, the historian, wrote him :

"Your volume, of which I gained a copy last night, (and this morning have received one still more precious from your own hands,) shortened my sleep at both ends. I was up late and early, and could not rest until I had finished the last page. . . . You have the peculiarity of writing from the heart, enchaining sympathy as well as commanding confidence—the happy magic that makes scenes, events, and personal anecdotes present themselves to you at your bidding, and fall into their natural places, and take color and warmth from your own nature. The style, too, is masterly, clear, easy, and graceful; picturesque without mannerism, and ornamented without losing simplicity."

This letter, with others also from high sources, encouraged Irving to write on, as he did, until this, his greatest work, was completed, March 9, 1859, *at the age of nearly seventy-six*.

Irving ever professed the profoundest reverence for God, and his most intimate friends ascribed to him a devout Christian character. At the age of sixty-five he united with the Protestant Episcopal Church near his home.

Near the close of life a chronic asthma gave him intense pain, and he was often a great sufferer; but he bore all with a manly patience, which drew forth the sympathetic admiration of all who met him in his affliction. His death was very sudden, caused by a stroke of heart

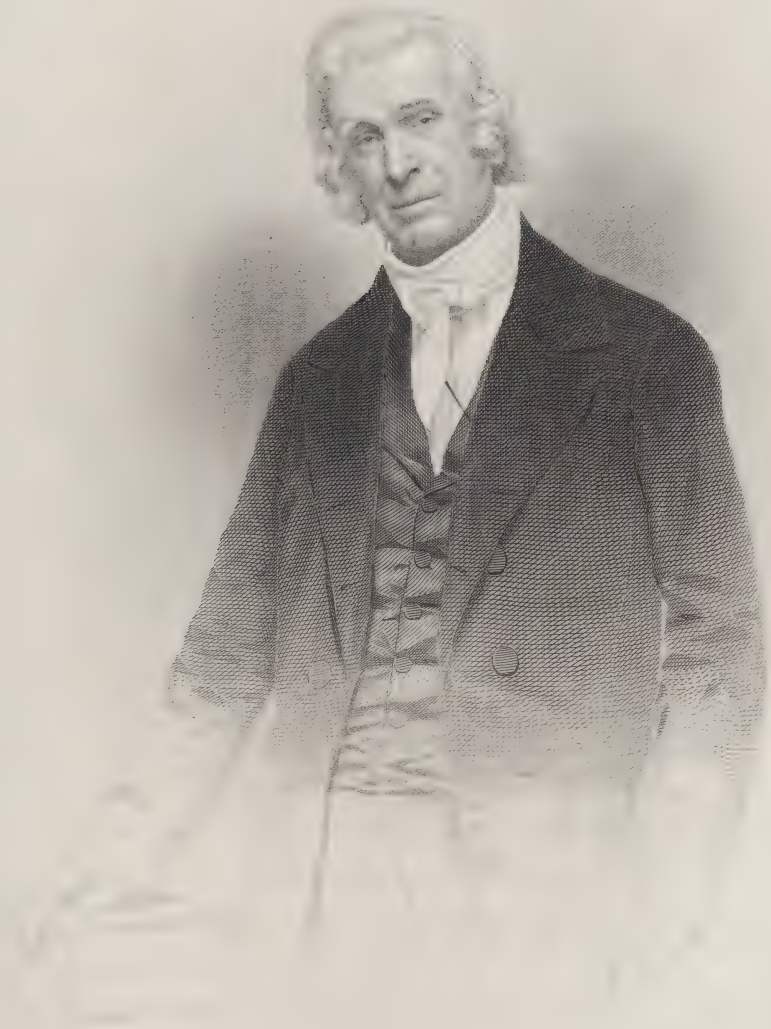
disease soon after he had retired to his bed for the night. The intelligence caused profound sorrow in all parts of the country. In New York on the day of his funeral, December 1, 1859, by order of the civic authorities, the bells tolled, and the flags were placed at half-mast.

DR. BANGS.

REV. NATHAN BANGS, D.D., for sixty years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the author of her earliest history, and most extensive writer of his time in his denomination, died in New York city May 3, 1861, aged eighty-three years. He entered the ministry at the age of twenty-two, was elected Book Agent at New York at forty-two, editor of the "Christian Advocate" at fifty, editor of the "Quarterly Review" at fifty-four, and Corresponding Secretary of the Parent Missionary Society at fifty-eight. The last volume of his "Church History" was completed at the age of sixty-three.

Dr. Bangs continued his labors in the pulpit and with his pen until far advanced in old age. His last sermon was preached when he was too feeble to stand; he sat at a table in the altar while delivering it. The whole discourse was earnest, evangelical, and effective.

His health was always a matter of careful attention with him, especially in his later years. "I find it essential to my health," he writes late in life, "as well



as beneficial to my spirits, to take as much exercise in the open air, in walking and riding, as I possibly can. Hence, whenever I find my spirits flagging I lay down my pen or book and take a walk, by which my mind becomes buoyant, and I then can apply myself to mental labor with renewed vigor and satisfaction. I have also been in the habit, for thirty years, of bathing myself, whenever convenient, every morning, summer and winter, in cold water, which I do, when I have no bath, by rubbing my body from head to foot with a wet towel, and then with a dry one till I am warm, after which I usually expose myself to the open air. I find these means exceedingly refreshing to both body and mind. While they tend to invigorate the physical and mental man, the love of God filling the heart gives me a tranquillity and comfort far surpassing human language to express." The good fruits of this care over his health were more and more apparent.

The last entry in his Journal was made May 2, 1860, in these words: "This day I am eighty-two years of age. My health and strength have improved within two or three years past, for which I desire to praise God." He then adds, "My peace flows like a river, and I feel contented with my lot in the world." Here was genuine Christian philosophy.

Dr. Bangs's old age was especially characterized by an increasing catholicity of feeling toward all Christians, irrespective of denomination. On a certain occasion, at a meeting of the Council of the Christian Alliance, when the inquiry was made as to how far the Pastors had

promoted in their pulpits the objects of the Alliance, he replied: "I have preached on the subject of love and union among Christians with great satisfaction, as this is a theme upon which I delight to dwell. I have, indeed, been a man of war. . . . I have, however, long since laid aside my polemical armor, and now delight chiefly in promoting brotherly love." When he sat down a member of the Council arose and said, "Glad am I to hear my Brother Bangs speak as he has. I too have been a man of war. I have fought him and he has fought me, but now I feel like giving him my hand;" and, reaching out his hand, Dr. Bangs grasped it heartily. "We had," writes the latter, "a time of rejoicing together."*

With the exception of his brief residence at Middletown, Connecticut, he lived about forty-five years in New York city and Brooklyn. "No figure has been," adds Dr. M'Clintock, "better known in the streets of the great city than his; no name stands in higher repute. His unspotted life, his simplicity of character, his earnest devotion to goodness and truth, and his no less earnest hatred of wrong, have gained him the love and esteem of all denominations of Christians in New York; while his intellectual force and energy have left their mark upon the moral condition of the city."

"His old age," says Bishop Janes, "was beautiful. Exempt from official cares, surrounded by warm and sympathizing friends, in the society of his dutiful and affectionate children, who delighted to minister to his

* See Biography by Dr. Stevens.

comfort and pleasure, his declining years passed serenely and sweetly away. Like the descending sun in the western sky, disrobed of his meridian splendors and deprived of his noontide fervor, unclouded, full-orbed, with mellow radiance we see him slowly and serenely descending to the horizon of life. Most enchanting was the moral beauty with which his cheerful, holy old age was invested."

About two years before his decease some three hundred of Dr. Bangs's friends assembled at the residence of Dr. M'Clintock, in Irving Place, New York, and, led by Bishop and Mrs. Janes, proceeded in a body to the residence of Lemuel Bangs, Esq., where Dr. Bangs then lived, for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial of their esteem and love. Bishop Janes made a most appreciative, beautiful, and affecting address, at the close of which the Rev. Dr. Thomas Carlton, in a brief and fitting speech, presented the venerable patriarch with a staff or cane containing two thousand dollars. The response of the aged recipient was exceedingly touching, especially in his closing allusion to the fact that, after a long life of blessing, he "still found his heavenly Father was remembering and encircling him with many loving friends." Rev. Dr. M'Clintock led in singing an appropriate hymn, and offered prayer. The scene was described as affectingly sublime.

"Unlike most old men," says Dr. Abel Stevens, "he was, to the last, progressive in his views. He sympathized with all well-considered measures for the im-

provement of his Church. To him its history was all providential, and the very necessity of changes was the gracious summons of Providence for it to arise and shine still brighter. He was especially zealous to promote the powers and activity of the laity in the affairs of his own denomination. His hearty, resolute love of his friends and his cause was one of the strongest, noblest traits of the venerable and war-worn hero. It made him as lovable as he was loving. His old age seemed to mellow rather than wither his generous disposition. He was always deeply devout, but with advanced years he seemed to attain advanced heights of Christian experience and consolation. There was no querulousness in his temper, no repining in his conversation at the changes which were displacing him from public view, no invidious comparison of the present with former times."

"His last illness was of six weeks and three days' duration. The greater part of the time his sufferings were acute. But his resignation and fortitude and patience never failed him. He was favored with the full possession of his mental faculties to the last. If there was any exception to this it was simply from lethargy, which sometimes overcame him, but from which he was easily roused.

"His religious consolations during his last illness were abundant, and at times his joys ecstatic. He remarked to a brother minister that he felt that his work was all done; he was only waiting for his Lord, and could rest till he came. To another minister he said:

“ ‘The promised land, from Pisgah’s top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.’

Then with emphasis repeated, ‘I *now* exult to see.’
Then again, ‘I now *exult* to see.’

“One afternoon a friend, who spent much time with him and ministered to him in his sickness, entered his room. He exclaimed, ‘O, sister, what a manifestation I had yesterday afternoon! It was glorious. The presence of Jesus was in this room, and it was all light and luminous.’ The next time this friend called he referred to the circumstance again. Raising both hands, he exclaimed, “It has lighted up the entire way to heaven.’

“At another time, speaking to the same person, he said, ‘That glorious manifestation was unlike any thing I ever expected to witness in heaven above or earth beneath.’

“She asked, ‘Tell me, doctor, what it was like.’

“ ‘Don’t ask me,’ he replied, ‘for I could not find language to tell you; but it has brightened up every thing. My way is clear into heaven. What infinite condescension! boundless mercy! Jesus is very precious, unspeakably precious!’

“He spoke to many others of this special revelation of the glory of God to him, and always seemed, when referring to it, to be filled with unutterable joy.

“On the 9th of April his Conference held its annual session in Waterbury, Connecticut. I think it was the only time of his absence for sixty years. As soon as

organized, it sent to him by telegraph their affectionate greetings in the Lord.

"The next day the Conference received from Lemuel Bangs, Esq., the following telegram:

" 'My father received the greeting of the Conference very gratefully, and dictated the following answer: 'The Lord is good. I have received such an overwhelming sense of his goodness as I cannot express, and it remains with me yet.' "

"During all this blessed experience he was careful to ascribe his salvation to Christ. To one friend he quoted with tears of joy this verse:

" 'O Love! thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me.
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.' "

"A friend who watched by him one night heard him say, 'Blessed Jesus, how good thou art! It is all of mercy. Because he lives, I shall live also.'

"These are a few of his utterances during his last illness, showing how he gloried in the cross of Christ, and how ecstatic was his religious joy.

"During the night preceding his death his daughter said to him, 'Father, God is love.' Utterance had failed him. With most expressive signs he showed that he understood her, and that he was enraptured with the truth. This was his last intelligible communication to us while in the body."

PART XI.
DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE, the eminent writer of moral and religious works, died in Clifton, England, September 7, 1833, aged over eighty-eight. At the age of sixty she was employed by the highest personages in the realm to embody in a book her views of the proper course of instruction to be adopted for the infant heir-ess to the British throne. The result was a work in two volumes, entitled, "Hints toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess." At the age of sixty-four she published her book "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife;" at sixty-six appeared her "Practical Piety and Morals;" at seventy her "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul;" and at seventy-four her "Moral Sketches."

Miss More was a writer almost from the cradle, and through her latest years continued her indefatigable literary work. She was an author in her seventeenth year. Among others of her literary friends was Langhorne, the accomplished scholar and gentleman. In one of her vacations Miss More was walking with him on

the sea-shore at Uphill, some miles from Bristol, when he wrote with his cane in the sand as follows :

“ Along the shore
Walked Hannah More ;
Waves, let the record last,
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes, be passed.”

Miss More smiled at the compliment, and with her usual readiness wrote underneath with her riding-whip :

“ Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse ;
Her strains in *solid* characters rehearse,
And be thy *tablet* lasting as thy *verse*.”

Miss More realized £30,000 from her books, most of which she used in works of benevolence and piety. During her whole life she was subject to severe attacks of illness, which often admonished her of the great necessity of a constant preparation for death. In 1822, at the age of seventy-seven, she was for more than six months confined with a very dangerous disease to her bed, and for a year did not leave her room. During this long affliction her mind was stayed upon her Saviour, and through him she was enabled to preserve the same patience, peace, and confidence which had hitherto marked her trials.

“ Were it in my power,” she was wont to say, “ to determine whether to live or die, and could I determine either by the lifting up of my hand, I would not dare to do it.”

One of her first letters on her recovery was addressed to Sir W. W. Pepys, her old and tried friend. In it she thus speaks of her illness: "I have been in bed six months with a fever as severe as it was durable. The mercies of my heavenly Father during this trial have been great and numerous. Of the first sixty nights I passed forty without one hour's entire sleep, yet I had never one moment's delirium, and scarcely any discomposure."

Later in her letter she speaks of the general state of sickness and want which existed at the time of her own afflictions in the neighborhood, and adds: "Through your generous bounty I was enabled materially to mitigate these calamities. I had a little bag [containing money] pinned to my curtain, from which I sent to the sick, through the apothecary, the almost daily dole, [charity,] and I believe some lives were saved, and others were made more comfortable."

In October she heard of the death of Mrs. Garrick, her early and enduring friend, who had gone down to the grave full of years. She thus notices the event in one of her letters: "I was much affected yesterday with a report of the death of my ancient and valued friend, Mrs. Garrick. She was in her HUNDREDTH YEAR. I spent above twenty winters under her roof, and gratefully remember not only her personal kindness, but my first introduction, through her husband, into a society remarkable for rank, literature, and talents. Whatever was most distinguished in either was to be found at their table. He was the very soul of conversation."

The state of Miss More's health may be best ascertained by a quotation from another of her letters, written in 1823, at the age of seventy-eight. "It is now," she says, "about two years since I have been downstairs, and I think about four years and a quarter since I have been in any house besides my own. I have, however, a pleasant prison, and am not anxious for a jail delivery." But notwithstanding her long confinement, and the feeble state of her body, she was not idle. Her large correspondence was still kept up, and Barley Wood (her school and residence) was daily thronged with visitors from all quarters of the world. Her schemes of benevolence, too, were not contracted on account of her bodily inactivity, but were constantly enlarging, contrary to the general rule, as she advanced in age.

Various repositories having been opened at Clifton and Bath for the benefit of certain charities, a part of her leisure was employed in fabricating articles to aid them. It being known that these trifles had been prepared by a person so celebrated as Hannah More, they generally sold for large sums. On one occasion Sir Thomas Ackland purchased a pair of garters which she had knit for one of the repositories, which he was glad to get by paying a *crown*. The circumstance having come to the knowledge of Miss More, she penned some sprightly lines, and addressed them to Sir Thomas, in which she spoke of the garters as one of *the most faultless of her works*. The conclusion of the poem is in these words:

"Though some its want of ornament may blame
 Utility, not splendor, was my aim.
 Not ostentatious I—for still I ween
 Its worth is rather to be *felt* than *seen*.
 Around the *feelings* still it gently winds;
 If lost, no comfort the possessor finds;
 Retired from view, it seeks to be obscure;
 The public gaze it trembles to endure.
 The sober moralist its use may find,
 Its object is not loose, it aims to *bind*.
 No creature suffers from its sight or touch;
 Can Walter Scott say more—can Byron say as much?
 One tribute more, my friend, I seek to raise;
 You've given, indeed, a CROWN, give *More*—your praise."

But it was not only for the repositories in the vicinity of Barley Wood that she was engaged in preparing these trifles. The American Board of Missions, having received a print of Miss More's residence, had a copy of it taken, and devoted the profits of the sale to the establishment of a school in Ceylon, which was to bear the name of Barley Wood. In order to aid their funds Miss More extended to them the benefit of her labors. "If," she says in one of her letters, "you saw my table on most days, you would think that, if I were not a minister of state, I was become at least a clerk in a public office. These petty businesses often prevent my writing to those dear friends with whom it would be my delight to have more intercourse. I find, however, a good deal of time to work with my *hands*, while Miss Frowd reads for the entertainment of my *head*. The learned labors of my knitting-needle are now accumulating to be sent to America, to the Missionary Society, who will sell them there and send the proceeds to the

Barley Wood School at Ceylon. So that you see I am still good for something."

Her last published work, on *Prayer*, was written after she had entered her *eighty-first year!* It is a beautiful illustration of mental and spiritual energy. In one of her letters referring to it she says:

"Though I have not done much, yet with a sickly life, an annual dangerous fever of long duration, if I had been sober and considerate I should have done *nothing*. My thick volume, *Moral Sketches*, of more than five hundred pages, was first thought of in January, and entirely written, printed, and published in the end of August. In September of the same year dear Patty died. Could I have foreseen this, or had I delayed the work, it would never have been written. So much in favor of rashness."

Earnestly devout and deeply spiritual as was Miss More, she continued in her advanced age her wonderful vivacity and sprightliness.

When in her eighty-second year, in a letter to Dr. Wilson, who had complained of turns of depression, she sent some lines beginning as follows:

"Lord! when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorbed in fear,
E'en then I know I'm not forgot;
Thou'rt present, though I see thee not;
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold, nor feel the flame;
Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains its eminence.
O would thy cheering beams so shine
That I might always feel thee mine!"

In the autumn of 1832 the death of an intimate and beloved friend gave her nervous system a severe shock, and both her mental and physical health began to wane. Still her mind was strong.

"She said to those who surrounded her," writes her biographer, "'Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Jesus is all in all. God of grace, God of light, God of love, whom have I in heaven but thee?' When very sick she said,

"'What can I do? What can I *not* do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who are expecting to be together in a better world! The thoughts of that world lift the mind above itself. My God, my God, I bless thy holy name! O the love of Christ, the love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never tired of prayer.'

"Feeling herself linger in her sickness, she said to a friend, 'My dear, do people never die? O glorious grave! I pray for those I love, and for those I pity and do not love!' She said, 'It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful. Lord, I believe; I *do* believe with all the power of my weak, sinful heart! Lord Jesus, look down upon me from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support me in that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glorious thing to die!'

"When one talked to her of her good deeds she said, 'Talk not so vainly; I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.'

“During this illness of ten months the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew nigh. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotions by her bed-side. She smiled, and, endeavoring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort she once called ‘Patty’ (the name of her last and dearest sister) very plainly, and exclaimed, ‘Joy!’”

In this state of quietness and inward peace she passed to her heavenly home.

MRS. FLETCHER.

MRS. MARY FLETCHER, widow of the renowned and saintly Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, England, died December 9, 1815, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was one of the most eminently pious and useful Christian women of modern times.

On August 14th, before her death, she writes in her diary :

“Thirty years this day I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband ; and now I am myself in a dying state. Lord, prepare me ! I feel death very near. My soul doth wait, and long to fly

to the bosom of my God! Come, my adorable Saviour! I lie at thy feet; I long for all thy fullness!

“September 12th. This day I am seventy-six years old, and the same day my dear husband would have been eighty-six. Surely we shall remember the scenes we have had together. But, O my God, give me power to cleave to thee every moment! I feel the powers of darkness are vehemently striving to distract and hinder me. O, my God and Father, enable me to walk in thy constant presence! O Jesus, Jesus! fill me with thy love, pour out thy Spirit abundantly upon me, and make my heart thy constant home!”

The last entry in her journal was the following:

“October 26th. I have had a bad night; but asking help of the Lord for a closer communion my precious Lord applied that word, *I have borne thy sins in my own body on the tree*. I felt his presence. I seem very near death; but I long to fly into the arms of my beloved Lord. I feel his loving-kindness surrounds me.”

The following account of her last illness is abbreviated from one written by her intimate and faithful female attendant:

For the last month of Mrs. Fletcher's life her breath was more oppressed than usual; it had been much affected for some years upon motion; yet, when she sat still or lay down at night she could breathe quite easy. But in the middle of November her breathing was affected both while she sat still, and when she was laid down. She had also a very troublesome cough. By these her strength quickly declined. She had a wound

for two years and three quarters in one side of her left breast, which was at first supposed to be cancer; but her sufferings from this were not to be compared with what she suffered from the difficulty of breathing. Yet she would speak to the people, though, as she said, "It is like as if every meeting would take away my life; but I will speak to them while I have any breath."

One day when her sufferings were very great she said, "How sweet are the words of the apostle, 'The sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that should follow!'" And on the 11th of November she mentioned the divine aid she found in these words, "Call upon me in the time of trouble; so will I hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me." These words she frequently repeated, and sometimes would add, "Yes, my Lord, I will call upon thee, and I shall glorify thee too."

Another time she said with peculiar energy, "They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." She added also, with much animation in her countenance, "That promise given me so many years ago now comes with fresh power, 'Thou shalt walk with me in white.' And that also, 'I will thoroughly purge away thy dross, and take away thy tin.'" She added,

"Everlasting life is won;
Glory is on earth begun."

On the 18th of November she often repeated, with much animation,

"I am thine, and thou art mine,
A bond eternal hath us joined."

Indeed, the goodness of God, and the great things that faith will do, were subjects on which she delighted to dwell. I have often heard her say the particular commission the Lord had given her was to encourage souls to believe; and herein she certainly was greatly blessed to many.

On the 23d she many times repeated these words, which she said came to her with unusual sweetness in the night:

“Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall I appear in the presence of God.”

All this day she had a great degree of fever upon her, yet she would sometimes say to me, “What were the sweet words the Lord gave me last night?” As soon as I pronounced the first words she would go on with the rest, and add, “I feel the power of them, though my head is so confused with this fever that I could not immediately recollect them.”

On the 6th of December, while looking on me with the tenderest affection, she said, “My faithful friend, my dearest friend, ten thousand blessings on her head.” She continued to cry to God for a blessing upon several persons whom she mentioned, and upon all her relations; though they were so far from her in body, they were to the last interested in her prayers, and she would frequently plead with the Lord that one day she might meet with them in glory.

From the beginning of December she dozed much, whenever the cough and the oppression upon her

breath would allow her any ease. This she often complained of, saying, "I lose my time; I want every moment spent in prayer or praise."

On the same day, when waking out of a doze, she said, "I am drawing near to glory," and soon after, "There is my house and portion fair," and again, "Jesus, come, my hope of glory;" and, after a short pause, "He lifts his hands and shows that I am graven there." The two following days were indeed days of love and praise.

The day following, the 8th, her breathing was exceedingly difficult. In the morning she had walked into the other room, as usual, with only the help of my arm. In the middle of the day she wished to go into the chamber again, and I led her as at other times; but she was now weaker, and I could scarcely keep her from falling. I therefore asked her to sit down in a chair, which she did, and I wheeled her back again. All the afternoon she was extremely ill, either hot to a great degree, shivering with cold, or very drowsy; but through all her mouth was full of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

At night she said she would not retire till after ten o'clock. When we were ready to go into the chamber I got her into the chair, but she was now weaker than at noon. However, I wheeled her to the bed-side, and could not but look upon her as dying, and indeed so she considered herself, for when in bed she said,

"My love, this is the last time I shall get into bed; it has been hard work to get in, but it is work I shall

do no more. This oppression upon my breath cannot last long; *but all is well*. The Lord will shower down ten thousand blessings upon thee, my tender nurse, my kind friend."

After these and many more kind expressions to the same effect, she desired I should make haste to bed. After I had made all the excuses I could for remaining up, and looking upon her dear countenance as long as her kind concern for me would admit, she again urged me to lie down, and I did so without undressing.

"Are you in bed, my love?"

"Yes."

"That's right. Now if I can rest I will; but let our hearts be united in prayer, and the Lord bless thee and me."

These were her last words. Her countenance was as sweet a one as was ever seen in death. There was at the last neither sigh, groan, nor struggle. The moment she had so much longed for, had arrived, the happy moment when she should gain the blissful shore and

"See the Lamb in glory stand,
Encircled with his radiant band,
And join th' angelic powers.
All that height of glorious bliss
Her everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours."

LADY RUSSELL.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL, wife of Lord William Russell, died in England in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. She was the second daughter of the Earl of Southampton, and widow of Lord Vaughan. She was married to Lord Russell in 1667, and until his death, sixteen years later, they enjoyed the most complete domestic felicity.

Lady Russell was beautiful, vivacious, intelligent, and pious, her piety increasing with her years. While the large fortune which she inherited increased her power of beneficence, it did not prove the ruin of the great qualities of mind and heart.

In 1680, at the age of forty-one, Lord Russell, in consequence of favoring measures against "popery, and to promote a popish successor to the crown," was arrested by the arbitrary Government, and tried on false charges. The infamous Jeffries was the leading counsel against him. He knew previous to his arrest the purpose of his enemies to destroy him, but refused to fly. "He was sensible," he said, "that arbitrary government could not be set up in England without wading through his blood."

Lady Russell assisted him nobly in his trial. When he was asked whether he desired a person to take notes for him, he responded,

"My wife is here to do it."

Lady Russell rose to express her assent, and a thrill of emotion ran through the assembly.

"If my lady please to give herself the trouble," said the Chief Justice, and during the entire and most exciting trial she was by her husband's side, his only secretary and most vigilant counselor.

The trial proceeded. The witnesses were of notoriously wicked character, and their testimony was utterly false. Other witnesses testified of Lord Russell's high character and entire innocence. Said one of them, "I have been acquainted with my lord for several years, and conversed much with him. I took him to be one of the best sons, one of the best fathers, and one of the best masters—one of the best friends, and one of the best Christians we had."

But nothing could avail. His condemnation and speedy execution followed. Never did man face death with greater firmness. He slept soundly on the morning he was beheaded, and on being waked refused to avail himself of a plan devised by prominent friends for his escape.

In all this season of terrible trial Lady Russell acted with a sublime heroism. While making every human exertion to obtain a mitigation of the sentence, while every plan was being tried, while nobly offering to accompany him into perpetual exile, she never for one moment requested him to swerve from the strictest honor and integrity.

Said Lord Russell, "There was a signal providence of God in giving me such a wife, where there was birth,

fortune, great understanding, great religion, and a great kindness to me ; but her kindness to me in this extremity is beyond all ! It is a great comfort to me to leave my children in the hands of such a mother. She has promised me to take care of herself for their sake, and she will do it." He paused, but soon added, "What a change death must make in us ! What new and wonderful scenes will open to the soul ! I have heard how some who were born blind were struck when by the couching of their cataracts they first saw ; but what if the first thing they had seen had been the rising sun !" He then wound up his watch and handed it to Dr. Burnet, saying,

"I have done with time ; now eternity comes."

In a few hours his devoted and heroic wife was a widow.

Lady Russell survived her husband forty years, but constantly refused to enter again into the marriage state. After a few years the Government changed, the friends of her martyred husband came into power, and her family, in its three branches, became the most influential in the kingdom.

Her life continued to be the same beautiful expression of virtue, modesty, and piety to the last. In one of her letters to her dear children she wrote :

"Strive to get Gospel evidence of your being a child of God, and having a title to the promises of eternal life. . . . When I am cast down with some sad reflections of what I have lost I do, as soon as I can, sum my thoughts to consider that in a short time I shall

leave this world, and go to a place where I shall see Him who died for me; I shall then know much of the reason of all these providences we do now so little understand, and think so severe. I shall meet all my pious friends again, and what a joy it will be to feel continual springs of pleasure, a perpetual and entire quiet in our minds! no sickness, no bad appetite, no passion shall remain to us, but a constant joy in being extremely good. And the sense that this will be perpetual must add freshness to that fullness of joy which could not be entire if we did not foresee it would be endless! O blessed, longed-for day! O my beloved children, take care that we meet again!"

In this precious habit of life and frame of soul did Lady Russell bid farewell to her friends here, and enter upon the reunion of the blessed in the excellent glory.



LADY HUNTINGDON.

MRS. SELINA HUNTINGDON, daughter of Earl Ferrers, wife of the Earl of Huntingdon, and one of the most gifted and pious ladies ever known among the English nobility, died June 17, 1791, at the age of eighty-four years.

Her natural and graceful affability of manners, added to remarkable elegance and dignity of person, and to a highly cultivated mind, peculiarly fitted her for powerful influence in court life. Even after she became deeply pious, and had buried her husband, she did

not refuse to mingle in the circles of the aristocracy, but held her high position under contribution to the advancement of evangelical truth and earnest piety.

From highly interesting sketches in the "Ladies' Repository" for 1855, furnished by Dr. Daniel Wise, the following historic paragraphs are condensed.

Peeress though she was, her presence graced the meetings of Wesley and his fellow-laborers. She drew the most spiritual of the English clergy around her, appointed them her chaplains, and held religious services in her parlors for the benefit of the highest members of the aristocracy, whom she took special pains to invite.

She made journeys over large portions of England, accompanied by the eloquent Whitefield, the devoted Venn, the laborious Shirley, the blunt-spoken Berridge, the sweet-spirited Romaine, the saintly Fletcher, and their kindred spirits. These mighty men of God preached to vast multitudes with wonderful effect wherever her ladyship stopped to rest while on her journey. When the Established Churches were closed against these holy ministers she built chapels for their use, in great part at her own expense. When Bishops refused ordination to pious youth, and college professors procured their expulsion from England's ancient halls of learning because they were over much righteous, she founded colleges for their instruction.

Thus, in shunning no difficulty, did this admirable woman throw the ægis of her influence over the evangelical movement, and promote the growth of Christ's kingdom on earth.

So unbounded were her benevolent sacrifices for her Master's work that she spent all her magnificent fortune in promoting it. She even denied herself the luxuries of her social position. At one time she sold her jewels for thirty-five hundred dollars, and expended the money in erecting a chapel. Toward the close of her life she reduced her domestic establishment far below what was deemed suitable to the dignity of a peeress, and even restricted herself in the matter of apparel to one new dress a year! All this was done that she might have money to spend for God!

The indomitable spirit of Lady Huntingdon is finely illustrated in the following anecdote: Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, had outraged the religious sentiment of society by giving several large balls and convivial routs in his palace. His lady, too, had acquired an unenviable celebrity for her gayety, her love of fashionable life, the splendor of her equipage, and the magnificence of her entertainments. These glaring inconsistencies had attracted much notice, and occasioned much scandal. The cause of religion was wounded in the house of its professed friends.

Grieved at the conduct of the Archbishop, and moved by zeal for God, her ladyship obtained an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and modestly but firmly remonstrated against the fashionable frivolities of himself and his lady. Instead of thanking the Countess for her delicate rebuke, the Archbishop was violently angry. His lady was still more angry, and she avenged herself by casting floods of ridicule upon the Countess in fash-

ionable circles. They continued their follies, and the popularity of the prelate suffered more severely than ever.

Having taken the matter in hand Lady Huntingdon was not easily foiled; she remonstrated a second time, through a relative of the prelate, but with no better effect. His grace rewarded her endeavors by ungraciously pronouncing her a hypocrite.

Still being determined to reach the haughty Archbishop, Lady Huntingdon sought and obtained a private audience with the king of England. She was received at the palace with every mark of respect by King George III. and his consort, Queen Charlotte. After hearing her statement respecting his grace of Canterbury, his majesty, with marked emotion in his words and manner, replied, "Madam, the feelings you have discovered and the conduct you have adopted on this occasion are highly creditable to you. The Archbishop's behavior has been slightly hinted to me already, but now that I have a certainty of his proceedings and most ungracious conduct toward your ladyship, after your trouble in remonstrating with him, I shall interpose my authority and see what that will do toward reforming such indecent practices."

The result of this singular interview was an admonitory letter from the king, to which, we presume, the fashionable Archbishop paid more respect than to the remonstrances of the pious Countess.

Lady Huntingdon's efforts to win the British nobility to Christ were not wholly abortive. Quite a number

of the "elect ladies" received the truth; many high-born gentlemen were powerfully impressed; a few became devotedly pious men. Among the latter were the Earls of Buchan, father and son. The elder Earl was introduced to her ladyship's circle at Bath. He soon became a witness for Christ and a regular attendant at the Countess's chapel, where he enjoyed the ministry of Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, Fletcher, and others. Shortly after his conversion he died a most triumphant death. Lady Huntingdon visited him during his sickness, at his particular request. Looking at her with an almost seraphic animation in his noble features, he said,

"I have no foundation of hope whatever but in the sacrifice of the Son of God. I have nowhere else to look; nothing else to depend upon for eternal life; and my confidence in HIM is *as firm as a rock!*" His last words were, "Come, Holy Ghost! come, Holy Ghost! Happy, happy, happy!"

The young Earl, his son, caught the mantle of his dying father; made a public avowal of his faith in Christ; acted in concert with the evangelical movements of that interesting period; "stood impregnable as a rock" in the midst of court wits and literary infidels; "defied all the sneers of court; dared to be singularly good;" and, after a long life mostly spent in literary retirement, passed quietly away to exchange his earthly coronet for a heavenly crown. These distinguished converts were a source of great joy to the spirit of the pious Lady Huntingdon, who constantly groaned in spirit for the conversion of the British nobility.

The humility of this excellent lady was as conspicuous as her zeal. She counted her title, high connections, and wealth as "dross" in comparison with the cross of Christ. She valued persons of low estate, and sought their welfare as zealously as she did those of her peers. It was her custom, when in the country, to spend part of every day conversing with the laborers on her estate. She spoke one day with a mason who was repairing the garden wall, beseeching him to take thought for his soul. Some years afterward she spoke to another workman, saying,

"Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation."

"Your ladyship is mistaken," replied the man; "I heard what passed between you and James some years ago, and the word you designed for him took effect on me."

"How did you hear it?" asked the Countess.

"I heard it from the other side of the garden through a hole in the wall, and I shall never forget the impression I received," said the man.

The closing hours of the Countess were worthy of her life. She had reached the great age of *fourscore and four*. Among the last words to her attendants were, "I am well; all is well—well forever." "I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory." "I am in the element of heaven itself." At the last moment she smiled and said:

"My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

MARY WASHINGTON.

MRS. MARY WASHINGTON, the excellent mother of President George Washington, died at her residence in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, August 17, 1802, aged eighty-two years. She became the wife of Augustine Washington (father of George) in 1730, at about the age of seventeen.

She was a woman of intelligence and energy, ruling her family and household with a strong hand and a firm will, and not unwilling, it was said, occasionally to share the labors of the servants in the field. Her husband died about thirteen years after their marriage, and when George was about twelve. The control of the family estate—a large one—devolved upon her, and her management of it during the minority of her children is represented to have been most discreet and very energetic.

On the appointment of General Washington, in 1775, to the command of the army, he removed his mother to the city of Fredericksburgh, as a safer place of residence during the war. Here she passed the remainder of her life. The modest one-and-a-half-story cottage Hon. Edward Everett described as still standing at the commencement of the recent war.

During her son's early years he was trained by her in habits of frugality, industry, and truthfulness. She im-

pressed upon his youthful heart, also, the principles of Christianity which led him ever after to reverence the Bible and its Divine author. The attentions which she received as the mother of Washington excited no feelings of pride or vanity, but when she heard his praises she was either silent, or briefly responded that *he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man.*

She died about three years before her distinguished son, at the advanced age of eighty-two, retaining the vigor of her mind and body almost to the last. She was remarkable for the simplicity of her manners and the uprightness of her character.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of the honored and beloved first President, died in the family mansion at Mount Vernon in 1801, in her seventy-first year. She was born in the same year with Washington, but survived him two years.

Mrs. Washington was comely, industrious, intelligent, and amiable. She brought her husband a large fortune, presided over his household with punctuality and order, received and entertained his guests with gracious hospitality, and in all respects adorned his official station and cheered his private life.

She had a thorough knowledge of practical life, and



a remarkable facility for adapting herself to the more useful occupations. When she took up her residence at Mount Vernon, on the appointment of General Washington to the command of the American army, she immediately established a domestic system adapted to the exigencies of the times. Her dress—always remarkable for its simplicity—was soon composed almost entirely of *home-made materials*, as was the clothing of her domestics. She “had sixteen spinning-wheels in constant use in her house,” and made a great deal of domestic cloth. On one occasion, while conversing with some distinguished visitors on the importance of doing this work as an example to others, she surprised them by “exhibiting two of her dresses which were composed of cotton striped with silk, and entirely home-made. The silk stripes in the fabric were woven from the *ravelings* of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair-covers.” When General Washington first arrived at New York to assume his duties as President he was clad in a suit of homespun cloth!

Thus this noble woman sought to render herself a useful example to all around her. The words of Schiller were true of her :

Employed she employs;

* * * * * * *

Locks the chest and the wardrobe with lavender smelling,
 And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
 And she hoards in the presses, well polished and full,
 The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
 Blends the sweet with the good, and from care and endeavor
 Rests never!

When, during the progress of the war, Mrs. Washington visited the camp, her attention and time were chiefly devoted to the humane purpose of relieving and benefiting the soldiers. She visited the sick, ministered to their wants, and poured sympathy, which is the "oil of joy," into their hearts. No danger delayed, no hardship prevented these "good Samaritan" labors.

Those who knew Mrs. Washington well state that never during her life, whether in public or private, in prosperity or adversity, did she omit daily communion with her own heart and her heavenly Father. It was her habit to retire to her own apartment every morning after breakfast, there to devote an hour to solitary prayer and meditation.

When occupying the presidential mansion, and presiding at the *levees*, she was always dignified, graceful, and courteous. Neither the President nor Mrs. Washington received visitors on Sundays. They habitually attended Divine service during the day, and in the evening the President read from the Bible, or some other devotional book, to Mrs. Washington in her own apartment.

Her last serious illness came suddenly, but she was ready. She summoned the several members of her family to her death-bed, and, after addressing them with sage advice as to the future, bid them a loving "farewell."



MRS. FRY.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY, a highly esteemed and influential philanthropist, and member of the Society of Friends, died in England October 12, 1845, aged sixty-five. At thirty years of age she became a minister among the Friends, and continued to speak in this relation until her decease.

Her life was largely devoted to the work of reform in prison life, especially in ameliorating the condition of female prisoners. She personally inspected numerous prisons, and succeeded in introducing a school and manufactory in prison life. She made several extensive journeys in France and Northern Europe in pursuit of her noble work of philanthropy to the suffering. The poet Crabbe addressed to her the lines which appear in his "Maid's Story:"

"Once I beheld a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wretchedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place;
Fighting her way, the way that angels fight,
With powers of darkness to let in the light."

The most beautiful part of her history appeared in her advanced life. Her spirit increased in mildness and sweetness with her age. Her exquisitely sweet voice, always swaying the hearer, seemed to grow more and more soothing and winning. The evening of life was to her one of great hope, as it was one of increasing

usefulness to others. She continued her labors of light and love unto the last.

On the Sunday preceding her last illness, Mrs. Fry urged upon the meeting the question, "Are we all now ready? If the Master should this day call us, is the work completely finished? Have we any thing left to do?" solemnly, almost awfully, reiterating the question, "Are we prepared?"

Her habits, at this time, describe her usual occupations, and the course of her almost daily life. She wrote much; arranged Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. She had received from the Bible Society a grant of foreign Bibles and Testaments, which she took great delight in distributing to foreign sailors. Even to the last, though her judgment failed, the passion—noble passion—of doing good seemed to increase in its force. Mrs. Fry had acquired, perhaps, as "the sin which most easily beset her," a love of power. This is remarked in her biography, and it was often apparent to those who came in contact with her in society. Her greatness, indeed, arose out of righteous forms of its exercise. Toward the close of her illness, this disposition seemed not only broken down, but removed. "It was inexpressibly affecting," says her daughter, "to hear her plaintive answer, 'Just as you like,' to those about her.

"One morning of acute suffering the remark was made to her how marvelous it was that she had never seemed impatient to depart, believing, as there was good ground to do, that she had been fitted for the great change. Her inherent fear of death had probably

prevented this; for there was something in her mind which, while she desired 'the kingdom,' caused her to shrink from the encounter with the great enemy—the last grapple before the victory can be won. But this, too, was altered; she expressed her 'entire willingness to stay the Lord's time;' that 'while there was any work to do, she wished to live;' but, beyond that, expressed not the smallest wish for life. She added that she had come to an entire belief that any remaining dread would be taken away from her when the time came; or that, 'in tender mercy to her timid nature,' she should be permitted to pass unconsciously through the dark valley."

The concluding scene is thus described: Some passages of Scripture were read to her which she appeared to comprehend, and she entirely responded to any observation made to her. This was favorable, but other symptoms were not so—she lay so heavily, and the limbs appeared so wholly powerless. The morning broke at last, but it brought no comfort. About six o'clock she said to her maid,

"O, Mary, dear Mary, I am very ill!"

"I know it, dearest ma'am; I know it."

"Pray for me—it is a strife; but I am safe."

She continued to speak, but indistinctly, at intervals, and frequently dozed, as she had done through the night.

About nine o'clock one of her daughters, sitting on the bedside, had open in her hand that passage in Isaiah, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying

unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." Just then her mother roused a little, and in a slow, distinct voice, uttered these words:

"O, my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!"

These were the last words she spoke on earth; she never attempted to articulate again. A response was given, by reading to her the above most applicable passage; one bright glance of intelligence passed over her features—a look of recognition at the well-known sound—but it was gone as rapidly, and never returned.

Unutterably blessed was the holy calm—the perfect stillness of the chamber of death. She "saw the King in his beauty, and the land that was very far off."



MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, the well-known American poet and prose writer, wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, Connecticut, died at the family residence in that city June 10, 1865, in her seventy-fourth year. She was the author of fifty-six different books, the most valuable of which were written after she was sixty years old. "Past Meridian" was issued at the age of sixty-three; "Lucy Howard," at the age of sixty-six; "Daily Counselor," at sixty-eight; "Gleanings," at sixty-nine; and "The

Man of Uz, and Other Poems," at seventy-one. In addition to her books, she contributed more than two thousand articles, in prose and poetry, for various periodicals.

Her literary work was all done without neglecting her domestic duties, which those who knew her best say were always performed with marked assiduity and system. Most of her works were penned in the interests of religion. Says her biographer :

"Her whole life was one of active and earnest philanthropy. The poor, the sick, the deaf-mute, the blind, the idiot, the slave, and the convict, were the objects of her care and benefaction. Her pensioners were numerous, and not one of them was ever forgotten. In the period of her earlier married life she spared in order to give, economizing in her wardrobe and personal luxuries and enjoyments that she might be able to bestow her gifts upon the needy. In later life her income from her books and other property was all, save that which was absolutely needful for home comforts and expenses, distributed in a wise and well-ordered charity.

"Her character and worth were highly appreciated in the city which for fifty years had been her home. Its numerous bells tolled her requiem for an hour at sunset of the day of her death ; and when the last sad honors were to be paid to her remains, its citizens came in such throngs as had never before been seen at a funeral service, and among them it was touching to witness the pressure of the thousands on whom she had bestowed her kindly charities, to take the last look of their sainted benefactor."

The following poem was written by her on the occasion of a visit to the grave of her parents. It is so full of pathos and tender filial love that the reader will be pleased to see it:

“We’ve set the flow’rets where ye sleep,
Father and mother dear,
Their roots are in the verdure deep,
Their petals bear a tear.
The tear-drop of the dewy eve
Each trembling casket fills,
Mixed with that essence of the heart
That filial love distills.

“Mother! above thy lowly couch
I’ve set thy favorite flower,
The bright-eyed purple violet,
That decked thy summer bower;
The fragrant camomile, that spreads
Its tendrils, fresh and green,
And richly broiders every niche
The velvet turf between.

“I kissed the timid violet,
That drooped its stranger head,
And called it *blessed*, thus to grow
So near my precious dead.
And when my venturous path shall lead
Across the deep, blue sea,
I bade it in its beauty rise
And guard these graves for me.

“Mother! there was no other hand
To do this deed for thee;
No other nursling claimed thy care,
Or fondly climbed thy knee.
And, father! that endearing name,
No infant lip but mine
E’er breathed, to wake thy tender prayer
At morn, or eve’s decline.”

PART XII.

POETS.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, the great English epic poet, died at the age of nearly sixty-six. He became blind when about forty-eight.

“Paradise Lost” was written at the age of fifty-nine, though commenced a year earlier, (1665,) during the prevalence of the plague. Milton had left London at the time because of the plague, and had retired to Chalfont. “Paradise Regained” was written at the age of sixty-two.

Milton sold the manuscript of “Paradise Lost” to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, London, for £5 in hand, with the stipulation that the same sum should be paid on the issue of each edition, the edition in each case to be thirteen hundred copies. When three editions had been issued, his widow parted with the full copyright for £8.

The high esteem in which Milton’s gifts as a poet were held is beautifully expressed by Dryden in the following lines :

“Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.

The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last :
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third she joined the other two."

Milton, after his sight failed, was accustomed to retire at nine o'clock at night, and lie till four A. M. in summer, and five A. M. in winter. Before rising he often had some one read to him, or write at his dictation. He studied until twelve, noon, with the intervention of breakfast ; then he exercised for an hour, dined, played on the organ or bass-viol, and then resumed his studies until six P. M. His hours for the reception of company were in the evening from six to eight o'clock. At the latter hour he had olives or some other light supper, drank a glass of water, and then retired to his bed.

His allusion to his loss of sight is exceedingly touching and noble :

"I argue not
 Against heaven's hand and will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overlied
 In liberty's defense—my noble task—
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side ;
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

He assured his friends of his consolation "that his blindness thrust him more directly on the protection of Providence, and said he was fond of considering the darkness which veiled his sight as rather *the shadow of the protecting wing of the Almighty than the loss of sight.*" These are golden words.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" in a very brief space of time, yet it was received with the greatest favor. Before it was fully ready for the public, Sir John Denman, a man distinguished as a soldier, a senator, and a poet, entered the House of Commons with a proof-sheet of the work, wet from the press, and exclaimed, "This is part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age!" Dryden's exclamation on first reading it was no less expressive: "*This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too!*"

The aged poet was poor, yet his high-souled independence never forsook him. Charles II. of England at one time offered the Latin secretaryship to him, styling him "the blind old republican, John Milton." The latter greatly needed the support which the office yielded, and his wife besought him to accept; but he peremptorily declined. "The Government," said he, "that makes the offer is stained with the blood of my compatriots, and its principles are such as I have devoted the best years of my life to subvert. No, my aim is to live and die an *honest man*."

The following incident, narrated by one of his biographers, illustrates the firmness of the aged and helpless Puritan republican. The Duke of York, afterward James II., visited him. A free conversation ensued. During the conversation the Duke asked Milton whether he did not regard the loss of his eyesight as a judgment inflicted for his writings against the King. He boldly, yet calmly, responded:

"If your Highness thinks that the calamities which

befall us here are indications of the wrath of heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the King, your father? The displeasure of heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than me, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head."

Much discomposed by this response, the Duke speedily left, and returning to the Court, addressed the King: "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue, Milton, hanged."

"Why, what is the matter? Have you seen Milton?"

"Yes, I have seen him."

"Well, in what condition did you find him?"

"Condition! Why he is old and very poor."

"Old and poor! Well, and he is blind too, is he not?"

"Yes, blind as a beetle."

"Why, then," observed the King, "you are a fool to have him hanged as a punishment. To hang him will be doing him a service; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No; if he is old, and poor, and blind, he is miserable enough. In all conscience let him live."

This remark of the king indicates the spirit and character of the governmental authorities of the times.

Milton departed to the spirit-land November 8, 1674. He was a Puritan of the strictest type, but circumstances prevented him from becoming connected with any Church. Under all his sufferings he bore up with the dignity of a philosopher and the calmness of a Christian. His spirit passed away so quietly that his

attendants were unconscious of the moment of his departure. Learned and great men, as well as the more common people, followed his body to its burial home.

The able and eloquent Macaulay awards our hero the following just and sympathetic tribute :

“ If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic affliction, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly affable.

“ His temper was serious, perhaps stern ; but it was a temper which no suffering could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die !

“ The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal.

They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify."

To the great Milton may very properly be applied one of his own poetic predictions:

"Samson hath 'quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic. . . .
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, nor contempt,
Despair or blame; *nothing but well or fair.*"



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the extensive Scottish writer of prose and poetry, died near Edinburgh, his native city, in 1832, at the age of sixty-one. Some of his numerous volumes were written during the last two years of his life, but they are not equal in merit to those written earlier. Those, however, who are acquainted with the melancholy circumstances under which he wrote them will be compassionate toward the author.

At the age of fifty-nine (in 1830) Sir Walter Scott had a paralytic attack, after which alarming mental symptoms increased. The severity of his literary tasks continued, however, his special object now being the collection of materials for a life of Napoleon. Both mind and body were shaken, and the diary kept at this time by him contains many melancholy misgivings.

The failure of his publishers, involving him in their debt to the extent of £100,000, caused him to push forward his last literary pursuits with heroic earnestness. He wrote, notwithstanding his illness, on the average, sixteen printed pages a day. To a friend who expressed much sympathy for him he said: "It is hard, very hard, thus to lose all the labors of a life-time, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me health and strength a few years longer I have no doubt I shall redeem it all."

His revenue from his writings during the last five years amounted annually, it is said, to ten thousand pounds. Earlier in life, and with good health, the effort to relieve his creditors would have been successful, but now it came too late. The purpose was full of magnanimity.

In April, 1831, he had the most severe shock of the disease which had yet occurred. He was now induced to abandon his literary labor, and started on a tour of the Continent, most parts of which he had never before visited. The tour was undertaken with the hope that abstinence from mental labor would for a time avert the impending blow.

A ship-of-war, furnished for the purpose by the British Admiralty, conveyed Sir Walter first to Malta, in the Mediterranean, and then to Naples. The accounts of his experiences *en route* abound with circumstances of melancholy interest. In May following his mind was completely overthrown. He was hurried

homeward, reaching Edinburgh in July. He lived on, with intervals of consciousness, until September 21, when his spirit passed away.

He was a professor of the Christian faith, a member of the Church of England, and it is said his private life was one of integrity and singular general propriety. His writings—about seventy volumes—abound with benevolence and humor and lively illustrations; they are free from the moral blemishes of Byron and Moore, yet they rarely suggest lessons of Christian excellence. An appreciative English writer very properly says of them, "They are sadly deficient in the wisdom of eternity."

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the masters of English verse, and whose power of satire has never been excelled, died in 1700, aged nearly sixty-nine. He wrote the immortal "Ode to St. Cecilia," at sixty-seven. A year later he wrote his "Fables." At this age it is said his fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever; it was like a brilliant sunset, or a river that expands in breadth, and fertilizes a wider tract of country ere it is finally engulfed in the ocean. No narrative of poems in the English language has been more admired than his "Fables," written, as we have indicated, only a short time before his death. They shed a real luster on his last days.

Dryden was awarded a public funeral, and his remains, after being embalmed and lying in state ten days, were conveyed with great ceremonies to Westminster Abbey, where they were interred. One of his poems (the Twenty-ninth Ode of the First Book of Horace) contains the following beautiful stanzas, the language of which might well be adopted by an old man whose life has been such as to leave him no fear of death or of the future :

“What is’t to me,
Who never sail in an unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black ;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

“For me, secure from Fortune’s blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar ;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.”



WATTS.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D., an English Dissenting clergyman and poet, died in London November 25, 1748, aged seventy-four. He entered the ministry at the age of twenty-four. In 1712, at the age of thirty-

eight, he accepted an invitation to live with Sir Thomas Abney, a London Alderman, in whose family he remained a guest throughout the remainder of his life, a period of thirty-six years. He lived and died a bachelor.

“In the pulpit,” says Dr. Johnson, “the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious.” In the latter part of his life his sermons were extemporaneous. He loved to speak on the most practical subjects, and his heart became more and more fervent in the work of an evangelical Gospel.

He began the study of Latin at the age of four years. Early he began to connect devotion with study, and the union of the two became a constant habit with him while he lived. After completing his academic course he spent two years in reading, meditation, and prayer before entering upon his ministerial work.

Probably no poetry in the language has been more widely read or highly prized than his. No compiler of sacred hymns omits Watts from his selections. No Protestant religious service is anywhere conducted without singing at times his psalms or hymns. The editions are numberless. It is said that as high as fifty thousand copies have been sold in a single year in England and America.

Like the gifted Charles Wesley, Dr. Watts was small in stature, scarcely exceeding five feet. In early life he was of feeble constitution, and his frequent attacks of severe illness induced him to retire from the pastorate at the age of thirty-eight.

His labor of love, however, continued to the close of his days. His great and varied learning was consecrated to one work, that of edifying the Church and making the world better. He never evinced in his conversation or habits any high opinion of himself. Great as his talents were as a poet, and extraordinary as was the approval of his works, he spoke concerning his compositions in verse in the humblest language, "I make no pretense," said he, "to the name of a poet or a polite writer, in an age wherein so many superior souls shine, in their works, throughout the nation."

As a superior specimen of his poetry the following is quoted; it is entitled "The Hebrew Bard:"

* * *

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars, and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing;
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

• Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw
That strike heaven, earth, and hell with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed;
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frightened floods retire:

In heaps the frightened billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride
With guards of justice at his side.

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Dr. Watts's death was such as might be expected from such a good and useful life. He passed from his delightful and prolonged rural retreat at the Abney House to his home above in his seventy-fifth year. His beautiful hymn, "A Summer Evening," is suggestive of his own experience:

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain!
 But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells his bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way:
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.



CHARLES WESLEY.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, A. M., designated "The Poet Preacher," died in London March 29, 1788, aged seventy-nine. He was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, and ordained a minister of the Church of England at the age of twenty-five. He subsequently became intimately associated with his brother John in the great revival movement of Methodism.

His poetical compositions numbered, it is said, about seven thousand! Of these nearly five thousand have been printed. Six hundred and twenty are embraced in the Wesleyan Hymn-book. Originality, skill in design, and evangelical, holy fervor, are the distinguishing features of his poetry.

The soul of Charles Wesley was imbued with poetic genius and poetic fire. "His thoughts," says Dr. Stevens, "seemed to bask and revel in rhythm. . . . They march at times, like lengthened processions, with solemn grandeur; they sweep at other times like chariots of fire through the heavens; they are broken like sobs of grief at the grave-side, play like the joyful affections of childhood at the hearth, or shout like victors in the fray on the battle-field. No man ever surpassed Charles Wesley in the harmonies of language. To him it was a diapason."

Specimens of his poetry, "Wrestling Jacob," is given on page 34 of this work. Of this poem the good and great Dr. Watts said he would give all he had ever written for the credit of being the author of it.

Charles Wesley continued to preach in his brothers' chapels in London and elsewhere till the last. In his advanced age, when his waning strength was not sufficient to enable him to go through with his sermon, he still persisted in his pulpit work, calling upon his congregations to sing at frequent intervals while he rested. He was also accustomed, even in his last years, to visit regularly the prisoners in their cells, and exhort them with lessons of piety and words of Christian love. One of the last of his poetical publications was written for their benefit.

"Clothed in the midst of summer with his winter dress," says one of his London associates, "he rode daily a small horse, gray with age, but which was often a Pegasus to him."

If a subject for verse struck him when he mounted he would expand it as he rode, and pencil it, in shorthand, on a card which was always carried for the purpose. Often, when he returned to the City Road parsonage, did he leave his pony in the garden, and enter crying out,

“Pen and ink! pen and ink!”

Supplied with these, he would finish the composition before recognizing or saluting any one who might be present. But when the inspired task was done no man could be more courteous. After the kindest salutations and inquiries he usually “gave out a short hymn, and thus put all in mind of eternity.”*

His last sickness was long, but was borne with “unshaken confidence in Christ, which kept his mind in perfect peace.” He called his excellent wife to his bedside, and requesting her to take a pen, dictated his last but sublime poetical utterance:

“In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!”

Just before he breathed his last his wife, bending over his couch, inquired if he had any further message for the family. Raising his eyes, he whispered, “Only thanks; love; *blessing*.”

“For fifty years,” says his biographer, “Christ, as

* Stevens’s History, Vol. II, p. 276.

the Redeemer of men, had been the subject of his effective ministry and of his loftiest songs, and he may be said to have died with a hymn to Christ upon his lips." He was in the eightieth year of his age; his heart retained the warmth of youth, and his ecclesiastical prejudices were unchanged.

The following poetic prayer, written by him, and entitled "The Prayer of an Aged Minister before Preaching," is in place here:

Guardian of my hoary hairs,
 Let me still dispense thy grace,
 (Meanest of thy messengers,
 Ready to conclude my race,)
 Still thy promised presence prove,
 Still proclaim thy pard'ning love.

Touch my lips with hallowing fire;
 Utterance let thy Spirit give;
 Fill my heart with pure desire
 That a dying world may live,
 Witnesses of sins forgiven,
 Sons of God and heirs of heaven.

Open now the Gospel door,
 Now the Gospel truths reveal;
 Clothe thy word with secret power,
 Saving, irresistible—
 Power that life divine imparts,
 Breaks and heals attentive hearts.

Faith which sweetly works by love,
 Let it now by hearing come,
 That, begotten from above,
 Souls may languish after home;
 Spotless in thine image rise;
 Grasp through death the' immortal prize.

Crown of my rejoicing, Lord,
Let me there my children meet,
Saved by the engrafted word,
Singing round thy glorious seat ;
Children of my faith and prayer,
Let me die to meet them there.

Instrument of saving them,
Jesus, claim me for thine own,
That I may in bliss supreme
Cast my crown before thy throne ;
Face to face my Saviour see,
Gaze through all eternity.

Mrs. Charles Wesley survived her husband thirty-four years, and died in great peace, in 1822, at the age of ninety-four.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the greatest of metaphysical poets, died among the Cumberland Hills, England, April 23, 1850, at the age of eighty. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, at the age of twenty-one, and two years later published his first poem.

Wordsworth's early poems were not regarded as successful; certainly they did not bring a pecuniary equivalent. His reputation, however, rose rapidly from 1830 to 1840, a period embraced between his sixtieth and seventieth years. At the age of sixty-nine the degree of D.C.L., by the University of Oxford, was conferred upon him amid enthusiastic plaudits.

At the advanced age of seventy-three he was appointed poet laureate, as the successor of Southey. About a year previous he had published a collection of his poems, the edition of which was received with extraordinary favor.

His study was in the open air, in which he says nine-tenths of his poems were shaped. The neighbors who heard him in the act of verse-making, after some prolonged absence, would exclaim, "There he is; we are glad to hear him booing about again."

It has been well said that "the first prominent characteristic of his poetry is his extreme sensibility to, and accurate acquaintance with, the changing phenomena of external nature." He studied the entire world of sight and sound with the intensest interest, and delineated it with a master-hand. To employ his own words with reference to another, he was accustomed in all his poems to

"Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

His soul reveled in nature; he saw a lesson in every object around him. Hear him:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

His health continued excellent until his seventy-seventh year, when the death of his only daughter, Dora, (Mrs. Quillinan,) gave him a severe shock. His general health, however, remained comparatively good until a few weeks before his death.

He was a Christian poet. He began and closed each day, throughout all his latter years, with prayer. Generally, after breakfast he united with his family in reading the Scripture lessons and psalms. His death was serene and peaceful.

As a fitting close, we have the following observation on the changes of life. The "gray-haired veteran" exclaims:

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
 All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
 The stars of human glory are cast down;
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
 Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
 Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
 Long to protect her own. The man himself
 Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
 Fraternities and orders—heaping high
 New wealth upon the burden of the old,
 And placing trust in privilege confirmed
 And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
 Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
 Of desolation aimed; to slow decline
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
 Expire; and nature's pleasant robe of green,
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
 Their monuments and their memory."

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, one of the most popular of the English poets, the celebrated author of "The Task," died April 25, 1800, at the advanced age of sixty-eight. His first volume of poems was published at the age of fifty-one; his second, including "The Task," at fifty-three.

His constitution was most delicate, and his feelings nervously susceptible. The vigorous school system under which he early studied increased his nervousness to an extraordinary degree. His diffidence was extreme. So great was his dread of any public situation, that being unexpectedly called to attend at the bar of the House of Lords as a clerk of the journals, his mental agitation not only compelled his resignation, but resulted in temporary insanity. His derangement was intensified by the fear that as a sinner he was left beyond the application of Divine mercy. Subsequently, under the tender care of a pious physician, his heart was opened to a flood of hope, peace, and joy.

The origin of Cowper's "Task," the chiefest of his poems, was on this wise. Lady Austen, widow of an English baronet, urged him to try his hand at blank verse. He replied,

'I have no theme.'

"You can write upon any one."

“Give me one.”

“Write upon the sofa.”

The fancy pleased him; the task was begun. It grew upon his hands until “The Task” appeared—the most admired of all his poems.

The same lady was the occasion of his merry ballad of “John Gilpin.” One afternoon she told him the tale of “Gilpin” for the purpose of relieving his melancholy. The story took hold of him, and he laughed immoderately. The next morning he told her that being unable to sleep during the night, he had put the story into a ballad, and then gave it to her. The whole reading world has laughed at it.

Cowper’s writings are models; he is by turns playful, pathetic, and tender, sometimes sublime. They are characterized by simplicity, bold originality, purity, and fervent piety. The following is the opening paragraph of his poem written on the receipt of his mother’s picture :

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are mine—thy own sweet smiles I see;
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me.
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
 “Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize—
 The art that baffles time’s tyrannic claim
 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same,
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidd’st me honor, with an artless song
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:

And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear—if souls can weep in bliss.
 Ah! that maternal smile! it answers—yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such? It was; where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!

He never married. His later years, up to the age of sixty-five, were spent as a most welcome guest in the family of Rev. Mr. Urwin of Huntingdon. After the death of that gentleman Cowper continued in the home of the widow, whose kindness and tender sympathy toward him were equal to those of a mother and sister. At her death his grief was excessive; in silent agony he bent over her corpse, and then, turning, flung himself upon the floor, so deeply affected as to plunge him into a condition of the deepest melancholy.

He lingered for three years after the decease of his sympathizing friend. During this period he wrote his sorrowful, yet most touching poem, "The Castaway." At the last his hopes and Christian assurance returned to him, and his last accents were those of most perfect

and most touching acquiescence in the Divine will. The sensitive and harassed spirit of the pious and favorite poet went home to rest. Haley, a contemporary poet and his biographer, placed upon his tomb the following inscription :

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise.
His highest honors to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.



COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, a celebrated English poet and philosopher, died July 25, 1834, aged nearly sixty-two. The first volume of his poems was published when he was twenty-two.

His latter years were those of pain, resulting largely from irregular physical habits in early life. They were, however, soothed with the sublime contemplations of the Gospel of Christ. His earthly affairs had long been settled.

In his last severe illness his sufferings were intense, but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind. He constantly prayed that God would

give him abundant dying grace, so that he might glorify him, and his prayer was answered.

About a month before his death Coleridge penned his own humble epitaph as follows :

“Stop, Christian passer-by ! stop, Child of God,
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
O lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.,
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may now find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.”



MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a religious poet of high reputation, author of “Forever with the Lord,” “There is a calm for those who weep,” “Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,” “Sow in the morn thy seed,” and many other familiar devotional hymns, died in Sheffield, England, April 30, 1854.

Before the age of fourteen he had written an epic poem of a thousand lines ! At the age of twenty-three he became publisher of the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly which he continued to edit for over thirty years. The first collected edition of his poems was published at the age of sixty-five, another at seventy, and still another at seventy-one. His writings and memoir fill seven volumes octavo.

He was a most devout member of the Moravian

Church, with a heart full of love, and breathing out in goodness toward all Christian people. His sacred hymns are found in all modern Church collections, and are characterized by a pure, affecting, and profound religious spirit. Their style is considered a model of clearness and simplicity.

Being invited to write a few verses to be prefixed to a new edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Montgomery wrote the following, entitled "*An Aged Pilgrim's Retrospect* :

"A little child, on life's long Pilgrimage,
 Delightful Dreamer! I set out with Thee ;
 And thou hast borne my spirit company
 From youth to manhood, manhood to old age ;
 Watching and warning me, from stage to stage,
 What Guides to follow, what Deceivers flee,
 And how to fight assured of victory,
 Though war against me men and demons wage.
 Yes, I have known, and felt, and suffered all
 That tempts or thwarts the Pilgrim on his way ;
 Have proved how bitter 'tis to go astray,
 How hard to climb, how perilous to fall ;
 Now halting, ere I tread '*th*' *Enchanted Ground*,'
 I look behind, before me, and around.

"Yonder '*the City of Destruction*' lies
 Beneath a cloud with fiery vengeance red ;
 '*The Palace Beautiful*,' in purer skies,
 Lifts to mid-heaven its towered and bannered head ;
 But from the Valley at its foot arise,
 And that beyond, with Death's broad wings o'erspread,
Apollyon's yells, and *Christian's* doleful sighs,
 And groans of Spirits lost, from Tophet's bed ;
 Through these I passed, encountered many a snare,
 Faced flames of martyrdom, where *Faithful* died,

Yet on a pleasant '*By-Path*' lured aside
 Into the grasp I fell of *Giant Despair*,
 Who like a lion dragged me to his lair,
 Where, long and loud, for help in vain I cried.

"But, at the point to die, *Hope* found '*the Key
 Of Promise*,' at whose touch wide open sprung
 Bolts, bars, and portals; out I flew and sung,
 Like a caged sky-lark suddenly set free;
 Now from *the Shepherd's Mountain-tops* I see
 The '*flocks of Zion*' feeding, old and young,
 And '*Zion's City*,' dim, yet overhung
 With splendor unsupportable to me.
 Back to '*the Cross*,' where first my peace was sealed,
 I turn my eyes—it darts a single ray,
 A clew of light, through all '*the Narrow Way*,'
 Past, Present, Future, are at once revealed.
 Press on, my soul! what now thy course shall stay?
 No foe can conquer thee unless thou yield."

Montgomery's old age was one of the most beautiful in the annals of biography. The whole of his adult life, with some slight and transient exceptions, was spent in Sheffield. He was an officer in several business and charitable associations, and when health permitted was always prompt and active in his attendance. At the time of his death he was President of the Gas Company, and also of the Infirmary of Sheffield. He was not only esteemed, but highly beloved by the whole people; and never was a citizen's death more universally lamented than his.

On November 4, 1851, Montgomery reached his *eightieth year*. Early in the morning, on entering his room, he found a substantial, appreciative compliment. 'It consisted of an elegant "easy chair," of carved

walnut wood, accompanied by a purse of fifty sovereigns for the "Moravian Fund," and sixty sovereigns for the "Aged Female Society." He immediately returned, "Thanks, thanks, thanks—thrice and four times thanks—to all my (his) birthday benefactors for the precious tokens of good will;" and a few days after wrote:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . An *eightieth birthday* can occur once only, once, in a life, though this were prolonged to the age of Methuselah," and now, having reached the last mile-stone, distinctly marked on the pilgrimage (Psalm xc, 10) from the cradle to the grave, beyond which there is no track except over stumbling-stones and pitfalls to the end of all things on earth, I am necessarily looking onward and backward, around and within me, to ascertain where I am, what I am, and whither I am going.

"Of the past I may say 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;' and of the future, my heart's desire and prayer is that I may, in my last hours, have the blessed hope in me to realize the fulfillment of the remaining clause of that text, 'I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' The whole of life is thus set forth in such few and beautiful words as are to be found nowhere but in Scripture given by inspiration of God, and they involve a fullness of divine meaning which the revelations of a happy eternity alone can unfold to the comprehension of a created mind—and that a *renewed* mind, made perfect in love.

"But I am almost preaching; and if I do it is to myself I preach, for I have need of such searchings of heart in these my last days as I have, I fear, never sufficiently exercised upon myself. The Lord, who has so long spared me, gives me *space* for repentance, and faithfulness to employ it *in* repentance. O how much I must love if I ever—and forever—be so much forgiven through Jesus Christ, my only and Almighty Saviour!

"I should earlier, but not more thankfully, have acknowledged your brief but precious birthday gratulations among many, many tokens of good-will from 'lady friends,' to a poor *octogenarian*, every one of whom (*if it be good for them*) I wish to live as long as I have lived, and every day be more and more prepared to live and die *in* the Lord and to him. . . .

"J. MONTGOMERY."

The venerable poet's last sickness was very brief. Three days before his death he was in comparative

health. On Friday, April 28, 1854, he presided at a meeting of the Infirmary. The next afternoon he responded to the inquiry concerning his health, placing his hand upon his breast:

“I feel considerable oppression *here*, as well as uneasiness at my stomach.” He then entered into his usual cheerful conversation about the current questions of the day.

In the evening, though he did not complain, he appeared physically uneasy, and at family prayer somewhat surprised a lady friend present by handing her the Bible, saying, “Sarah, you must read!” She did so, after which he prayed with a peculiar pathos and tremor of voice which attracted attention, but elicited no remark.

Nothing was heard of him during the night, and about eight o’clock in the morning one of the servants knocked at his chamber door, but receiving no answer, opened it, and looking in saw him on the floor. As soon as help could be obtained he was placed in bed, and soon after recovered consciousness. He expressed the opinion that he had suffered an attack of paralysis, and had lain several hours on the floor.

The physician was called, but he declared there were no symptoms of paralysis. The poet rallied, ate a little dinner, and seemed as cheerful and hopeful as ever.

At about half-past three o’clock P. M., while the female friend above mentioned sat by his bed watching him apparently asleep, she noticed a sudden but slight alteration in his features. In a few minutes the spirit

had fled ; and the clay, placid and beautiful even in its inanimation, was all that remained of him who had for so many years filled so large a space in the living sympathy of his fellow-creatures.

As his friends bent over his remains it was impossible not to recall and apply to the scene the words and sentiment of the deceased poet :

“ Behold the bed of death,
 This pale and lovely clay !
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eye’s last ray ?
 No ; life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.”



SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., an English author and poet, died at Greta Hall, near Keswick, England, March 21, 1843, in his sixty-ninth year. He was appointed poet-laureate at thirty-nine, continuing to enjoy its honors until his death, a period of thirty years.

His life was entirely devoted to literature. Every day, every hour, had its appropriate task and work. His library was the world in which he ranged. In one of his poems he says :

“ My days among the dead are passed ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where’er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse night and day.”

He was offered a baronetcy and a seat in Parliament, but he declined both, preferring the pursuits of the study. "I can't think of Southey," said Coleridge, "without seeing him mending or using a pen."

"My actions," he wrote, "are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter boys. Three pages of history after breakfast, (five pages in small quarto printing,) then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies until after dinner; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper; . . . after tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite until I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper. And this is my life, which, if it be not a merry one, is yet as happy as I could wish."

Southey was an uncompromising monarchist and Churchman, but his life presented numerous examples of generosity without respect of rank or religious faith. His biographers represent him as conscientious, and most tender in his domestic affections.

He sank at last from paralysis. The venerable Wordsworth penned the following inscription for his tablet:

"Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps;
Ye lakes, wherein the Spirit of Water sleeps;
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here—on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore.

* * * * *

His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith
In his pure soul the fear of change and death."

PART XIII.

STATESMEN AND ORATORS.

WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, leader of the American Revolution, first President of the United States, universally regarded by the American people as "The Father of his country," and as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," died at his family residence at Mount Vernon December 14, 1799, aged nearly sixty-eight years.

Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American army at the age of forty-three. On accepting the trust he wrote, "I go, fully trusting in that Providence which has been more bountiful than I deserve."

At the age of forty-nine he received, as conqueror, the sword of Lord Cornwallis, the "sign-manual of the surrender of the chief of the British armies." On the same night, that of October 19, 1781, a watchman ran through the streets of Philadelphia, shouting:

"Past twelve o'clock, and a pleasant morning; *Cornwallis is taken!*"

Only the dead resting in their graves failed to awake at the great announcement. The citizens, old and young,

lettered and unlettered, rich and poor, in excitement ran to and fro, embracing each other, and weeping for joy. In the army Washington caused divine service to be performed in the different brigades, that the army might offer up its thanks with one voice to Almighty God, who had so graciously interposed in behalf of the nation. The scene was one of great solemnity, and well became the impressive occasion.

Two years later, at the age of fifty-one, he stood in the presence of Congress, and after receiving the grateful expression of thanks which were unanimously awarded him, resigned his commission, and returned to his home and plantation at Mount Vernon.

On April 30, 1789, at the age of fifty-seven, Washington was inaugurated at the old City Hall, New York, as the first President of the United States. In accordance with the rule to which he had hitherto adhered, he gave notice that he should accept of *no compensation for his services* other than should be necessary to defray the expenses of his household, and the charges incident to his public station.

The seat of government was first established at New York. Here President Washington soon found that the demands upon his time by visitors were so great as to encroach upon the hours necessarily devoted to business. He therefore undertook to establish rules for the reception of his company. He set apart an hour every Tuesday, between three and four o'clock, for a public levee, at which foreign ministers, strangers of distinction, etc., came and went without ceremony. The hour was spent

in free conversation on promiscuous topics, in which he took a part. On Friday afternoon his rooms were open in like manner for visits to Mrs. Washington. He accepted no invitations to dinner, but his own table was often crowded with foreign ministers, officers, members of Congress, and citizens; but the greatest simplicity was always preserved.

No visitors were received on Sundays. In the morning he attended church, and in the afternoon retired to his private room. The evening was spent in his family.

At the close of Washington's first Presidential term he determined to retire, but was persuaded for his country's sake to serve longer, and was again elected by a unanimous vote. He was now sixty-one years of age. Four years later, at the age of sixty-five, he was urged in vain to serve longer.

On his return to Mount Vernon he re-engaged in agricultural pursuits with all the interest of his earlier years. His moments were numbered and divided, and devoted to his various objects and items of business. His hours of rising and retiring were the same throughout every season of the year. He always rose before the sun, and remained in his library until called to breakfast; his time for retiring to rest was nine o'clock, whether he had company or not. He breakfasted at seven o'clock in summer, and eight in winter; dined at two; and drank his tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, *never taking supper*. His breakfast always consisted of four small corn cakes, split, buttered, and divided into quarters, with two small-sized cups of tea

At dinner he ate with a good appetite, but was not choice of his food.

He continued, as in earlier years, to be exceedingly kind, affectionate, and attentive to his family, and was scrupulously observant of every thing relating to the comfort as well as the deportment and manners of the younger members.

In person Washington was six feet two inches high, well-proportioned, spare in his youth, stout and straight in advanced life. His hair was brown, his eyes blue and far apart, his hands large, his arms uncommonly strong, and the muscular development of body perfect. He was pronounced the boldest and most graceful rider of his times. He was always scrupulously attentive to the proprieties of dress and personal appearance. His manners were always courteous, gentle, and gracious. In public circles he manifested a kind of military reserve, but in private life he was open, free, and often mirthful.

Washington's habit of piety continued to the last. He always attended service at least once on the Sabbath when it was in his power, and we also hear of his fasting and partaking of the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper." It was his uniform habit to retire to his library an hour before going to bed, and to repair to it again before sunrise in the morning, to commune in secret with his Maker.

The commencement of the month of December, 1799, found him in remarkably good health, approaching the close of his sixty-eighth year, and in the entire enjoy-

ment of his physical and mental faculties. On the morning of Tuesday, the 12th, after writing to General Hamilton, he took his usual ride around his farms. The day was overcast when he started, and about one o'clock "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." He remained, however, two hours longer in the saddle, and on his return home sat down to dinner without changing his dress, although the snow when he came into the house was clinging to his hair behind.

The next day there were three inches of snow on the ground, and Washington, complaining of a cold, omitted his usual ride. As it cleared up in the afternoon, he went out to superintend some work upon the lawn in front of the house. He was at this time hoarse, and became more so toward evening; but he made light of it, and took no remedy. He passed the evening as usual, reading the papers and answering the letters of the day, and in conversation with his secretary. Between two and three o'clock in the morning of Saturday he awoke Mrs. Washington, telling her he had had an ague fit and was very unwell. He would not, however, at that time allow the family to be disturbed for aid.

At daybreak his secretary was called, and his physician, Dr. Craik, who lived at Alexandria, was sent for. The Doctor arrived about eleven o'clock and administered remedies, but without avail. Two consulting physicians arrived in the course of the day.

During the afternoon he requested Mrs. Washington

to bring two papers from his study. Having examined them, he returned them, directing one to be destroyed, and the other to be preserved as his will.

He continued to speak and swallow with increasing difficulty, and suffered great pain, but retained his faculties to the last, giving various directions relative to his affairs and his burial. About four o'clock in the afternoon he said to Dr. Craik :

"I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long."

At six o'clock, as the three physicians stood by his bedside, he was raised up and said to them :

"I feel myself going ; I thank you for your attention, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly ; I cannot last long."

About ten o'clock, after several ineffectual attempts to speak intelligibly, he said to Mr. Lear, his secretary : "I am just going ; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault till three days after I am dead." Soon after he added : "Do you understand me ?" and on Mr. Lear's replying that he did, Washington said :

"It is well."

These were his last words. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, and about ten minutes before he died, his breathing became easier. He lay quietly, withdrew his hand from Mr. Lear's, and felt his own pulse. At this moment his countenance changed, his hand fell from his wrist, and he expired without a struggle.

The following inscription, written by an unknown hand, is both appreciative and truthful :

WASHINGTON,
 The defender of his country, the founder of liberty,
 The friend of man.
 History and tradition are explored in vain
 For a parallel to his character.
 In the annals of modern greatness
 He stands alone,
 And the noblest names of antiquity
 Lose their luster in his presence.
 Born the benefactor of mankind,
 He united all the qualities necessary
 To an illustrious career.
 Nature made him great,
 He made himself virtuous.
 Called by his country to the defense of her liberties,
 He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
 And on the pillars of national independence
 Laid the foundations of a great republic.
 Twice invested with supreme magistracy
 By the unanimous voice of a free people,
 He surpassed in the cabinet
 The glories of the field,
 And voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
 Retired to the shades of private life.
 A spectacle so new and sublime
 Was contemplated with the profoundest admiration ;
 And the name of WASHINGTON,
 Adding new luster to humanity,
 Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth !
 Magnanimous in youth,
 Glorious through life,
 Great in death.
 His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,
 His noblest victory the conquest of himself,
 Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
 And building his monument in the hearts of his
 countrymen,
 He lived the ornament of the eighteenth century ;
 He died regretted by a MOURNING WORLD.

JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, author of the Declaration of American Independence, and third President of the United States, died at his home in Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826, aged eighty-three. At the age of twenty-four he began to practice law ; entered the Legislature at twenty-six ; wrote the famous "Summary View of the Rights of British America" at thirty-one ; was elected, with Patrick Henry, to the Virginia Convention at thirty-two ; was elected to the Continental Congress, and wrote the Declaration of Independence, at thirty-three ; was elected Governor of Virginia at thirty-six, was elected to the United States Congress at forty, and at the first session proposed and introduced the system of United States coinage ; was appointed United States Minister Plenipotentiary to England at forty-one, United States Secretary of State at forty-seven ; was elected Vice-President of the United States at fifty-three, President at fifty-seven ; and closed his second Presidential term and retired to private life at sixty-five.

Jefferson having retired from the Presidency, arrived at Monticello March 15, 1809. In February following he gave, in a letter to Kosciusko, the following account of his home-habits :

"My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms. From dinner to dark I

give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends, and from candle-light to bedtime I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue ; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please without being responsible to any mortal." *

Colonel Jefferson Randolph, Jefferson's grandson, thus writes of the latter: "His manners were of that polished school of the Colonial Government so remarkable in its day, under no circumstances violating any of those minor conventional observances which constitute the well-bred gentleman, courteous and considerate to all persons. On riding out with him when a lad, we met a negro who bowed to us. He returned the bow, I did not. Turning to me he asked,

" 'Do you permit a negro to be more of a gentleman than yourself?' "

In this way the great statesman taught his associates the lesson of true democracy.

Mr. Jefferson's hair when young was of a reddish cast, sandy as he advanced in years, his eye hazel. Dying in his eighty-fourth year, he had not lost a tooth, nor had one defective. His skin thin, peeling from his face on exposure to the sun, giving it a tattered appear-

* "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson." Harper & Brothers, 1871.

ance ; the superficial veins so weak as upon the slightest blow to cause extensive suffusions of blood, in early life, upon standing to write for any length of time, bursting beneath the skin. It, however, gave him no great inconvenience. His countenance was mild, benignant, and attractive to strangers. The following incident is in point :

While President, returning on horseback from Charlottesville with company whom he had invited to dinner, and who were all, save one or two, riding ahead of him, on reaching a stream on which there was no bridge a man asked him to take him up behind him and carry him over. Jefferson did so. The gentleman in the rear coming up just as Jefferson had put him down and ridden on, asked the man how it happened that he had permitted the others to pass without asking them? He replied :

“From their looks I did not like to ask them ; the old gentleman looked as if he would do it, and I asked him.”

The man was much surprised on being told that he had ridden behind the President of the United States.

Mr. Jefferson's stature was commanding, six feet two and a half inches in height, well formed, indicating strength, activity, and robust health ; his carriage erect ; his temper, naturally strong, under perfect control ; his courage cool and impassive. No one ever knew him to exhibit trepidation. His moral courage was of the highest order, his will firm and inflexible ; it was re-

marked of him that he never abandoned a plan, a principle, or a friend.

Jefferson's habits were regular and systematic. He was a miser of his time, rose always at dawn, wrote and read until breakfast, breakfasted early, and dined from three to four; retired to his room at nine, and to bed at ten to eleven. He said in his last illness that the *sun had not caught him in bed for fifty years*.

He always made his own fire. He drank water but once a day, a single glass when he returned from his ride. He ate heartily, and especially of vegetable food, preferring French cookery, because, he said, it made the meats more tender. *He never drank ardent spirits or strong wines*. Such was his aversion to ardent spirits that when in his last illness his physician desired him to use brandy as an astringent, he could not induce him to take it strong enough.*

Jefferson loved to make the life of those around him happy. His young granddaughters, who resided with or near him, were constantly receiving his personal attentions, and valuable gifts as the tokens of his love. One of them, after mentioning numerous valuable gifts from him, writes :

"My Bible came from him, my Shakspeare, my first writing table, my first handsome writing desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress. . . . My sisters, according to their wants and tastes, were equally thought of, equally provided for. Our grandfather seemed to read our hearts, to see our invisible wishes,

* See Harper & Brothers' "Domestic Life of Jefferson, 1871."

to be our good genius, to wave the fairy wand, to brighten our young lives by his goodness and his gifts."

When Jefferson reached the advanced age of eighty-two, Lafayette, "the Nation's Guest," then on a visit to this country, himself also an old man, made a visit to his long-time friend at Monticello. The interview was thus described by Mr. Jefferson Randolph, who was present:

The lawn on the eastern side of the house at Monticello contains not quite an acre. On this spot was the meeting. . . . The barouche containing Lafayette stopped at the edge of this lawn. His escort—one hundred and twenty mounted men—formed on one side in a semicircle extending from the carriage to the house. A crowd of about two hundred men, who were drawn together by curiosity to witness the meeting of these two venerable men, formed themselves in a semicircle on the opposite side. As Lafayette descended from the carriage, Jefferson descended the steps of the portico. The scene which followed was touching. Jefferson was feeble and tottering with age; Lafayette was permanently lamed and broken in health by his long confinement in the dungeon at Olmutz. As they approached each other their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run, and exclaiming, "*Ah, Jefferson!*" "*Ah, Lafayette!*" they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms. Among the four hundred men witnessing the scene there was not a dry eye—no sound save an occasional sob. The two old men

entered the house as the crowd dispersed in profound silence.

In the spring of 1826 the health of Jefferson began to fail, and continued to do so until his death on the following 4th of July, the *fiftieth* anniversary of the "Nation's Birthday." In his closing hours he suffered no pain, and seemed to sink gradually from debility. His mind never wandered. He conversed freely, and gave directions as to his private affairs. His manner was that of a person arranging for a long journey. To a friend he said :

"Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude about the result. I am like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here, and a wheel there, until it can go no longer."

To the physician he said, "A few hours more, doctor, and it will all be over." Upon being suddenly aroused from sleep he asked if he heard the name of Mr. Hatch, the minister of the Church which he attended. On being answered in the negative he turned over, saying,

"I have no objection to see him; he is a kind, good neighbor."

On the 3d of July he slept until evening, and when upon awaking and thinking it was morning he said, "*This is the fourth of July!*" He soon sank again into sleep, and on being re-awaked to receive his medicine he responded in a clear voice,

"*No, doctor, nothing more.*"

These were his last words. He died at fifty minutes

past meridian, a few hours before ex-President John Adams, whose dying words were, "*Thomas Jefferson still survives.*"

Two days before his death he told Mrs. Randolph that in a certain drawer, in an old pocket-book, she would find something intended for her. On looking into the drawer after his death she found the following touching lines composed by himself, entitled: "A death-bed adieu from Th. J. to M. R.:"

"Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more;
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathéd in tears?
I go to my fathers; I welcome the shore
Which crowns all my hopes or which buries my cares.
Then farewell, my dear, my loved daughter, adieu!
The last pang of life is in parting from you!
Two seraphs await me long shrouded in death;
I will bear them your love on my last parting breath."

Jefferson had previously written the following to one of his namesakes, the young son of a friend:

"This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something that might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run, and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. *Adore God.* Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just; be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you

have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. *Farewell.*" The following was added :

Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair—
Not, stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there ?

'Tis he whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves ;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disproves ;

Who never did a slander forge, his neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report by malice whispered round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power, can treat with just neglect,
And piety, though clothed in rags, religiously respect ;

Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood,
And though he promise to his loss he makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ :
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy.

The man who by this steady course has happiness insured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand by Providence secured.



BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, the great British statesman, who stands at the head of British eloquence, died July 8, 1797, in his sixty-eighth year.

By the mere force of his abilities Burke reached the most exalted positions of statesmanship. Amiable both in private and public life, he was among the best beloved of his times. At the age of sixty he published his work entitled "Reflections on the Revolution in

France," and so popular was his name that thirty thousand copies were sold on the first day of its issue. His literary works multiplied, the last being issued at the age of sixty-seven. Among others of his benevolent deeds was the founding of the school for the children of French emigrants. His great speech on American taxation, delivered in 1774, is most gratefully remembered by all American patriots.

Although in the judgment of the world he was the greatest statesman and orator of his age, his humility is said to have been even more remarkable than his genius. He declined the honors of an interment in Westminster Abbey, the great national receptacle of the remains of illustrious men, and even forbade such burial in his will, assigning as his reason,

"I have had in my life-time too much of noise and compliment."

He submitted to death with Christian resignation, undisturbed by a murmur, "hoping," as he said, "to obtain divine mercy through the intercession of a blessed Redeemer." "This," he continued, "I have long sought with unfeigned humiliation, and to it I have looked with trembling hope."

The first clause in his will was a kind of "testamentary witness" to the world of his estimate of the Christian religion. It was on this wise: "According to the ancient, good, and laudable custom, of which my heart and understanding recognize the propriety, I bequeath my soul to God, hoping for his mercy only through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. My body

I desire to be buried in the Church at Beaconsfield, near to the bodies of my dearest brother and dearest son, in all humility praying that, as we lived together in perfect unity, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just."

He retained his mental faculties to the last. In his closing moments he caused to be read to him the beautiful and well-known essay of Addison on "The Immortality of the Soul."



LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH, an English statesman, died February 14, 1834, aged over eighty-one. He held distinguished offices at home and abroad. He was made a Baronet at the age of forty-three, was in the peerage of Ireland, and until far in his old age was a member of the Board of Control. For the last thirty years of his life he was President of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was also President of the Asiatic Society.

Lord Teignmouth entered upon his peerage in the spirit of true piety, preserving the same to his latest moments. During many years of his life he devoted three hours a day to purposes of devotion. His closing scene was beautifully descriptive of the power of those Christian principles under the influence of which he had lived, and in the consolations of which he departed.

To his old and faithful servants he said, "It is my

duty to be as thankful for my sufferings as for my other mercies."

Rev. Henry Blunt frequently visited him in his last illness, and furnishes some notes of his lordship's conversations. "I am anxious," said his lordship, "to know whether you think I am right. I depend upon nothing in myself. I know I am a poor, helpless sinner, and I trust entirely to my gracious Saviour. I depend only on what he has done for me. My whole life has been a life of mercies; I am surrounded by mercies. Few have spent so happy a life as mine has been, but I am not grateful enough for it. I feel an increasing dullness and coldness in my prayers. I cannot pray as I could wish. But the Lord will not visit this upon me. Do you think he will? God is not a hard task-master; he has always been most merciful to me, and I ought to trust him now. What wonderful preservations I have received from him, particularly in India!"

The last time I saw Lord Teignmouth, said the same writer, almost as soon as I had sat down he said, "Mr. Blunt, I will tell you what I was just thinking of. It describes my state at present, for I do not think that I have much longer to remain here. But this is what I am doing: I am looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. I have no hope but in Christ Jesus, in his sacrifice, in his blood, in his righteousness. What could all the world do for

me *now*, so great a sinner as I am, and so helpless? What could save me but my gracious Redeemer?"

"His end," says Rev. Robert Anderson, his son-in-law, "was perfect peace. The only embarrassing circumstance of a private nature which had temporarily molested him had been happily arranged; and he beheld, with hallowed and untroubled joy, the glorious institution whose light during thirty years had gladdened his heart and illumined his path, emerge from the clouds which had awhile obscured his progress—

*
'Repair its golden flood,
And cheer the nations with redoubled ray.'

"Lord Teignmouth predicted, as if conscious of the exact amount of his remaining strength, the day of his decease, about a week previous to its occurrence, and gave particular directions respecting his funeral. Apprehensions of death, which had occasionally proved a trial to his faith, had entirely ceased as its approach became obvious.

"Increasing debility did not induce remissness in the discharge of any of his duties to himself or his survivors. His affection toward the members of his family and his kindred, present or abroad, was overflowing; while he unceasingly addressed to all, including his servants, the language of a devout, rejoicing, and grateful heart.

"His end was evidently approaching this night, (February 14, 1834.) He was full of sweetness, and full of thankfulness to God and all around him. At seven in

the morning he took what might be termed a hearty breakfast. Charles afterward placed him comfortably in his bed, and in that very position he fell asleep in Jesus at half past nine." It was the observation of one who had lived for some years in his immediate neighborhood that Lord Teignmouth always reminded him of one of the ancient patriarchs.

QUINCY.

JOSIAH QUINCY, an influential American statesman, died in Quincy, Mass., July 19, 1864, aged ninety-two. He was eight years a member of the National Congress, eight years a member of the State Legislature, five years Mayor of the city of Boston, and sixteen years President of Harvard University. He retired from the last named office in 1845, at the age of seventy-three, having discharged its duties with eminent ability and usefulness. His remaining years were devoted largely to the pursuits of literature, and the society of his family and numerous friends.

His old age as well as his early life was characterized by habits of promptness and industry. He sought in all possible ways to make his example a blessing to others. Mr. Edmund Quincy, his son and biographer, tells us that during his long college presidency, reaching up to his seventy-fourth year, his father shared what was regarded by the students "the heaviest burdens." Morn-

ing prayers were held at an early hour—six in summer ; at the earliest moment at which it was possible to read in winter—yet during sixteen years of his administration he never missed a single prayer from illness, and *only three in all*, and this occasioned by absence as a witness! He was always in his seat in chapel before the students or the officiating officer arrived.

During his long term of service also he was never absent from religious service on Sundays but a single half day, when he was called away by the last illness of a near relative. During his official term he never attended the theater, nor permitted card-playing in his house.

Three days before his seventy-fourth birthday he began a diary as a part of his scheme for keeping off the inroads of old age. "I am soon," he wrote, "about to enter my seventy-fifth year. Indolence and indifference to labor are the dangers of old men. . . . *Deus nobis hæc fecit*—and may my mind never fail to think of and refer to him with gratitude and love all the blessings which through his bounty I enjoy."

When John Adams was in the very last stages of life Mr. Quincy asked him one day how he had managed himself so as to keep his faculties entire up to ninety years. To which the venerable Adams replied: "By constantly employing them. The mind of an old man is like an old horse ; if you would get any work out of it you must work it all the time."

Mr. Quincy acted on this principle. He set before him tasks which required painstaking and laborious

research. He adopted extensive courses of reading, and entered upon the writing of extensive works.

In 1850, at the age of seventy-eight, he was called to suffer the bereavement of his excellent and beloved wife, with whom he had lived most happily for fifty-three years. She died in her seventy-seventh year. "It is the will of Heaven," wrote the sorrowing husband. "I submit, but nature cannot be stayed in vindicating its affections. Life is not, it cannot be to me hereafter, what it once was."

In December, 1861, when he was nearly ninety years old, he met with a severe accident. It was merely the slipping from a chair by his bedside on the floor, but he received an injury on the hip from which he never fully recovered. After several months' confinement he was, however, able to go out again. After he had passed his ninetieth year his comparatively hale and healthy figure could frequently be seen moving about the streets of Boston, where he was universally respected and even venerated.

His great longevity and almost perfect health he attributed, says Mr. Edmund Quincy, to the rational and philosophical care which he took of himself. He was strictly temperate. At morning and at night for many years he limited himself to very moderate, plain meals of a fixed amount, which he never exceeded. At dinner he ate with a hearty and healthy appetite whatever was set before him, "holding that one plentiful meal was demanded by nature, and no more." He paid great attention to bathing, especially to the air bath.

and to careful "grooming with the flesh-brush and hair-gloves," which last he held "to be as useful to Christians as to cattle." Like John Quincy Adams, he was accustomed to early rising—at four o'clock winter and summer. He never walked or rode merely for exercise; for this he invented a system of "light gymnastics," which he practiced morning and night in his bed-room. These customs he believed largely contributed to preserve him from the ills which often assail men of sedentary habits.

Mr. Quincy possessed a large catholicity of spirit, which led him to fraternize with "all who profess and call themselves Christians, and who prove their title to the name by their lives." He had no taste for the metaphysical doctrines of religious controversialists; but turned, he would say, "to the refreshing assurance that 'In every nation he who feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.'"

His last letter, written a short time before he died, was to the American Consul at Fayal. The closing paragraph ran thus:

"I shall probably never write to you again. But no matter. We shall soon greet each other in another world, and renew the intimacy we have had in this. Until which time, adieu. God be with you. In life or death, forever yours."

During the last few months he suffered no pain. "But," says his son, "the charm of living was gone. Weariness of life and longing for death came over him. He slept for most of the time, by day as well as by

night, but he longed for 'the sleep which knows no waking.'"

At the very last, after repeatedly taking leave of his children and thanking them for their attentions, he said: "I am sorry to leave you, but I wish to go. I have had a remarkably long, prosperous, and happy life, blessed in my children, my grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. It is time I should go. Weep not, mourn not for me."

The venerable statesman and scholar passed away as quietly as an infant sinks to slumber.



EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, D.C.L., an American statesman, diplomatist, scholar, and author, died in Boston January 15, 1865, at the age of over "threescore and ten." On the receipt of the telegraphic dispatch announcing his decease President Lincoln caused the following announcement to be published:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, *Washington, D. C., January 15, 1865.*

The President directs the undersigned to perform the painful duty of announcing to the people of the United States that Edward Everett, distinguished not more by learning and eloquence than by unsurpassed and disinterested labors of patriotism at a period of political disorder, departed this life at four o'clock this morning. The several Executive Departments of the Government will cause appropriate honors to be rendered to the memory of the deceased, at home and abroad, wherever the national name and authority are acknowledged.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

At the age of sixty-one Mr. Everett took his seat in the Senate of the United States. He had previously served as Professor and as President of Harvard University, as Governor of Massachusetts, United States Minister to Great Britain, and as United States Secretary of State.

In 1860 and '61, at the age of sixty-six, he delivered his great lecture on the character of Washington *one hundred and fifty-one times*, the entire proceeds being devoted in aid of the project of purchasing for the Government by private subscription the estate of Mount Vernon. He also appropriated for the same purpose the proceeds of a series of articles written for a New York paper, amounting to \$10,000. The entire amount raised for this object by his exertions was over \$100,000. He also made large donations to various benevolent and charitable objects.

In his personal habits Mr. Everett in his old age was a model of industry and promptness. It is said he never forgot an appointment nor neglected a duty. In the performance of all his tasks he was as punctual as the rising sun. His handwriting, which he acquired in early life and retained in his advanced age, was clear, and almost as perfect and beautiful, as copper-plate.

The death of Mr. Everett was very sudden, not being preceded by any severe illness. On the evening previous he was in his usual health. At three o'clock in the morning he was seen to be sleeping naturally. An hour later a heavy fall in his room was heard, and

his housekeeper, entering his room, found him lying on the floor breathing heavily. A physician was promptly summoned, but before he arrived the spirit of Edward Everett departed.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, LL.D., the renowned American statesman, jurist, and orator, died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852, aged "threescore and ten." He graduated at Dartmouth College at the age of nineteen, was admitted to the bar at twenty-three, was elected to Congress at thirty, delivered his famous "Bunker Hill Speech" at forty-three, was elected to the United States Senate at forty-five, (continuing in that body for twelve years,) was appointed Secretary of State under President Harrison at fifty-nine, was re-elected to the United States Senate at sixty-three, and was re-appointed Secretary of State by President Fillmore at sixty-eight.

Of the masterly intellectual power and extraordinary oratorical ability of the great Webster no mention need be made here. His fame in these, as in all departments of statesmanship, is world-wide. Said the Hon. George S. Hilliard, in a meeting held in Boston in memory of Webster, "In his great orations the lightning of passion runs along the iron links of argument."

Webster died at home, in the midst of the sanctities of his household, and in the almost instant discharge of his duties to the State. His life up to its very close was occupied with the most important questions of national concern.

On the 20th of September, 1852, Mr. Webster made his last visit to Boston, for the purpose of consulting his physician, Dr. Jeffries. A day or two afterward Mr. Webster returned to his home at Marshfield, which he was never again to leave alive. Early in October Dr. James Jackson, of Boston, one of the most eminent of American physicians, went to Marshfield, and, after careful examination, decided that Mr. Webster had a mortal disease in some one of the great organs of the abdomen, which probably had been in progress for more than a year. This opinion was concurred in by Dr. Jeffries, and its correctness was confirmed by the *post-mortem* examination, which revealed the fact that the principal seat of the disease was in the liver, the disorder being what is medically termed *cirrhosis* of that organ.

It was about this time that the incident occurred which was so characteristic of Mr. Webster, and which has been perhaps more remembered than almost any thing of the same nature that has been told of him. He had an extraordinary fondness for great oxen, and took much pains to possess the choicest breeds. When he could not see and feed them he missed one of his greatest pleasures. He had come down one fine morning, after a night of pain, and was seated in one of the

parlors that looked upon the lawn. There he had a herd of his best oxen driven in front of the windows, that he might look once more into their great, gentle eyes, and see them crop the grass.*

After signing his will he looked inquiringly around the room, as if to see that all were there whom he wished to address. He spoke in a strong, full, and impressive voice, that might have been distinctly heard over half the house, and with his usual modulation and emphasis, but very slowly, and with an occasional pause for rest. He said :

My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's will. I thank him now for all the mercies that surround me. I thank him for the means he has given me of doing some little good ; for my children—these beloved objects ; for my nature and associations. I thank him that I am to die, if I am, under so many circumstances of love and affection. I thank him for all his care.

No man who is not a brute can say that he is not afraid of death. No man can come back from *that* bourn ; no man can comprehend the will or the works of God. That there *is* a God all must acknowledge. I see him in all these wondrous works. Himself how wondrous !

The great mystery is Jesus Christ—the Gospel. What would be the condition of any of us if we had not the hope of immortality ? What ground is there to rest upon but the Gospel ? There were scattered *hopes* of the immortality of the soul running down, especially among the Jews. The Jews believed in a spiritual origin of creation. The Romans never reached it ; the Greeks never reached it. It is a tradition, if that communication was made to the Jews by God himself, through Moses and the fathers. But there is, even to the Jews, no direct assurance of an immortality in heaven. There is, now and then, a scattered intimation, as in Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth ;" but a proper consideration of *that* does not refer it to Jesus Christ at all. But there *were* intimations—crepuscular—twilight. But—but—but, thank God ! the Gospel of Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to *light*—*rescued* it—brought it to *light*. There is an admirable discourse on that subject by Dr. Barrow, Preacher to the Inner Temple. I think it is his sixth sermon.

* Life of Daniel Webster : D. Appleton & Co.

He now paused for a short time; a drowsiness appeared to come over him, and his eyes were closed. In a moment or two he opened them, and, looking eagerly around, he asked, "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends. are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said any thing unworthy of Daniel Webster?" "No, no, dear sir," was the response of all.

He then began the words of the Lord's Prayer; but, after the first sentence, feeling faint, he cried out earnestly, "Hold me up; I do not wish to pray with a fainting voice." He was instantly raised a little by a movement of the pillows, and then repeated the whole of the prayer in clear and distinct tones, ending his devotions in these words:

"And now, unto God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be praise forever and forever! Peace on earth, and good-will to *men*; *that* is the happiness, the essence—*good-will toward men.*"

On another occasion Dr. Jeffries repeated to him the text of Scripture, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Yes," he said, "thy rod—thy staff—but the *fact*, the *fact* I want."

It was past midnight, when, awaking from one of the slumbers that he had at intervals, he seemed not to know whether he had not already passed from his earthly existence. He made a strong effort to ascertain what the consciousness that he could still perceive actually was, and then uttered those well-known words,

"I still live!"

They were his last coherent utterance. A good deal later he said something in which the word "poetry" was distinctly heard. His son immediately repeated to him one of the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*. He heard it, smiled, and soon expired.

DEATH THE LEVELER.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
While they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

PART XIV.
J U R I S T S.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, a learned English Jurist, elevated at the age of sixty-two to be Chief-Justice of England, and described by Lord Ellenborough as one of the greatest and best judges that ever sat in Westminster Hall, died December 25, 1676, aged sixty-seven. As a lawyer he was employed in the most celebrated trials of his time. He continued to exercise the functions of his high office as Chief-Justice until compelled by a severe inflammation, a few months before his death, to retire.

He was one of the closest students on record, spending during much of his life sixteen hours a day in diligent application. Philosophy, anatomy, and theology were diligently pursued as well as law. He early resolved to master his profession, and to be worthy of the best place in it. He rightly judged that every man, whatever may be his sphere, should seek to be the best in it; if a shoe-black, he should strive to be the best one thus employed.

The people around him, seeing his great diligence coupled with correctness of habit, prophesied at an

early day that Hale would reach a position of renown. It is said that a "draper, with whom he differed as to the price of a garment for which Hale was bargaining, told him he should have the cloth for nothing if he would promise to pay him £100 when Lord Chief-Justice of England." The offer was of course declined, but the draper lived to see his customer advanced to that high dignity.

Though living in a luxurious age, when drinking was especially customary in court life, Sir Matthew was resolutely abstemious. Early in life a fellow-student, seated at the same table in which they were carousing, fell in a drunken fit. Young Hale was so deeply impressed by it that he made a vow *never to drink "a health"* again, and it is said that he scrupulously kept his vow. The pledge subsequently became of untold value to him.

He assumed titles of honor when they were pressed upon him, but he never sought them, and after receiving them used them for the good of society. Plainness and simplicity suited him best.

He was twice married, his first wife being the daughter of Sir Henry More, and by her he had ten children, most of whom turned out badly. For his second wife he married a "servant girl, in order to have the home society in his old age of one who could care for, and lovingly nurse when needed, the members of the home circle." In all this he cared little for what might be said of it by his aristocratic friends; he valued more the faithful attentions of retiring modesty and

faithfulness in domestic life. In his will he called her a "most dutiful, faithful, and loving wife." She was appointed one of his executors, and to her he confided the education of his grandchildren.

Sir Matthew was a specimen of faithful, spiritual fervor. "My time," he said, "is part of the talent which God has put into my hand. I must use it diligently and for his glory."

His soul was inflamed with holy affection. "My intensest love to God," he said, "is my duty. I cannot exceed my proportion. It is my wisdom, for I fix my heart upon that which is worthy of my love. It is my happiness, for I am joined to that which is the choicest good. But in God I find an overflowing fullness which will fill up the intensest gaspings and outgoings of my soul; a fullness that will continue to eternity and increase my love."

He loved the Bible. "Blessed be God," said he, in one of his letters of advice, "he hath given us the copy of his will in his great letter of declaration, the books of the Old and New Testament. You must value it as the greatest jewel you can have." To this great jurist the Bible was more precious than whole libraries of jurisprudence.

He honored the Sabbath. "Though my hands and mind," he wrote, "have been as full of secular business, both before and since I was judge, as it may be any man's in England, yet I never borrowed one minute from the Lord's Day, which I have strictly observed for thirty years."

He prized and regularly frequented the house of God. Says Bishop Burnet: "The last years of his being in London he always came regularly to the Chapel of the Rolls, and in my life I never saw so much gravity tempered with sweetness." He was faithful in prayer, living conscientiously and by rule.

He resolved every morning to lift up his soul in devotion to God. He resolved anew each day to devote some portion of his time to God, and in order to this he was moderate in all his refreshments and recreations. Thus in the midst of public life he was with God.

Sir Matthew had a singular presage of his death, and he remarked that if he did not die on such a day (mentioning the 25th of November) he should live a month longer. It proved true. On December 25th, Christmas, a day which he specially loved, he was called to his everlasting home.



JEREMY BENTHAM,

JEREMY BENTHAM, the author of a most erudite and able system of English jurisprudence, died June 6, 1832, aged eighty-five. He was a prodigy in learning from his childhood, reading at *three years of age* a child's history of England, and at seven reading *Tel-emaque* in French. At sixteen he took his degree at the English University, the youngest graduate then known.

All through life his soul protested in the extremest degree against intolerance and oppression of every sort. When in Oxford College he witnessed the expulsion of five students, stigmatized as Methodists for "reading and talking over the Bible," and this awakened a disgust with the Established Church which continued through life.

When in the year 1772 he was admitted to the bar, he saw so much corruption and chicanery in legal business that he determined on quitting the profession, and eventually working a complete reform in jurisprudence, and to this labor he devoted the whole of his long life.

He practiced great severity and continuity of mental labor. For more than fifty years he devoted from eight to twelve hours a day to intense study. This was the more remarkable as his constitution was not strong. His health up to manhood was exceedingly feeble; but as age advanced his physical vigor increased, and for many of his later years he suffered very slight indisposition. At the age of eighty-four he is said to have looked no older than most men at sixty; thus adding another illustrious name to the catalogue which establishes the fact that severe and constant mental labor is not incompatible with good health and long life, provided the habits be temperate and regular.

Bentham is said to have been a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of hours, both of labor and repose, was thoroughly systematized; and the arrangement was conducted on the principle that it is a calamity to lose even the smallest

portion of time. He did not deem it enough to provide against the loss of a day, or even an hour; he was scrupulously careful of the minutes. There is probably not on record the case of a human being who lived more habitually under the consciousness that his "days were numbered," and that "the night cometh when no man can work."

In his last ten years he seldom left his own home, taking his exercise daily in his garden. He spent from six to eight hours in composition, generally employing two secretaries. He saw no company except at dinner, which came daily at seven o'clock P. M. His table was plainly yet delicately spread, and he never desired more than two or three guests to be present at a time. Dinner was usually followed with music on the organ, for he was passionately fond of music as well as flowers.

He was exceedingly fond of pet animals. He was of a gay and lively temper, hopeful and enthusiastic, and young in spirit to the last. The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to rest, was specially noteworthy and affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been one of triumph, had not the consciousness of the amount remaining undone tinged it with a shade of sorrow.

Bentham's ruling passion was strong in death. We are without full particulars; but we know that he was calm, collected, and hopeful, and that he said to his single attendant, "I now feel that I am dying; our care must now be to minimize the pain."

CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

JOHN MARSHALL, one of the most eminent of American jurists, and for thirty-five years Chief-Justice of the United States, died in Philadelphia July 6, 1835, in his eightieth year. He was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24, 1755. In 1799 he was elected a member of Congress; in 1800 he was appointed Secretary of War. In 1801, at the age of forty-six, President Adams appointed him Chief-Justice, and he was unanimously confirmed by the Senate. Four years later, at the age of fifty, he published, in five volumes, his life of Washington.

The following pen-sketch of the eminent and popular Chief-Justice is from the journal of an English traveler who spent a week in Richmond in the spring of 1835:

“The Judge is a tall, venerable man, about eighty years of age, his hair tied in a cue, according to the olden custom, and with a countenance indicating that simplicity of mind and benignity which so eminently distinguish his character. As a judge he has no rival, his knowledge being profound, his judgment clear and just, and his quickness in apprehending either the fallacy or truth of an argument surprising. I had the pleasure of several long conversations with him, and was struck with admiration at the extraordinary union of modesty and power, gentleness and force,

which his mind displays. His house is small, and more humble in appearance than those of the average of successful lawyers or merchants. . . . In short, blending as he does the simplicity of a child and the plainness of a republican with the learning and ability of a lawyer, the venerable dignity of his appearance would not suffer in comparison with the most respected and distinguished-looking peer in the British House of Lords."

Miss Martineau, who visited Washington the winter preceding the decease of the venerable Chief-Justice Marshall, speaks as follows of one trait of his beautiful character:

"He maintained through life, and carried to his grave, a reverence for women as rare in its kind as in its degree. It had all the theoretical fervor and magnificence of Uncle Toby's, with the advantage of being grounded upon an extensive knowledge of the sex. He was the father and grandfather of women; and out of this experience he brought not only the love and pity which their offices and position command, and the awe of purity which they excite in the minds of the pure, but a steady conviction of their intellectual equality with men, and with this a deep sense of their social injuries."

Chief-Justice Marshall once indorsed a bond amounting to several thousand dollars, and, the drawer having failed, he was called upon to pay it. He knew the bond could be avoided, because the holder had advanced the money at a usurious rate of interest; but

he was utterly incapable of throwing off the moral obligation in that way, and paid it voluntarily.

In passing through Culpepper on his way to Fauquier, the Chief-Justice fell in company with Mr. S., an old fellow-officer in the army of the Revolution. In the course of conversation Marshall learned there was a lien upon the estate of his friend to the amount of three thousand dollars about due, and he was greatly distressed at the prospect of impending ruin. On bidding farewell Marshall privately left a check for the amount, which, upon being presented to Mr. S. after his departure, he, impelled by a chivalrous independence, mounted and spurred his horse till he overtook his friend. He thanked him for his generosity, but refused to accept it. Marshall strenuously insisted on its acceptance, and the other as strongly refused. Finally it resulted in a compromise, by which Marshall took security on the lien, but never called for pay. This incident only illustrates the active benevolence of his whole life.

Mr. Wirt describes the Chief-Justice as "tall, meager, emaciated; his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected as not only to disqualify him apparently for any vigorous exertion of body, but also to destroy every thing like harmony in his movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance and demeanor—dress, attitudes, gesture, sitting, standing, or walking, he is as far removed from the idolized graces of Chesterfield as any other gentleman on earth."

Yet the people every-where regarded the eccentric

person of the great judge with strong affection as well as respect. John Randolph, one of the most particular and aristocratic of men, declared that Marshall's manner was one of real politeness and good breeding. He had a courteous, friendly hand for every one—for the rudest country farmer as well as for the highest officials around him.

The Chief-Justice always provided for his dinner by going to market in person; and on one of these occasions he carried home a turkey for "a fashionable young gentleman," who took him for a simple countryman, and offered him a shilling for his trouble. The shilling was courteously declined by the Chief-Justice, who calmly proceeded on his way without revealing his name.

To his great learning, his simplicity of manners, and genial humor in social life, he added a pure, child-like, religious faith. It is related of him that he once chanced to be present at a discussion between two or three young men upon the evidences of the Christian religion. They indulged freely in sneers, and at the end of the argument turned indifferently to the Chief-Justice, whom they took, from his poor and plain costume, for some ignorant rustic, and asked him jocularly what he thought of the matter.

"If," said the narrator of the incident, "a streak of lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was at what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gentle-

man that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument used by the opponents of the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams."

This deep-seated religious faith never wavered. Marshall continued to repeat night and morning, in his serene old age, the prayer which he had been taught in the nursery at his mother's knee; and at a period when skepticism was fashionable among cultivated men, he never uttered a word calculated to throw doubt upon a divine origin of Christianity. A lesson of the deepest reverence for every thing holy was, on the contrary, taught by his daily life, and he died as he had lived, trusting in the atonement of Jesus.

In terminating his sketch of the Chief-Justice, his biographer records his affectionate and beautiful devotion to his wife. During her long and painful illness, which continued for many years, Judge Marshall seemed to think of nothing but her comfort, and the means of preventing her from suffering. There was a touch of chivalry in the dedication of every faculty to the ease of "the excellent lady;" and those who witnessed his devotion, still speak of it as one of the most affecting indications of his tenderness and goodness of heart.

JUDGE M'LEAN.

JOHN M'LEAN, LL.D., an able American jurist and statesman, one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, died in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 4, 1861, aged seventy-six. He was admitted to the bar in Warren County, Ohio, at the age of twenty-two. In 1812, at the age of twenty-seven, he was elected a member of the national Congress, and two years later was *unanimously* re-elected to the same office. He was appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office at the age of thirty-seven, Postmaster-General at thirty-nine, and in 1830, at the age of forty-five, accepted the appointment of Associate Justice on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

Industry, method, faithfulness, and a high order of practical ability, combined with great suavity of manner, were elements that could not and cannot fail of success in any man. Another controlling element entered into his character. Through the instrumentality of an eminent minister he was brought from a state of skeptical doubt and unbelief into the enjoyment of the clear sunlight of the truth and faith of the Gospel. He at once identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which communion he continued till his death. Henceforth Christianity was not, with him, a mere matter of form, a garb, a profession; it was a vital element in his character, enthron-

ing conscience in its rightful supremacy, and exerting a controlling influence over his whole life.

Judge M'Lean continued to perform the duties in his high office, as a member of the highest judicial body of the nation, up to the close of life, a period of thirty-one years. His constant and laborious effort in all cases ever was to decide righteously; to ascertain the truth, and without fear, favor, or affection, "give righteous judgment." While he honored the law, and would sternly enforce its behests, he was repugnant to technical exceptions calculated to defeat or protract the rendition of justice.

Judge Wilkins bears testimony that never did a defeated suitor or counsel leave his Court with a suspicion rankling within him that injustice had been done him by Judge M'Lean, or that the law had, in his case, been perverted. Hon. J. M. Howard, who had known him long and well, says: "Never have I seen the scales of justice held with a firmer hand." His Court was a model of dignity and courtesy. The bickerings and scenes that usually stir men never had that effect upon him. "The great secret of all this," says Judge Storer, "was that he did not abide in the strength of his intellect, in his power or genius, but he felt, as a magistrate below, he was responsible to Him who is King above. The great secret of his success was in that he kept constantly before him and in his heart the conviction that he was acting and judging under the eye of God."*

The unsullied Christian character of Judge M'Lean,

* Funeral Discourse by Bishop Clark.

after all, is the grandest feature of that noble man. He was jealous of the honor of the Christian name; nor did he ever forget, even amid the fascinations of social or public life, that by character and act, if not by word, he was called to be a witness for Christ. He was faithful in the least as well as the greatest of his Christian duties. In the closet, at the family altar, and in the class-room, as well as in the more public services of the sanctuary, he obtained the spiritual nutriment which gave robustness to his Christian character.

His last illness was very brief. Only two days before his departure he rode from his beautiful residence into the city, and seemed not only to enjoy the ride, but to be refreshed by it. The next day his disease developed itself in great severity. During his sufferings he was much in prayer; his soul seemed to be going out after God, the living God, in whom he had so long trusted. Again he rallied, and gave promise of recovery. But it was only a delusive promise. Relapse soon followed; then a sinking into unconsciousness; and that unconsciousness deepened into the slumber that knows no waking till the resurrection morn.

A few years before, when dedicating the beautiful cemetery where his ashes now slumber, he said: "In a short time I, too, must become a co-tenant of this domain, and visitors will look upon my grave as I now look upon the graves of others. But we look for a better inheritance. The Saviour has sanctified the grave and broken its chains."

PART XV.
PHILOSOPHERS.

BOYLE.

HON. ROBERT BOYLE, an eminent philosopher, the founder of the Royal Society of England, died December 30, 1691, aged sixty-five. Up to the close of life he devoted himself with the greatest diligence to the pursuits of philosophy and chemistry, and his scientific contributions take rank with Bacon and Newton.

Boyle's own father, the Earl of Cork, had an utter aversion to those who bring up their children so tenderly "that a hot sun or a good shower of rain as much endangers them as though they were butter or sugar." Hence Robert was trained in the country, by a country nurse, and gained a vigorous physical constitution, which continued nearly till the close of life.

"His knowledge," says Bishop Burnet, "was of so vast an extent, that if it were not for the variety of vouchers of the several sorts I should be afraid to say all I know. He carried the study of the Hebrew very far into the Rabbinical writings and the Oriental tongues. He had read so much of the Fathers that he had formed a clear judgment of all the eminent ones.

He studied the Scriptures, went through with the various controversies in religion, and became a true master of the whole body of divinity.

His studies in nature and religion induced so profound a veneration for the Deity, that the very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and visible stop in his discourse, in which Sir Peter Pett, who knew him for almost forty years, affirms that he was so exact that he did not remember that he once failed in it.

Boyle's charities were princely. He expended over three thousand dollars in printing an edition of the Bible in the native Irish, and then distributed the copies without charge among the people. He contributed largely toward an edition of the Bible in Welsh, and during the latter part of his life donated about fifteen hundred dollars annually to advance Christianity in America. His liberality toward needy literary persons was extraordinary. Bishop Burnet, who was his almoner, says he gave about five thousand dollars a year, for several years before his death, to French and Irish refugees who had fled to England to escape persecution. He instituted the "Boyle Lectures," an annual course of lectures in London, and endowed them. He bore the expense of translating the New Testament into Malay, and contributed largely in translating it into Turkish; in short, he spent about five thousand dollars a year in missionary enterprises of this kind.

In all his researches Boyle was a devout Christian,

and no man in his day was more universally loved for the purity and energy of his character. His interest in religion and his reverence for Divine things increased with his age. To those who conversed most with him, it was obvious that his leading object was to give to all around him more exalted thoughts of the greatness and goodness of God.

The concluding article in his will, which has a reference to the Royal Society, is in these words:

“Wishing them, also, a happy success in their laudable attempts to discover the true nature of the works of God, and praying that they and all other searchers for physical truths may cordially refer their attainments to the glory of the great Author of nature, and to the comfort of mankind.”



FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D., the American philosopher, sage, and statesman, died in Philadelphia April 17, 1790, aged eighty-four. He began to print “Poor Richard’s Almanac” at twenty-five, (continuing it for twenty-six years;) invented the famous stove at thirty-six; demonstrated his theory that lightning is identical with electricity at forty-six; was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress at forty-eight; signed the Declaration of Independence at seventy; as Ambassador to France, signed the Treaty of Peace at sev-

enty-nine; was elected "President of Pennsylvania," holding the office three years, and retiring at eighty-two.

Franklin was a strong, well-formed man; in stature five feet nine or ten inches; his complexion light; his eyes gray. In his advanced age his long white locks gave him a remarkably venerable appearance. While Minister of the United States abroad, his venerable age, his plain deportment, his fame as a philosopher and statesman, the charm of his conversation, his wit, his vast information, his varied aptitudes and discoveries, all secured for him not only the enthusiastic admiration of Europe, but a circle of ardent friends, embracing the very widest range of human character. His simple costume and address, and dignified aspect, among a splendidly embroidered Court, commanded the respect of all.*

"His virtues and renown," says M. Lacratelle, "negotiated for him; and before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and armies to the countrymen of Franklin."

On his return to Philadelphia (September 14, 1785) he was elected President of Pennsylvania. Washington, with whom he enjoyed an uninterrupted friendship, was among the first to welcome him. At the age of eighty-two he consented to be a delegate to the Convention for forming the Federal Constitution. He entered actively and heartily into the business of the Convention. He served also as President of the Society of

* Appleton's Encyclopedia.

Political Inquiries, and wrote interesting and vigorous papers upon many important subjects.

In his eighty-fourth year he wrote to Washington: "For my personal ease I should have died two years ago; but though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am glad to have lived through them since I can look upon our present situation."

His faculties and affections were unimpaired to the last. At his death twenty thousand persons assembled to do honor to his remains. He was interred by the side of his wife, in the cemetery of Christ Church. Throughout the country every degree of respect was manifested to his memory, and in Europe extraordinary public testimonials are on record of honor due to one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

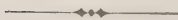
Fault has been found with his religious character. He confesses that during a period of his life, before the age of twenty-one, he had been a thorough deist; and it has been said that five weeks before his death he expressed a "cold approbation" of the "system of morals" of "Jesus of Nazareth." Whatever his faith and doctrine may have been, his reverence for religion and Christian institutions was constantly manifest.

It was Franklin who brought forward a motion for daily prayers in the Philadelphia Convention. The motion was rejected, as "the Convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary." We find him advising his daughter to rely more upon prayer than upon preaching; and as a practical moral adviser he has left us beautiful teachings, at least, of scarcely

surpassed human wisdom. At the most critical epoch of his public life, when beset with menace, jealousy, bribery, and official caprice and injustice, he said, "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence."

Franklin's constant habits of secret prayer, and his firm dependence on Divine Providence, are known to all those acquainted with his writings. He died expressing his Christian faith in the well-known epitaph, which he composed, and ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb:

The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding,)
lies here food for worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
but will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by THE AUTHOR.



HERSCHEL.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, the great English astronomer, died near Windsor, England, August 25, 1822, aged nearly eighty-four. He was educated as a musician, and in early life earned a subsistence by practicing and teaching music. He turned his attention to

the study of astronomy and the construction of telescopes at the age of thirty-six. He discovered the planet Uranus (often called Herschel) at the age of forty-three.

In 1802, at the age of sixty-four, Herschel announced in the "Philosophical Transactions" his most wonderful astronomical discoveries.

He was a grand worker to the very last. He continued his researches and observations far into his declining years. When too old to study the heavens, he turned his attention to the properties of light and heat. His son, Sir John Herschel, whose name afterward became equally distinguished in the annals of science, and his noble daughter, Miss Caroline Herschel, assisted him in his work, and became his successors in the domain of astronomical research.

Herschel was a firm believer in divine truths. His studies and discoveries gave him constantly increasing assurances of the greatness and goodness of God, and he passed away with the noblest conceptions of the Ruler of the heavens, who "in wisdom made them all."

His tomb, like that of Newton, was honored with a place in Westminster Abbey.

"Not by the home he loved so well beneath the church's shade,
With flowers to deck the grassy mound, may Herschel's grave be made;
For England claims the illustrious dead with sorrow and with pride,
To lay him close by Newton's tomb; now sleep they side by side.

"The purpose of his youth fulfilled, his life-long service past,
Now full of honor and of years, God gives him rest at last.
Now the freed spirit wings its way to Truth's eternal height,
Where the glad presence of the Lord reveals the Light of Light.

“Ye who have loved him most on earth, whom still he loves in heaven,
What rainbow hues are on your grief, what joy in sadness given!
Ye know with what true childlike faith he, through the Saviour’s grace,
Learned through all Nature’s wondrous laws the hand divine to trace.

“While men pervert God’s noblest gifts in strange, unnatural strife,
And boast their knowledge and their power, and scorn the word of life,
Science and learning led *his* mind in reverent awe above,
To him the voices of the stars proclaimed their Maker’s love.”



NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the greatest of English philosophers, died in London March 20, 1727, aged⁹ eighty-four. He was of poor parentage, and his early standing as a pupil was low, but later he became the ablest of mathematical discoverers and authors. His “Principia,” which unfolds the theory of the universe, is said to have been written within about a year and a half, and was completed at the age of forty-five. This work La Place assigns “a pre-eminence above all the other productions of the human intellect.”

Newton obtained a mathematical professorship at the age of twenty-seven, and during his residence at Cambridge made his three renowned discoveries—fluxions, the nature of light, and the theory of gravitation. The “Principia” was not published until 1687. He was promoted to the high position of President of the Royal Society at sixty-one, and was knighted at sixty-three.

He studied the Holy Scriptures with extraordinary care, and repeatedly announced his firm belief of the great truths which they set forth. His great mind saw God every-where, upholding and controlling the universe.

Newton was of medium stature, and late in life inclined to corpulency. He was an early riser, and exceedingly temperate and abstemious. In his old age he had a fine head of hair, as white as silver, and without any baldness. He never wore spectacles, and it is said never lost more than one tooth to the day of his death.

Though decided in his convictions of the truths which he unfolded, and even impatient of stupid opposition, he seemed to have no exalted opinion of himself. During his last years, when his surrounding friends testified to him the just admiration his discoveries had universally excited, he said :

“I know not what the world may think of my labors; but, to myself, it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the sea-shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the *immense ocean of truth extended itself* unexplored before me.”

Bishop Atterbury, referring to the last twenty years of his life, says: “He had something languid in his look and manner, which did not raise any high expectation in those who did not know him.” He was reserved in company, and often seemed buried in thought foreign to the topic of general conversation.

When asked as to how he reached such great discoveries, he always responded that he did so by unremitting and determined labor. In a letter to Dr. Bentley, alluding to his discoveries, he says: "If I have done the public any service in this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

His generosity, which increased with his years, in old age knew no bounds. He used to remark, "They who give away nothing till they die never give at all." His donations to churches and chapels at Cambridge and elsewhere were numerous.

He was simple in his dress, frugal in his meals, yet his hospitality was generous, and often pronounced "magnificent." He never married, and his domestic concerns devolved upon a niece.

He was a sincere and faithful Christian worshiper, a member of the Church of England, with a mind full of charity toward all evangelical Churches.

The aged philosopher's last hours are described in brief. On the 28th of February, 1727, he went to London for the last time to preside at a meeting of the Royal Society. He seemed well, but was so overcome with the fatigue attending the meeting, and of receiving and paying visits, that on returning to Kensington on the following Saturday he was again seized with a violent attack of his distressing complaint, a disease of the bladder. The paroxysms of agony forced drops of sweat down his face, but he bore them with the most placid fortitude, and resumed his usual cheerfulness when they passed away.

For some days he appeared to rally, and on his last day but one he displayed his ordinary vigor of mind in a long conversation with Dr. Mead. As the day declined, however, he fell into a state of insensibility, which continued for about twenty hours, when he died. He had lived more than eighty-four years.

His remains lay for several days in state. The highest personages in the realm were his pall-bearers or among his mourners. The body was deposited in the most conspicuous part of Westminster Abbey. The following is an exact translation of the Latin memorial inscription :

Here lies
SIR ISAAC NEWTON, Knight,
who, by vigor of mind almost supernatural,
first demonstrated
the motions and figures of the planets,
the paths of comets, and the tides of the ocean.
He diligently investigated
the different refrangibilities of the rays of light,
and the properties of colors to which they give rise.
An assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter
of nature, antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures,
he asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God,
and exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel.
Let mortals congratulate themselves
That there has existed such and so great
AN ORNAMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE.
Born, 25th Dec., 1642; died, 20th March, 1727.

AUDUBON.

JOHN J. AUDUBON, the greatest of American naturalists, was born in Louisiana in 1776, and died in New York in 1851, aged seventy-five. His great work, "The Birds of America," was completed in his sixty-second year. The original subscription price was \$1,000. At the age of seventy-two his first volume of "The Quadrupeds of America" was published. His journeys in all parts of the country, under the inspiration of his ruling passion, continued in his old age with all the determination and eagerness of youth. When not absent on these journeys his time was spent at his rural home, a beautiful country seat on the Hudson, in the upper part of New York island. The interior of his dwelling was fitted up in accordance with his tastes and pursuits, with drawings and specimens of birds and animals.

It was in this delightful abode, surrounded by his wife and family, that the great Naturalist, after a brief period of gradual decay, expired.

"We have heard," says a writer in the "Homes of America," "that the last gleam of light stole across his features a few days before his death, when one of his sons held before him, as he sat in his chair, some of his cherished drawings."

PART XVI.
MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. JOSEPH LATHROP.

BY HIS COLLEAGUE.*

I HAVE been asked to write something illustrative of venerable age, and I know not how I can comply with the request to better purpose than by jotting down my recollections—ever fresh, though reaching back more than half a century—of Rev. Dr. Joseph Lathrop, the Congregational minister of West Springfield, Massachusetts, who died in 1820, in the ninetieth year of his age and the sixty-fourth of his ministry.

My acquaintance with this venerable man commenced, in consequence of a call that I made at his house in the autumn of 1818, while I was yet a student in the Princeton Theological Seminary. The moment I was brought in contact with him I was impressed with the idea that he was the most venerable specimen of extreme old age that I had ever met, and a few moments' conversation with him satisfied me that he was as intelligent and kind as he was venerable. As I became

* Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, who kindly furnished the sketch for this work. Some personal references to Dr. S., written by another eminent divine, may be found on page 412.

more acquainted with him I could easily understand why he had had the training of so many young men for the ministry ; for, besides the richness and variety of his intellectual furniture, he seemed to me to have an intuitive insight into the principles of human nature, and withal an eminently generous spirit, and a thoughtful and earnest piety. Contrary to my expectations, in consequence of a temporary illness I passed two days with him, and then left him, thankful that I had been permitted to see so fine a specimen of human nature, but without any expectation of meeting him again.

In the course of the winter following I was not a little surprised by a request from the Committee of the West Springfield parish to come thither and preach, with a view of becoming Dr. Lathrop's colleague. The result was, that though I kept on with my studies several months longer, I finally accepted the invitation to preach as a candidate ; and when I went thither nothing could exceed the kindness with which the revered Pastor greeted me, and that was only a specimen of the treatment I received from him as long as he lived.

In due time, a call having been sent to me and accepted, the day was appointed for my ordination, (the sixty-third anniversary of Dr. Lathrop's,) and a council convoked to perform the service. The Doctor was present when the appointment was made by the council, and was earnestly requested to offer the introductory prayer, but he perseveringly declined, on the ground that his health was so uncertain that he could not feel sure of being able even to attend the service. The next

morning, however, was bright, and the Doctor was equally so, and as I rode with him to the church I asked him whether it was not possible that he should still perform the service that had been requested of him the day before, and, to my surprise, he readily consented. On our arrival at the church, after a consultation with several of the ministers, the Minutes of the Council were accommodated to the proposed change, and in due time the introductory prayer was offered by Dr. Lathrop, and if I may use an expression which I once heard from *him* on another occasion, I can truly say that I never heard a prayer that seemed to bring heaven and earth more nearly together than that. I can hardly believe that there is an individual living who listened to it, upon whose mind it has not left an unfading impression.

When I met Dr. Lathrop at the close of the service he greeted me most affectionately as his colleague, and added, "You are now my brother." Said he, "I *had* requested Mr. — to preach my funeral sermon, supposing that I should die without a colleague; but I have now withdrawn that request, and I beg you will be ready to perform the service." Within two or three weeks from that time word came to me that Dr. Lathrop was stricken down, as was supposed, in a fit of apoplexy. I went to see him, and found him lying in a deep slumber, from which there was little probability that he would ever awake. I felt that I had no time to lose in preparing his funeral sermon, and accordingly I hastened home, looked up what seemed to me a

suitable text, and began to write. When I was about half through a messenger came and told me that the Doctor was awake, and for aught that appeared was likely to be well again. The message surprised me, though it filled me with joy; but, as the sermon was partly written, and I had no reason to doubt that it would be wanted at no distant period, I determined to finish it, and did finish it; but it was more than a year old before it was actually preached. I never read it to the Doctor, as I heard of a minister in Massachusetts doing in similar circumstances, who, when the old minister suggested a criticism, said, "Tut, tut, tut, dead men mustn't talk."

My intercourse with Dr. Lathrop was unbroken until the disease came upon him that terminated his life; and that, though it paralyzed all his faculties, was of brief continuance. I did not live in the same house with him, but it was part of my every-day employment to visit him, and I think I generally came away with brighter thoughts and better feelings than I carried with me. Though my theological education had been conducted by two very eminent men whose memories I can never cease to venerate and love, I feel constrained to say that no teachings have ever been of more practical use to me in the ministry than those of Dr. Lathrop. I could approach him on any subject with perfect freedom and confidence. His great mind, and kindly spirit, and liberal culture, and large experience, all served to draw me into intimate relations with him; and I do not remember ever to have started a subject or made an

inquiry upon which he was not ready to enlighten me. If I was at loss in respect to what I ought to do, I felt that I was quite safe in looking to him as a counselor. If I wanted more light in regard to any point of Christian doctrine, there was none more competent or more willing than he to impart it. If I was curious in regard to the history of the past, especially of the eminent men who had lived before me, I had only to listen to *him* to be instructed; for in his day Thomas Clapp was President of Yale College, Robert Breck, of Springfield, was his theological teacher, President Edwards was one of his acquaintances, and the events of the Revolution, which have been so long a matter of history, were as familiar to him as if they had occurred the preceding year.

I have scarcely ever known an aged person whose usefulness seemed to wane so little in the decline of life as that of Dr. Lathrop. He was not indeed useful in all the ways that he had been while his vigor was unabated. His voice was no longer heard from the pulpit, warning, comforting, edifying, though his stately form was still seen there. He was not sending forth volumes of sermons, full of well-digested and richly-matured thought, for the benefit not only of his own people, but of those who never enjoyed his ministrations. He was not in ecclesiastical councils, helping, by his wisdom, to decide difficult questions, in which were involved the weal or woe of individuals or Churches. But he was a model of light and love, of Christian firmness and gentleness, and his very presence seemed an element

of power throughout the entire community in which he lived. No man could look at him and resist the impression that he was passing a truly Christian old age, and when he died there was mourning, hearty mourning, throughout the whole region.

It is specially worthy of remark that this great and good man spent his whole life in a retired country parish. Though he was several times solicited to make what most people would have regarded a favorable change—once to become Professor of Theology in the college at which he had graduated, and once to become Pastor of one of the largest and wealthiest congregations in New England—he steadfastly resisted every application, determined to close his ministry among the people with whom he had begun it. I never knew a man of less aspiration for worldly fame, while yet I have known few who had so many laurels to wear, or who wore them so gracefully.

In thinking of my venerable and much loved colleague as a specimen of what an old man may be and ought to be, I find other honored names coming to my remembrance to which I would gladly pay a similar tribute. There is William Ropes, of Boston, eminent as a merchant, eminent as a Christian, eminent as a philanthropist. While he was busily engaged in the cares of mercantile life his hand and heart were always open for a vigorous co-operation in every benevolent enterprise, and his long life, to its very close, was a free-will offering to God and his fellow-creatures. There is the Rev. Daniel Waldo, who died at the age

of a hundred and three, and preached an admirable sermon in my pulpit on the Sabbath immediately preceding his hundredth birthday. There is the Rev. Charles Cleveland, of Boston, who has now nearly completed his century, and yet is as warm in his feelings and as earnest in his work among the poor as ever. There is Captain Frederick Lahrbush, of New York, who is now in his hundred and seventh year, long an officer in the British army, and sent to St. Helena to watch Napoleon, but now a devout attendant, and I believe a communicant, in Dr. John Cotton Smith's Church, and possessing withal a vigor of mind and a gentleness and fervor of spirit that render him an attraction to every body. There is the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, now bordering on ninety, who has been for more than sixty years Pastor of the same Church, and has always been reckoned among the greater lights of his denomination. There is Dr. Peregrine Worth, now a retired physician of Baltimore, who, though his age falls a little short of that of most of the preceding, is still very far advanced in life, adorns every relation he sustains, and is waiting, full of virtues and of honors, for the final change. And there are scores of others who come rushing to our thoughts, but whose names now I cannot record. Many of those who still survive continue to bring forth much fruit in old age, and may all continue to live on earth after they are enthroned in heaven!

DR. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE.

FEW men are more widely and favorably known than the venerable William B. Sprague, D.D., LL.D., late pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, New York, and now in his seventy-seventh year. That he is not now at his post as a preacher and pastor is not owing to any decay of his mental faculties, but simply to the loss of his teeth, which prevents him from appearing in the pulpit. The skill of the first dentists in the country have been put in requisition, but in vain. They have failed to render it possible for him to deliver a discourse. Hence, greatly to the regret of all his congregation, and, indeed, of the entire community of which he had been a member for forty years, he was constrained to resign his pastorate a little more than a year ago. For various reasons he took up his abode in the beautiful village of Flushing, where he is passing a serene old age amid the citizens, who welcomed his advent, and the numerous friends who visit him.

Dr. Sprague was born at Andover, Massachusetts, October 16, 1795, and graduated at Yale College in 1815, at the age of twenty. While in College he became one of the subjects of a powerful revival. This led him to study for the ministry. For this purpose he repaired to Princeton Theological Seminary in the fall of 1816. He remained there three years, when he was settled at Springfield, Massachusetts, as the colleague of the

Rev. Dr. Joseph Lathrop.* He remained at Springfield about ten years. His ministry was highly appreciated and successful.

In 1829 he accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, where he remained till the fall of 1870, when, as has been stated above, he resigned his charge.

During the whole period of his ministry at Springfield and Albany nothing ever occurred to disturb his peace or that of the congregation.

While a pastor, Dr. Sprague was rarely absent from his pulpit, and availed himself very sparingly of the assistance of his brethren in the ministry. It is understood that he rarely, if ever, repeated a discourse to his people. During the many years he was engaged on his great work, "Annals of the American Pulpit," he wrote new sermons for every Sabbath. Dr. Sprague is a voluminous writer. All his works have had a wide circulation, and many of them have been republished abroad.

It has been a wonder to many how, in addition to the faithful performance of his duties as a pastor and a sermonizer, he could find time to compose his numerous works. He was ever ready to receive his friends—in fact, his hospitality was almost unbounded—and yet his sermons were always ready, and he found time to write about twenty-five volumes, some of them requiring great research. The following is a list of his printed works:

* See Sketch on page 405.

1. Letters on Practical Subjects to a Daughter. (This passed through many editions, and was adopted by the London Tract Society, and the American Tract Society.) 1822.
2. Letters from Europe. 1828.
3. Lectures to Young People. 1830.
4. Lectures on Revivals. (Republished in England and Scotland.) 1832.
5. Hints designed to Regulate the Intercourse of Christians. 1834. (Republished in Dublin.)
6. Lectures Illustrating the Contrast between True Christianity and various other Religions. 1837.
7. Memoir of E. D. Griffin, D.D. 1838.
8. Letters to Young Men, Founded on the History of Joseph. 1845. Republished in England.
9. Aids to Early Religion. 1847.
10. Words to a Young Man's Conscience. 1848.
11. Monitory Letters to Church Members. 1855.
12. Visits to European Celebrities. 1855.
13. Memoirs of the M'Dowels. 1864.
14. Annals of the American Pulpit, in 9 large volumes. 1859-1869.

Besides the above he has written "introductions" to fourteen different works, and contributed largely to a great number of periodicals. He has also published about one hundred occasional sermons.

This would seem to be the record of a very busy life, and yet Dr. Sprague never shut himself up in his study, never denied himself to visitors, and never shrank from the numerous calls on his time and attention resulting from his position.

It is well known that for many years he has cherished a passion for autographs. His collection is doubtless the most extensive and valuable one in existence.

During his ministry at Albany he always remained in the city during the summer, keeping his church open when some others were shut, and holding himself

in readiness to visit the sick and perform funeral services for those whose pastors were absent. In this way he was brought in intimate contact with families in almost every congregation in the city. Hence there was a feeling of universal regret when he left the city.

Dr. Sprague never engaged in religious controversy, and never took part in ecclesiastical politics. He has led a singularly inoffensive, diligent, useful life. His great work—which will never lose interest—is his “Annals of the American Pulpit.” It is a lasting monument of his untiring industry, of his discrimination of character, and of his catholic spirit. It should be added that every line Dr. Sprague has written is written in good English. It is to be hoped that, though laid aside from pulpit labor, the public may yet be instructed by new productions of his pen.

HENRY BOEHM.

REV. HENRY BOEHM is now believed to be the oldest living itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born June 8, 1775, and is therefore, at the writing of these notes, far advanced in his ninety-seventh year. He preached his first sermon in the State of Delaware in 1799. He is still in comparatively comfortable health, and is enjoying a beautiful and delightful old age. He resides chiefly with his daughter, Mrs. Emley, of New York city, who with her husband (S. C. Emley, Esq., late one of

the municipal officers of the city of New Orleans, now a resident of New York,) ministers to all his wants with the most constant and tender filial solicitude.

He was for several years the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, by whom he was greatly beloved. With him he visited widely remote sections of the country preaching the Gospel of Christ. He was at the Methodist General Conference of 1800, and dined with Bishops Coke and Asbury. He was also present at the first delegated General Conference in 1812, and was a delegate at the succeeding quadrennial session in 1816.

His last sermon reported to the writer was preached at a great camp-meeting held at Denville, New Jersey, closing August 26, 1871. In an editorial report of the meeting inserted in one of the local papers the following paragraph appeared:

The venerable Father Boehm, in his ninety-seventh year, was on the ground for a week; he preached from the stand an interesting sermon on Nahum i, 7. His voice was clear and strong; his sermon systematic, clear, and instructive; and he was listened to with deep interest by the people assembled. He also addressed the children's meeting twice; also the young people's meeting. Brother Bedell, of Brooklyn, desired this aged patriarch to dedicate his new cottage, and it was the pleasure of the writer to participate in the interesting service, after which, in a tent, he baptized a child of one of the preachers. It is wonderful to see a man

of his years both mentally and physically so vigorous, and with so much sunshine about him.

In response to a note of inquiry from the author, his daughter, Mrs. Emley, writing from Millersburg, Pennsylvania, under date of September 14, 1871, wrote as follows concerning her aged father:

“His home life is mild, gentle, patient, loving. He is not the least childish, though childlike. He is a constant reader, or was until late, when his eyes having become weak (his only infirmity) I have had to restrain him somewhat.

“For many years he has read his Bible through several times each year, and the book of Revelation every Sabbath. I asked, ‘Father, why do you thus read the book of Revelation every Sabbath?’ ‘Because,’ he answered, ‘the Revelation was given on the Sabbath day.’ He has read the Bible through already twice this year. Last Sabbath he read thirteen chapters in Hebrews, besides Revelation. He does much other reading also.

“He rises about six o’clock each morning, and retires at nine, though if kept up later by society he does not seem to mind it. He is never shaven but by his own hand. This he does with firm nerves.

“He was ill the 5th of last June from congestive chills and insensible for some time. He rallied, however, and on the 8th, his birthday, was up again, received some friends, *was himself* once more, and greatly enjoyed several hours of our reading to him. Recently, at a pleasant evening spent at a friend’s,

he was up till eleven o'clock P. M., and sang for us a German song he learned at school ninety years ago.

“Father enjoys this life, and is happy in anticipation of the life to come. He does not relish the usual nook of old age, ‘the corner,’ and I have ever tried to keep him out of it. He likes society and the church, and even the whirl of travel, and still enjoys quiet and retirement. We came through to Lancaster City from New York without stopping, and from thence to this place, four miles, in a rough stage. He was a little weary, but very soon walked to see a lady, aged ninety-five, at whose house he preached over half a century ago. For many seasons have I thus accompanied him to his native place; the old house in which he was born, built in 1750, still standing in good order. The old ‘Boehm Chapel,’ built by my grandfather, is still the church of the neighborhood, built 1791. Here is the spring from which father remembers drinking over ninety years ago; it reminds me of Tennyson’s ‘Brook.’ Here are the graves of his grandparents and parents.”

DUTIES OF THE AGED.

AN agent of missions says: “I was deeply impressed by an aged brother who gave me forty thousand dollars to be divided between the Freedmen and Foreign Missions. When I called on this brother he

asked, 'Have you come on a money tour? For,' said he, 'I have just been thinking that I have a little money which I should like to give for some benevolent purpose. I am an aged man. My pilgrimage is almost ended. What I do I must do quickly. I wish to show that I am a Christian by my works; but I do not depend on this for salvation. My dependence is on Jesus.' He said, 'If I could write I would tell the aged that what they do they must do quickly.'"

PROVIDENTIAL WATCHCARE,

THERE was a prophet of old who knew more of the ways of God than most men. He was led to expect the manifestation of God's presence. There arose a mighty wind that brake the rocks in pieces, and after the wind there was an earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire—through all this the prophet stood motionless. But after that "a still small voice" was heard, and then the man whom the wind, the earthquake, and the fire had not moved, "wrapped his face in his mantle and went out," for he knew that God was there. Alas! how few are they who would not rather expect the presence of God in the wind, in the earthquake, or in the fire, than in the still small voice!

• Let us not, therefore, be in haste to think ourselves forgotten of God, or think less of the insensible than

the sensible tokens of his remembrance of us. An anecdote will point our meaning.

A minister was once speaking to a brother clergyman of his gratitude for a merciful deliverance he had just experienced.

"As I was riding here to-day," said he, "my horse stumbled, and came near throwing me from a bridge, where the fall would have killed me; but I escaped unhurt."

"And I can tell you something more than that," said the other; "as I rode here to-day my horse did not stumble at all."

KITTO.



THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.

THE case of Geron, an old man of fourscore years, is recorded by Krummacher. Geron was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward like the smoke of burnt-offerings, and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him. A youth from the city approached the old man and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance; whereupon he asked the old man whence it came that he enjoyed such

strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life. Geron answered,

“My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them.”

Having uttered these words, the old man arose and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened his heart. Then the old man spoke,

“Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth: thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age.”

The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.



A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.

“PRAY, sir,” said some one to the Rev. John Newton of a lady whose death he had mentioned, “how did she die?” “There is,” he replied, “a previous question which you should have asked first.” “Indeed!” said the inquirer, “what can be more important than how she died?” “The question, *‘How did she live?’*” was Mr. Newton’s answer.

AGE THE INFANCY OF ETERNITY.

K RUMMACHER tells us that Siegfried, a farmer of ninety years of age, sat in his arm-chair and saw not the day, for he was blind; yet he was patient, and thought, "Soon will the day of my redemption appear."

It was now the late spring-time. One day his grandson Hermon came out of the field, and with joy told the old man of the prospective fruitfulness of the year, and the hopefulness of the crops. The good old farmer asked,

"Have the trees already put forth their leaves?"

"Long ago, dear grandpa; yesterday I brought you a twig of blossoms, and a rose also."

Siegfried smiled and said, "Yes, my dear son, your yesterday and to-day are no more for me, and your flowers have lost their fragrance for me." Afterward he asked,

"Do the nightingales and larks sing?"

The youth leaned down to him, for he was nearly deaf, and said, "Yes, grandpa; shall I take you into the garden?"

The old man smiled, saying, "If you can lend me also your hearing; otherwise, of what use will it be to be taken out?"

A little while after he said, "Go you out again and bring me little Trude, that some one may be with me in my dark room."

“ Ah! dearest grandpa, Trude is not at home.”

“ Where is she, then, dear child?”

“ She has been buried three months.”

The aged farmer smiled and wept at the same time, and said, “ O yes, she is already at home, and it is time I follow her.”

When the mother of the house, the old man's daughter, who had come into the chamber, heard this, she fell on the neck of her blind father, and wet his eyes with her tears; and Herman wept too, and took the old man's hand.

Siegfried then raised himself up and said, “ Children, be not troubled, and let it not distress you that the world and time to me have vanished, and I have become a child. How should it be otherwise? *I stand at the entrance of my Father's house, and my weak old age is the infancy of eternity.*”

THE OLD CHRISTIAN NEGRO.

AMONG the “ Sketches and Incidents,” published at the Methodist Book Concern, is an affecting narrative of the conversion and subsequent useful history of a rude and uncultivated colored man. It furnishes the following facts :

In 1798, Bishop Asbury, on his journey to Charleston, South Carolina, passed a creek, in the parish of St. —, on the bank of which sat a slave fishing and humming a ditty; his name was Punch. He was notorious for his

vicious character. The good Bishop, on riding toward him, bethought himself that under that squalid exterior lived an immortal spirit for whom Christ had died, and the salvation of which would be a higher achievement than the conquest of a world. Such were familiar thoughts to that great mind. He stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with the negro.

“Do you ever pray, my friend?” inquired the Bishop.

“No, sir,” replied Punch.

The Bishop deliberately proceeded to alight, fasten his horse to a tree, and seat himself by the side of the slave.

Punch was evidently astonished at the good man’s conduct, but was relieved immediately by the kindness of his tones. He commenced a minute conversation with him on religion, explaining the nature and consequences of sin, the atonement, repentance, justification by faith, the certainty of death, the terrors of the judgment and hell. The Bishop, earnest for the rescue of this benighted but immortal spirit, warmed into exhortation and entreaty. Punch soon began to feel, tears ran down his sable cheeks, he seemed deeply alarmed at his danger, and listened with intentness to the counsels of the singular stranger.

After a long conversation the Bishop sang the hymn,

“Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,”

prayed with him, and pursued his journey, doubtless thinking of and praying for the poor slave as he measured the miles of his tedious route.

More than twenty years elapsed before he again saw or heard any thing of Punch. While on another visit to Charleston he was called upon by an aged and Christian negro, who had obtained permission from his master to visit him, and had traveled *seventy miles on foot for the purpose*. It was the slave he had warned and prayed over on the bank of the creek, and who had ever since been journeying on the way to heaven!

The story of Punch's conversion was soon told.

The Bishop had no sooner left him on the bank of the stream than he took up his fishing tackle and hastened home in the deepest agitation of mind, pondering over the words of the venerable man.

The Divine Spirit was operating upon his dark mind; new light, new thoughts, stirring the depths of his soul, had dawned upon him. He endeavored to conform to the instructions he had received, and when some days of anguish and prayer had elapsed, he found peace in believing and became a new man. The change was too manifest not to be discovered by his fellow-servants; it was the topic of his conversation with them incessantly. In his simple way he pointed them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and, though they lived at a time when religious instruction was rare among slaves, yet they comprehended the novel tale, and many of them became thoroughly penitent for their sins, and, guided by the Spirit of grace, found "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins through faith in Christ Jesus." The interest extended from one to another, and throngs of the neglected

Africans resorted to his humble cottage to receive his exhortations and prayers.

Several remarkable results followed. One of these was the conversion of a perverse overseer who had charge of the plantation. This man, perceiving the increasing interest of the slaves for their souls, and their constant attendance in the evenings at Punch's cabin, determined to put a stop to the spreading leaven. He forbade Punch to hold religious meetings among them; he was, therefore, confined in his Christian labors to those who belonged to his own cabin, and a few immediately adjacent, who clandestinely met him when they could with safety.

One evening, when the little band were praying together, the overseer's voice was heard without, loudly calling for Punch. They were all terrified, suspecting that he had discovered them, and was summoning their devoted guide to a severe chastisement. Punch went out; but he found the overseer on his knees under a tree, alternately supplicating the mercy of God and calling on the poor slave to pray for him. God's Spirit, probably by the example of these converted negroes, had got hold upon his conscience. His attempt to suppress their meetings could not suppress his convictions; they deepened, and at last, overpowering him, led him to seek relief in prayer under the tree, and there they constrained him to implore the sympathies and prayers of poor Punch.

The negroes gathered around him and prayed with him till God in his mercy pardoned and comforted

him. The overseer now became a co-worker with Punch among them; he joined the nearest Methodist Church, and in time became an exhorter, and finally a preacher.

Punch had now full liberty to do good among his associates. He exhorted, prayed, and led them on, as a shepherd his flock, and extended his usefulness around the whole neighborhood. After many years he was removed, by the decease of his master and the distribution of the estate, to the parish of A., where he continued to labor for the souls of his fellow-bondsmen with still greater success. Scores, and even hundreds, were converted through his instrumentality. He sustained a kind of pastoral charge over them for several years. The preacher from whom these particulars were furnished was the first missionary who found them out. He writes:

“In 1836, at the special solicitation of planters of that particular section of country, a missionary was sent to their plantations from the South Carolina Conference. I was honored with the appointment. On my reaching the plantation where Punch lived I found between two and three hundred persons under his spiritual supervision, who had been gathered into a kind of society, many of whom, upon further acquaintance, I discovered to be truly pious and consistent. I was much interested on my first visit to the old veteran. Just before I reached his house I met a herdsman, and asked him if there were any preacher on the plantation.

“‘O yes, massa, de ole bushup lib here!’

“‘Is he a good preacher?’

“‘O yes; he wad burn we heart!’

He showed me the house. I knocked at the door, and heard approaching footsteps and the sound of a cane upon the floor. The door opened, and I saw before me, leaning upon a staff, a hoary-headed black man, with palsied limbs but a smiling face. He looked at me for a moment in silence; then, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he said,

“‘Now, Lord, letteth thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’

“I was confused. He asked me to take a seat, and I found in the following remarks the reason of his exclamation. Said he, ‘I have many children in this place. I have felt for some time past that my end was nigh. I have looked around to see who might take my place when I am gone. I could find no one. I felt unwilling to die and leave them so, and have been praying to God to send some one to take care of them. The Lord has sent you, my child; I am now ready to go.’ Tears coursed freely down his time-shriveled face. I was overwhelmed.

“This interview gave me much encouragement. He had heard of the application for a missionary, and only wanted to live long enough to see his face. After this I had several interviews with him, from which I learned his early history. I always found him contented and happy.

Some time afterward he was taken ill, and lingered a few days. On a Sabbath morning he told me he

thought he should die that day. He addressed affecting words to the people who crowded around his dying bed; the burden of his remarks, the theme of his soul, was,

“*Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!*”

“He applied these words to himself, and continued his address to the last moment; and death gently stole his spirit away while saying, ‘Let thy servant depart in peace—let—let—le—!’”

“His mistress sent for me to preach his funeral sermon. The corpse was decently shrouded, and the coffin was carried to the house of worship. I looked upon the face of the cold clay. The departed spirit had left the impress of heaven upon it. Could I be at a loss for a text? I read out of the Gospel, ‘Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’”



THE OLD BLIND SOUTH SEA ISLANDER.

IN Williams’ “Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands” is an interesting narrative of ME, an old blind native warrior. It illustrates the power of the Gospel in transforming and elevating savage life.

On the first Sabbath after my return, says the Missionary, I missed old ME, and not receiving the hearty grasp of congratulation from him to which I was accustomed, I inquired of one of the deacons where he was, when he informed me that he was exceedingly

ill, and not expected to recover. I determined, therefore, to visit him immediately. On reaching the place of his residence, I found him lying in a little hut detached from the dwelling-house, and on entering it I addressed him by saying,

“Me, I am very sorry to find you so ill.”

Recognizing my voice, he exclaimed, “Is it you? Do I really hear your voice again before I die? I shall die happy now. I was afraid I should have died before your return.”

My first inquiry related to the manner in which he was supplied with food; for, in their heathen state, as soon as old or infirm persons become a burden to their friends they are put to death in a most barbarous manner. . . . In reply to my questions, Me stated that at times he suffered much from hunger. I said,

“How so? you have your own plantations;” for although blind he was diligent in the cultivation of sweet potatoes and bananas.

“Yes,” he said, “but as soon as I was taken ill the people with whom I lived seized my ground, and I am at times exceedingly in want.”

I then inquired what brethren visited him in his affliction to read and pray with him. Naming several, he added, “They do not come so often as I could wish, yet I am not lonely, for I have frequent visits from God—God and I were talking when you came in.”

“Well, and what were you talking about?”

“I was praying to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.”

Having intimated that I feared his sickness would terminate in death, I wished him to tell me what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the foundation of his hope. "O," he replied, "I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain with precipitous sides, up which I endeavored to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved."

Wishing to obtain his own ideas of what had been presented to his imagination, I said, "This was certainly a strange sight; what construction do you put upon it?"

"That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was the drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away."

I expressed my satisfaction at finding he had such an idea of the magnitude of his guilt, and such exalted views of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood, and that, although the eyes of his body were blind, he could with the "*eye of his heart*" see such a glorious sight. He then went on to state that the various sermons he had heard were now his companions in solitude, and the source of his comfort in affliction. On saying at the close of the interview that I would go home and prepare some medicine for him which might afford him ease, he replied,

“I will drink it because you say I must; but I shall not pray to be restored to health again, for my desire is to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better than to remain longer in this sinful world.”

In my subsequent visits I always found him happy and cheerful, longing to depart and to be with Christ. This was constantly the burden of his prayer. I was with him when he breathed his last. During this interview he quoted many passages of Scripture, and having exclaimed with energy, “O death, where is thy sting?” his voice faltered, his eyes became fixed, his hands dropped, and his spirit departed to be with that Saviour, one drop of whose blood had melted away the mountain of his guilt. Thus died poor Me, the blind warrior of Raiatea.

“ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS.”

A CORRESPONDENT of the “New York Evangelist” furnishes the following remarkable record:

The papers are telling that a few days since the bell in Ypsilanti, Mich., by one hundred and seventeen strokes announced that a “veritable and venerable ante-Revolutionary relic—a negro by the name of Harrison—had passed away.” We were not there to experience the effects of those strokes, as they told of infancy, then of childhood, then of manhood, then of old age, and then of more than old age. But since we have

heard of the departure of him whose years were thus marked, he has been much in our thoughts.

We have known him well for several years, and have often interested ecclesiastical meetings, and Sunday school conventions, as well as private circles, by narrating concerning him. Because of these narrations many have visited him, and have easily gained the conviction that he was a wonderful man, especially when remembering that he was a slave one hundred years.

His name was Johnson Harrison, the Harrison, as he said, being his master's name, and Johnson his own. He therefore preferred being called "Uncle Johnson," and this is the name by which I have been accustomed to speak of him. His first master was an uncle of President Harrison, and lived on James River, Virginia, and belonged to a noted family of that day. The bell indicating his age should have struck twice more, according to his account; for he says that he remembers seeing, in the old family Bible where his master kept the names of his servants and their time of birth, opposite his name, 1745. He forgets the month.

In confirmation of the great age which such figures would give him, he states that he was a man grown when his master sent him out with others to throw "fire-balls," because news had been received that the "Declaration of Independence" had been signed. He stated also that he was about thirty years old before he was allowed to have a wife; that he lived with his first wife fifty years; then for several years had no wife; and his last wife, who died two years ago, said that she had

lived with him twenty-eight years. He also stated repeatedly that he was given his liberty partly because he was more than one hundred years old, and so ought to go free.

He loved to talk of Revolutionary times and incidents, and could name and describe many of the distinguished men who were accustomed to call at his master's. Several times when we have doubted his correctness, our doubts have been removed by referring to history. He certainly was a wonderful man as an "ante-Revolutionary relic."

But he was still more interesting and wonderful because of his religion. He accounted for his long life in part by saying that he did not work very hard: that for about sixty years his masters used to let him out, for about six months of each year, "To blow de Gospel trumpet on de plantations round about, to make de slaves good and 'ligious; an' I tells ye, massa, when I was in my prime—say about eighty—I could blow de old trumpet so dat dey could hear me for miles." He said that he was "quite a chunk of a boy afore he hearn much about 'ligion—afore he hearn much about dis glorious Gospel." (Weeping.) "Once in 'bout a year one of dem clergy dat com'd over de big water com'd round, and preached up all de funerals ob de slaves dat died sence he com'd afore, and sometimes we feel very bad den." But after a little there came round, as he said, "One of de big men from de college in de Jarseys, and he telled us about de matter werry solemn." This, it would seem, was President Davies. "An'

den dare com'd along dat man dat died an' den com'd to life agin; and he telled de slaves 'bout dat—an' he tell more 'bout Jesus. O what was name? I don't mind now."

I suggested William Tennant.

"O yes! Massa Tennant! Glory to God! I been tryin' to tink ob dat name now many years. I know'd I would know him in glory; but now I will call him by name jus' as soon as I see him. (Weeping.) After I hears him preach how I did feel! When I was walkin' on de ground it would keep sayin', 'Unworthy, unworthy;' when I took a bit ob bread, or a cup ob water, dey keep sayin', 'Unworthy, unworthy;' when I goes into de field, all de trees keep sayin', 'Unworthy, unworthy. And den, too, when I went into de yard, all de cattle kneel down afore dey lay down, and I had nebber din dat. O, massa, I tought I would die. But bimeby dere com'd along a colored man, who telled me dat deres no use o' my libin' dat way; and he telled me ob de passage dat says, 'Behold de Lamb of God dat takes away de sins ob de world;' an' I goes into de woods, an' all night I cries, 'O Lamb ob God, hab mercy on dis poor colored man;' an', 'O massa, jus' as de light was comin' ober de mountains ob ole Virginia, de light o' Jesus shined into dis poor soul; an' fro' dat day on—now about a hundred years—I've been tryin' to tell to saints and sinners round what a dear Saviour I have found."

Yes, and in his last years he could tell this in many ways. We have never known one whose heart would

melt so soon at the mention of the name of Jesus. Not unfrequently in his devotion he would utter that dear name over and over, with tones and tears of gratitude and joy. For most of the time during the day he was alone, his wife, being about sixty years younger than himself, having gone out to work. Thus he seemed to have time and opportunity, as well as a hearty disposition, for communion with his Saviour, and often it did indeed seem as if "the form of the fourth" was there.

One day when we called, after he had been shouting and singing and crying for an hour or two, he broke out:

"O, massa, Jesus ha' been here, and I tought I was in glory; but I will be dere bimeby."

I said, "You mean to be faithful to the end, Uncle Johnson?"

"O, massa, I's bound for de kingdom; I's not been holdin' on all dis way to fail jus' at de gate."

I can call to mind many interesting incidents concerning him; but let me mention only a few, which at the same time reveal his strong, shrewd sense and piety. One day while at work in his garden, singing and shouting, I said:

"You seem happy to-day?"

"Yes, massa, I's jus' tinkin'!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"O, I's jus' tinkin'," (and then his emotions prevented utterance,) "I's jus' tinkin' dat ef de crumbs dat fall from de Master's table in dis world am so

good, wat will de GREAT LOAF in glory be! I tells ye, massa, da will be nuff an' to spare dare."

At another time, when he seemed very happy, and I had heard him shout, "Lord Jesus, will dere be one for me?"

I said, "You are having a good time to-day?"

He answered, "O, massa, I was meditatin' about Jesus bein' de carpenter; an' so he can make mansions for his people in glory." And then, with uplifted face and with tears, he cried out, "O Jesus, will dar be one for me?"

Once I said to him, "Uncle Johnson, why don't you go to Church once in awhile?"

He answered, "Massa, I wants to be dere, but I can't have."

"You can't behave?"

"Well, massa, you knows late years de flesh be weak; and when dey 'gins to talk and sing 'bout Jesus, I 'gins to fill up, and putty soon I has to holler, and den dey say, 'Carry dat man to de door, he 'sturb de meetin'.'"

"But you should hold in until you get home."

"O, massa, I can't hold in! I bust ef I don't holler."

Once, after hearing him pray and sing at midnight while a thunderstorm was passing, in the morning I said, "Was that you shouting so last night?"

"Yes, massa, I s'pose."

"Well, I thought the thunder made noise enough without your hallooing."

He looked up, and with astonishment said, "Massa,

do you tink I's goin' to lie dere on my bed like a great pig, wen de Lord com'd along shakin' de earth and de heavens? No, massa, when I hears de thunder comin', I says, 'Ellen, Ellen, wake up here, we's goin' to hear from home agin.'"

One morning, when I had heard him for an hour or two, I went carefully to his door and saw him sitting at the end of his table with a humble repast before him, while his hands were lifted high in gratitude and praise. I said, "You seem happy this morning."

"O yes; Ellen went away to her work, and so I gets me breakfast an' den begins to say grace, an' O, massa, de Lord am so good, seems I neber will be done sayin' grace!"

What a rebuke to those who sit down to their loaded tables with no thought of their Benefactor! Once, after he had been ill for a few days, I said, "Uncle Johnson, I thought your appointed time had about come."

"O yes, massa; one day I t'ought I could see de dust ob de chariot coming ober de mountains; an' den something said, 'Hold on, Johnson, a little longer; I'll come round directly.' Yes, and I will hold on ef de Lord will, anoder hundred years, for I'm bound for Canaan." And then he broke out singing:

"But this I do find, we two am so jined
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind."

One day Rev. Dr. H. called on him with me. After conversation, which surely the doctor will never forget,

he said, "Well, Uncle Johnson, I must go," and then taking him by the hand, said, "Good-bye. I shall probably hear soon that you have gone over Jordan, but we will follow on." The old man replied :

"Yes, massa, a great many years ago young men like you tell me dat; and den, after a bit, I'd hear dey ha' gone, and I'm a pilgrim yet, but I always manages to send word."

"Well, if I should die first, what word would you send?" said Dr. H.

"O, massa, if you get home to glory afore I do, (weeping,) tell 'em to keep de table standin', for Johnson is holding on his way."

We dare not attempt to describe the scene we witnessed the evening his wife died; but a few days after we said to him, "Don't you feel very lonely since Ellen left you?"

"O yes, but de Lord comes round ebery day, jus' as de nuss would, and gives me a taste ob de kingdom wid de spoon; but now I wants to get hold ob de dish!"

But we will add no more, fearing that our article is already too long. We have not heard of the particulars of his death; but we feel confident that he was ready when the chariot came round, and that "its wheels rolled in fire" along the same way Elijah rode. As we have marked his manner of life, we have often thought that one of the old prophets had risen again. He had the faith of Abraham, the firmness of Daniel, the fire of Isaiah, the tears of Jeremiah, and he fasted and prayed like them all. His Fridays, for more than

seventy years, had been rigidly observed as days of fasting and prayer—days in which, as he said, “I says to de body, ‘Stand back, I’s going to feed de soul to-day.’” Those, he said, were days in which “I spreads de great things afore de Lord and begs.”

But his prayers are ended, and to us there is a sadness in such a fact when we remember how often he said, “I puts up for you every day.” We feel that a great and good man has fallen in Israel. A great head and a great heart—the one less cultivated than the other—have gone to heaven. Scores of those who have called upon him and marked his peculiarities will rejoice in the doctrine of heavenly recognition.



AN OLD PILGRIM AT HIS JOURNEY'S END.

BY DR. ABEL STEVENS.

CARVOSSO, when more than eighty years old, and almost at the end of his pilgrimage—and what a pilgrimage was his!—wrote: “I think I never felt my feeble frame so crushed with the infirmities of age as in the past week. But it is very pleasing to know that while this earthly house of my tabernacle is dissolving, ‘I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ Glory be to God for such a knowledge as this! Amen and Amen.” This sounds like the shouting of an old wounded hero on the battle-field, in the midst of victory. He suffered excruciatingly at last from an incurable malady; but the

path of his pilgrimage grew brighter even unto the perfect day. He writes, after a period of confinement, "Seeing that nature's ties are all dissolving, it affords me no small consolation to look forward to the building of God in the heavens, which I know is mine by the inward testimony of the Spirit. Yes, for thee, my soul, for thee! Glory be to God! I feel my bodily weakness increasing more and more; but I bless God, he gives me fresh tokens of his love and approbation to assure me that I am his. This morning, feeling much of the helpless worm, I wanted a stronger inward testimony of my sonship; and looking up to my Advocate with God, these words sweetly flowed into my mind:

‘Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.’

This was enough; tears of joy overflowed my eyes, and my heart dissolved in love."

The end approached; eighty-three years had passed over him, and yet the brightness increases. He writes:

"Yesterday I went to chapel, but was so poorly it was with difficulty I could return. At present I seem stripped of nearly all my bodily strength, but I bless the Lord I feel my mind perfectly resigned. Christ is all in all. I want no other portion in earth or heaven. His presence makes my paradise. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. Glory be to God!"

At last the veteran, in his eighty-fifth year, lies down to die. His disease was a local complaint, incident to old age, and inexpressibly painful—one that destroys

existence mostly by the effect of pain itself, exhausting the constitution, and gradually consuming life. I suppose that if Carvosso had died of fire, beginning with the hand and burning onward slowly till the consuming process had invaded the vital functions, he could scarcely have suffered more; and yet his faith bore him up as on the pinions of an angel. One of the last scenes of his life is thus described by his son, a Wesleyan preacher: "This morning early I was sent for to attend my father, who had been taken much worse during the night. I found him in great bodily suffering. Since I saw him on Wednesday he had drunk deep of the bitter cup. The sight was very distressing to those about him. At ten A. M. he was seized with a convulsive fit. We then thought the mortal affliction was past; but, after lying in a state of insensibility about four hours, he again woke up in a suffering world, but with a blessed increase of the earnest of heaven in his soul. For several successive hours he exhibited, in lively conversation, all the triumph of faith. With a countenance illuminated with holy joy, and in a tone and emphasis not to be described, he exclaimed: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.' . . . 'I speak not boastingly, I am a sinner saved by grace—the chief of sinners, for whom Jesus died.'

"He then adverted to the assurance of faith, and strongly insisted on the Christian's privilege to retain

the indubitable evidence, observing that 'God's word says, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," etc.; and again: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" not we hope, we trust; but the declaration is in most direct terms, "*we know.*"' Highly to our edification and joy, we now behold the veteran Christian warrior in the bottom of the burning fiery furnace, clapping his hands amid the flame, and triumphing and glorying in his great Deliverer. O, it was good to be there!"

An old fellow-pilgrim calls on the dying hero; they never expect to see each other again in the flesh; their hearts melt, but "while they talked over past and present mercies they seemed to mount high in the chariot of Aminadab, and my father," says the son, "was 'lost in wonder, love, and praise!'"

The end was at hand. He had a prodigious strength of constitution, but the consuming agony shakes and baffles it; yet the song of deliverance was on his lips. His son writes: "My dear afflicted father is now evidently fast sinking in the outward man, but his confidence in Jehovah is steadfast, unmovable. The heat of the furnace still increases, and nothing short of an Abrahamic faith can support the 'strong, commanding evidence' of God's unchanging love. But he is unburned 'in fire, and appears to beholders a blessed monument of the power of religion. With tears, and his

own indescribable emphasis, he repeated those beautiful verses :

“‘ Though waves and storms go o’er my head ;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone ;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

“‘ Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth’s foundations melt away ;
Mercy’s full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.’

“Never, since the commencement of his affliction, have I seen him so exceedingly far lifted above himself. At times, for hours together, he is sustained in the highest Christian triumph.”

At last the keen agony ends—the aged saint departs. He speaks of his funeral ; he loses the power of speech ; it returns again for a few minutes ; his friends bow around him in prayer ; he responds with animation ; he pronounces a benediction on them when they rise, and now, “gathering up his feet” to go, he sings with his expiring breath the doxology,

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !”

But his voice fails before the chorus is through. A friend at his bed-side speaks of the uplifted hand as a not unusual signal of victory in death when all other power of expression is gone. The arm of the dying

hero rises, and he is gone. So triumphed in death William Carvosso, in the eighty-fifth year of his life, and the sixty-fourth of his religious pilgrimage. He was a man of humble life, extraordinary usefulness, entire consecration, and victorious faith.



REV, WILLIAM ROMAINÉ.

REV. WILLIAM ROMAINÉ, a deeply pious clergyman of the Church, of England, and author of several literary works, died in London June 26, 1795, aged eighty-one. He was rector of a parish in London for forty-nine years, being for the last thirty-one years incumbent at Blackfriars.

Many anecdotes are related of him indicating the pious zeal which he ever manifested in his work. He was one evening invited to a friend's house, and after tea the lady of the house asked him to play at cards, to which he made no objection. The cards were brought out, and when all were ready to begin playing, Romainé said, "Let us ask the blessing of God." "Ask the blessing of God!" said the lady in great surprise; "I never heard of such a thing before a game of cards." Romainé then inquired, "Ought we to engage in any thing on which we cannot ask God's blessing?" This reproof put an end to the card-playing.

On another occasion he was addressed by a lady, who expressed the great pleasure she had enjoyed under his

preaching, and added that she could comply with his requirements, with the exception of one thing. "And what is that?" asked Romaine.

"Cards, sir," was the reply.

"You think you could not be happy without them?"

"No, sir, I know I could not."

"Then, madam," said he, "cards are your god, and they must save you."

This pointed remark led to serious reflections, and finally to the abandonment of card-playing.

After he reached the age of eighty-one he preached at least three times every week. His simple and regular habits of life, no doubt, contributed largely to his length of days and vigorous old age. There are ministers, unquestionably, who seem independent of regular food and hours, and whose iron constitutions appear to stand any strain. But their number is small. Of Romaine, Cadogan says, "His hour of breakfast was six in the morning; of dinner, half past one in the afternoon; and of supper, seven, in the evening. His family were assembled to prayer at nine o'clock in the morning, and the same hour at night. His Hebrew Psalter was his constant companion at breakfast; and he often remarked how much his first repast was sanctified by the word of God and prayer. From ten o'clock to one he was generally employed in visiting the sick and friends. He retired to his study after dinner, and sometimes walked again after supper in summer. After evening service in his family he retired again to his study, and to his bed at ten.

“From this mode of living he never deviated, except when he was a guest in the house of friends; and then he breakfasted at seven, dined at two, and supped at eight. His adherence to rule, in this respect, was never more marked than in a circumstance which happened during the last years of his life. He was invited by an eminent dignitary of the Church to dine with him at five o’clock. He felt respect for the inviter, and wished to show it. Instead, therefore, of sending a written apology, he waited upon him, thanked him for the invitation, and excused himself by pleading his long habits of early hours, his great age, and his often infirmities.”

He enjoyed the full use of his faculties to the very last. During the last ten years of his life he seems to have become greatly mellowed and softened, and to have been a beautiful example of that lovely sight, a godly old man, “a hoary head found in the way of righteousness.” He went gradually down the valley toward the river, with all the golden richness of a setting sun in summer. There appeared to be little but heaven in his sermons or in his life; and, like the dying Baxter, he spoke of his future home with great familiarity, like one who had already seen it.

It was well remarked by some of his friends, in these last days of his ministry, that he was a true diamond, naturally rough and pointed, but the more he was broken by years the more he appeared to shine. There was often a light upon his countenance—and particularly when he preached—which looked like the dawn,

or a faint appearance of glory. If any one asked him how he did, his general answer was,

“As well as I can be out of heaven.”

He made this reply shortly before his death to a friend of a different communion, and then added, “There is but one central point in which we must all meet, Jesus Christ and him crucified.” This was the object which he always kept in sight—the wonderful God-man, whom, according to his own words, “He had taken for body and for soul, for time and for eternity, his present and everlasting all.”

His experience at the last was most heavenly. “Come, my love,” said he to his wife, “that I may bless you; the Lord be with you a covenant God forever, to save and bless you.” Just before he breathed his last a friend said to him, “I hope, dear sir, you find Christ precious to you.” He responded, “He is a precious Saviour to me now.” These were his last words to man; to the Lord he was heard to whisper, “Holy, holy, holy, blessed Jesus! to thee be endless praise!”

COMFORT IN A CLOUD.

REV. PAXTON HOOD records an incident told him by a friend who had just made a visit to a poor woman, who, though overwhelmed with trouble, always seemed cheerful.

“Why, Mary,” said he, “in your affliction you must

frequently have dark days ; they must overwhelm you with clouds sometimes."

"Yes, but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud."

"Comfort in a cloud, Mary?"

"Yes; when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of those precious words, *a cloud received Him out of their sight*; and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think, Well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

ADVERSITY AND THE CHRISTIAN.

THE frosts of adversity operate upon the true-hearted Christian. In other words, they develop virtues in his character which would otherwise have never appeared. Where the true stamina of piety are not found, the man often sinks at once when smitten; his hopes die and his affections are dried up, and he becomes the prey of despondency, if not of despair—the wreck of what he once was, a withered monument of a broken heart. He resembles the tree blasted by lightning, or scathed by fire.

But he who views his chastisements as the necessary inflictions of his heavenly Father, and intended for his best good, desires and aims that they shall produce their appropriate effects. And they do develop in

brighter colors, like the foliage of autumn, his Christian virtues, his sweet submission, his deep humility, his expanding charity, his long forbearance, his humble gratitude, his unaffected kindness, in short, his ardent love to God and man.

Instead of being crushed by a load of sorrow, or frozen into a petrification, such a man bears up nobly under the load, and shoots forth many a new trait of character that blossoms in beauty, and bears fruit in abundance. His virtues never would have shown so brightly had not adversity touched his heart with her icy hand. These virtues do, indeed, make us feel that the man is ripening too fast for heaven to continue long below, just as the variegated splendors of the autumnal forest tell us of approaching winter. But it is not the less interesting because the Christian exhibits more and more the spirit of heaven. He may die unto the world, but he will live unto God.—*Euthanasia of Autumn.*

THE "FOLIAGE" OF AGE.

REV. DR. GEORGE B. CHEEVER has given us the following most beautiful comparison: "That mature tree, full-leaved, and swelling up into the calm, blue summer air! Not a breath is stirring, and yet how it waves and rocks in the sunshine! Its shadows are hung lavishly around it; birds sit and sing in its branches, and children seek refuge beneath them. Human affec-

tions are the leaves, the foliage, of our being—they catch every breath, and in the heat of the day they make music in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!"

DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN—AN ALLEGORY.

LAVATER tells us a suggestive allegory. It happened one day that Death met a good man. "Welcome, thou messenger of immortality!" said the good man. "What!" said Death, "dost thou not fear me?" "No," said the Christian; "he that is not afraid of himself need not be afraid of thee!" "Dost thou not fear the diseases that go before me, and the cold sweats that drop from my finger ends?" "No," said the good man, "*for diseases and cold sweats announce nothing but thee.*"

In an instant Death breathed upon him, and Death and he disappeared together. A grave had opened beneath their feet, and in it lay *something*.

I wept, but suddenly voices drew my eyes on high. I saw the Christian in the clouds. He was still smiling; when Death came, angels had welcomed his approach, and he shone as one of them.

I looked in the grave, and saw what it was that lay there: nothing was there but the garment the Christian had laid aside. So, Christian, when thou diest thou wilt leave thy body behind, but thy spirit will ascend on high.

LOOKING DOWN THE BRINK OF JORDAN.

THE late Bishop Clark records the following *verbatim* sketch from the lips of a friend not many days before the descent of the latter into the waters of Jordan:

“I saw a Christian tending unto Jordan. His mind, like mine, was filled with clouds and dread about the passage. For I had thought there were no flowers along its banks, and no birds among the leafless trees, and that the waters roared and howled most mournfully. So I watched him as God led his footsteps to the border of the stream. I saw his eye kindle and his face glow as he saw the palms casting their shadows—shedding their pleasant fruit, brightened with celestial radiance. I heard the song of birds, and the heavenly murmur of the waters. He wandered on beneath the shade. His countenance grew more serene; he sat him down and ‘fell asleep in Jesus’—and *he was over Jordan.*”

THE NARROWING STREAM.

MADAM DE GASPARIN wrote: “No desert without limits extends before the old man. He walks beside a river whose banks are seen to approach. A diminishing stream separates them each day less and less; and on the opposite bank stand wife and son, with arms outstretched to meet him.”

NOT FORSAKEN IN OLD AGE.

A WRITER in a foreign religious magazine is responsible for the facts in the following interesting record: A homely Dutch interior, such as we see in old smoke-colored pictures in art-galleries, beams of dull ochre, rough projections, a wide fire-place with a settle in it—such was the one habitable room which served old Aunt Becky for a home.

Aunt Becky herself might have sat for one of Shakspeare's witches, so ebon-like and fixed in wrinkles, so bent, shriveled, and attenuated.

Nevertheless, Aunt Becky was a wonderful specimen of activity for her age, which must have been near on to a hundred. She supported herself by cutting and sewing woollen strips for carpets, and in one little closet dozens of gay colored balls lay, waiting the manipulation of her skillful old fingers.

Nobody seemed to think of Aunt Becky's age, her step was so brisk, and her independence so notable. She swept her old cracked wooden floor every morning, made her own fire, in the act of which she used a pair of old-fashioned, wheezing bellows, and in her isolation from the common world was so content that she seldom had visitors.

"I's alone wid de Lord," was her favorite answer whenever an attempt at condolence was made; and the

smile that followed proved also that she was very happy with the Lord.

One morning old Becky awoke with the sun, as usual, but in attempting to rise found that she was utterly helpless. Paralysis had attacked her poor withered limbs, and there was a doleful prospect before her, for nobody's work was due, and consequently she could not expect callers. The poor old creature's mind was as active as ever, while she lay there with the certainty of looking death in the face alone, unaided—hours, possibly days, of suffering from hunger and thirst before her. The daylight came faster and whiter; fortunately, the blinds near her bed were closed, and the aged face was not exposed to the rays of the sun. No voice to break that awful silence, no hand to perform offices of kindness; no power to bring water to the parched lips; no step to assure her that she was in the midst of human beings who cared for the humblest of Christ's children.

How she pictured the homes about her—the children laughing and eating, the women gathering the remains of the meal and throwing them with lavish hand to the dog, or the house-cat, and she so hungry! What beautiful visions of water she saw—sparkling rivers in the country where; years before, she had worked as a slave—crystal fountains with maidens gathered around, holding pitchers beneath the sparkling drops. Wells, like that from which Rebecca drew, shone with a solemn kind of splendor in their deep depths, and by her side she seemed to see—how often!—the brown little

gourd from which she had loved to drink when a little child.

Slowly the hours dragged on. There was no light when the day was done. The glittering eyes that looked helplessly up told their story of longing and suffering only to their Maker. The shadows crept over her as if to cover her, lovingly, and the Spirit of God came to that lonely room and comforted the trembling soul.

The third day had come and passed. Her minister, on his round of fortnightly visits, rapped at her door. There was no sound within; an air of neglect pervaded the premises where all was wont to be so thrifty. The good man felt troubled, and went some distance to talk with the neighbors about it. Suddenly they remembered that old Becky had not been seen for a few days. A forcible entrance was made, and the sad truth revealed.

Wonderful to relate, the poor old woman was still alive. Her eyes shone with an unnatural luster. She knew her pastor.

Starved! The pinched gray face told all the story. She could take nothing now, and they watched sadly by her bedside.

Suddenly life re-animated the crumpled face, the lips parted, a wonderful beauty played over the shrunken features, and in a voice of very music she cried out:

"It's been a feast all the time. De table was here, and Christ was here, and de walls dey shone like gold, and de glory of de Lord was in de midst. An' dar

raiment was white as silver; dar own blessed hands give me bread; de ole room was full of glory. Blessed Jesus! I's hungry no more; he give me wine to drink—take away all de sufferin', bless de Lord! halleluia! It's been a feast all de time."

And with the smile of heaven shining on her face, she fell back. Happy dead! Her Lord had not forsaken her. The brightness of her countenance told that it was no hallucination. She had gone to Jesus.

PRAYER AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH.

LORD, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be so it be safe. Never any weary traveler complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table.—FULLER.

PART XVII.
POETIC SELECTIONS.

THAT OLD MAN,

HE was a calm old man, with gentle eye,
Retaining still the radiance of its youth;
And all the wrinkles of his faded face
Were but so many traces of a heart
That throbbed with naught but kindness and peace.
It seemed as natural for him to smile
When other hearts were glad, as when his own.
He wept as easily—that old man did—
When others wept for their own hearts' distress,
As if the sorrow burst from his own breast.

I see him now—that fine old, quiet man—
Sitting upon the door-step of his house,
Watching the sunset, as the tinted clouds
Crimson the heavens to the very east—
A flaming ocean flashing overhead!
And there he sits—that kind old, loving man—
With a little blue-eyed child upon his knee,
The youngest offspring of *his* youngest child—
His own dear Mary's child—and doubly dear
From love he bears its mother, so like her
Who graced the glory of his brighter years.

This little one, so like *its* mother, too,
Looks to his eye the lovely miniature
Of one he does not name except with tears.
He trots the little child upon his knee,
And fondles it with love's untold delight.

And there that old man sits, with his long hair,
Thin, soft, and white, smooth parted from his brow,
And falling gracefully behind his ears,
All but one lock that flutters in the breeze,
And softly brushes o'er that child's fair cheek,
Whose dimpled fingers curiously play
Among those fluttering hairs, and whose glad eyes
More brightly gleam when it can catch that lock,
And make the old man laugh.

I'd rather be
That good old man, and have his character,
Than be the emperor of all the globe.
What is the value of a monarch's crown,
And what the glory of world-wide domains,
Compared with loving and of being loved,
With all the intensity of Youthfulness,
And all the purity of holy Age?

Those honored locks, that old man's honored locks,
White as the almond of Judea's hills,
When Nisan spreads its bloom upon the boughs;
That old man's locks, bleached out in doing good,
I would esteem a better diadem
Than Cæsar ever placed upon his brow.

Since I beheld that old man's locks—
So beautiful a crown for pious age—
I have not felt regret to see my own,
My own brown locks, beginning to be gray.
The painful mirror gives no painful view
When it exhibits now upon my brow
Some little evidence of coming age.
I do regard this sprinkling of gray hairs
As the beginning and first elements
Of such a crown as partial Nature gives
Only to those she loves to honor most.

✓ E'er since I saw that man, that fine old man,
And read his happiness upon his face,
And saw it beaming in his gentle eyes,
I have not dreaded age ; no, let it come ;
Let it come kindly, gently to my frame,
And spread its snowy blossoms round my brow
As I grow ripe for heaven. Yes, let it come ;
The snowy locks are the most glorious crown
When Age is found in ways of righteousness.

He now goes in the door, that prudent man,
Since now the dews are falling fast around,
And takes his seat in the accustomed place.
And now the children of the family,
A boist'rous group, come round the big arm-chair,
That old man's chair, to beg one story more
Ere he retires to rest. The youngest pet
Still clings to grandpa's knee, and all the group,

Subdued to soberness and grave respect,
With upturned faces watch the old man's lips
While he rehearses the sad history
Of Joseph sold for an Egyptian slave.
Then all the children kiss the old man's cheek,
Receive his blessing, and bid him good-night.

The morning dawns; and when its glistening dews
Are gone up from the meadows and the hill,
The old man rambles with that group abroad,
And tells of wondrous things that have occurred
Since he was young as they. The little brook
Was then so like a river that it filled
From bank to bank the valley's ample width,
Though now a purling rill meandering
From side to side across the level breadth,
With scarcely any progress through its length.

The silvery willow, that has grown so large
That no man can embrace it in his arms,
Was once his riding-whip, which he stuck down
Beside the waters in that fertile soil.
And the large apple-tree that William climbs
Till he grows dizzy, to select the fruit
That fairest looks upon the upper boughs,
Was once a little tree the old man brought,
With half a hundred others, on his back.

* * * * *

He died one day—that old man died—and then
Such sorrow wailed and wept around the dead

As only childhood knows in its first grief,
Before the stricken heart has learned the power
Of bearing up beneath a world of woe
Without being crushed.

How much they miss that man,
That kind old, loving man, who in himself
Seemed to embody more of excellence
Than all the world beside! No more he goes
On sunny mornings or at eventide
To guide their pleasant rambles by the brook,
Or range the shady forest on the hill.
No more his stories by the evening fire
Awake their mirth or drown their cheek with tears.

Ah! he is gone—that good, kind-hearted man,
That old, white headed man—he's gone—he's gone.
There stands the empty arm-chair where he sat;
And it does seem as if he would come in
Some pleasant day and take that chair again.
How very good it looks, that old arm-chair,
Associated with so many joys,
And not one memory of aught but love!
That chair, that old man's vacant chair,
Appears a mourner in the mourning group,
And should be dressed in crape as much as they.

And there his cane, that old man's favorite cane,
Stands lonely in the corner where it stood
When it was used so frequently by him.
The children love that cane, good grandpa's cane;

When he led them abroad that polished cane
Seemed in his hands a part of his very self;
And still it seems connected so with him,
That no one would submit to have that cane,
Their own good grandpa's cane, stand anywhere
But in the very corner where so long
He chose to have it stand.

They buried him,
By his own choice, beside the village church;
And there he sleeps, that old man peacefully sleeps,
Under a smooth green mound, with pretty flowers,
Fresh watered morn and eve, above his head.
And in that village not a single one
But knows that honored grave from all the rest.
The gleeful boy who whistles home from school
Will soften his shrill notes as he goes by;
And romping girls will laugh less boisterously
By that old, good man's grave.

O let me die
As that good man has died! And let my end
Be like the end of that old, righteous man!

REV. D. D. BUCK, D.D.

THE DEPARTURE.

THEN there was silence, and my children knelt
Around my bed—our latest family prayer.
Listen—it is eleven striking. Then
I whispered to my wife, "The time is short;

I hear the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,'
And Jesus answering, 'I come quickly;' listen."
And as she wiped the death-dew from my brow
She faltered, "He is very near," and I
Could only faintly say, "Amen, amen,"
And then my power of utterance was gone;
I beckoned and was speechless; I was more
Than ankle-deep in Jordan's icy stream.
My children stood upon its utmost verge,
Gazing imploringly, persuasively,
While the words, "Dear, dear father," now and then
Would drop like dew from their unconscious lips.
My gentle wife, with love stronger than death,
Was leaning over those cold gliding waves.
I heard them speaking, but could make no sign;
I saw them weeping, but could shed no tear;
I felt their touch upon my flickering pulse,
Their breath upon my cheek, but I could give
No answering pressure to the fond hands pressed
In mine. So rapidly the river-bed
Shelved downward, I had passed or almost passed
Beyond the interchange of loving signs
Into the very world of love itself.
The waters were about my knees; they washed
My loins; and still they deepened. Unawares
I saw, I listened; who is He who speaks?
A Presence and a voice. That Presence moved
Beside me like a cloud of glory; and
That voice was like a silver trumpet, saying,
"Be of good comfort. It is I. Fear not."

And whether now the waters were less deep
 Or I was borne upon invisible arms,
 I know not; but methought my mortal robes
 Now only brushed the smoothly gliding stream,
 And like the edges of a sunset cloud
 The beatific land before me lay.
 One long last look behind me; gradually
 The figures faded on the shore of time,
 And, as the passing bell of midnight struck,
 One sob, one effort, and my spirit was free.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.



PIETY IN OLD AGE.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age. Psalm xcii, 14.

HAST naught of beauty's tint nor loving charm
 Been treasured 'neath the furrows years have made?
 Have youthful thoughts, like gems all dimmed and worn,
 In the dark lap of time been joyless laid?

It may be so in a long life-time spent
 Grasping the tinsel show of earthly good,
 Where all the powers that heaven had kindly lent
 Served but the body—gave the soul no food.

But go with me to yon old mansion fair,
 Where comfort sits in robe of ample fold,
 And sweet contentment, like a beauteous star,
 Her loving vigils o'er its inmates hold.

And there an aged man, whose placid brow
Hath the wild storms of fourscore winters met,
But calm as peaceful summer evenings now,
With signet seal of Heaven all glorious set.

And by his side, with meek and trusting heart,
The dear companion who in early youth
Chose the sweet lot of "Mary's better part,"
And in her waning days still proves its truth.

Oft when their welcome, happy guest, I've felt
My heart grow stronger—sweetly fled my cares,
As by that aged pair I've meekly knelt,
And caught the inspiration of their prayers.

And when the dewy eve comes soothingly,
To lull earth's weary children to repose,
Again I seem to list the harmony,
Which from that sacred altar sweetly rose.

O sanctified old age! low at thy feet
I'd sit, and precious drops of wisdom gain,
While in thy spirit's light soft beauties meet,
Which lift the soul above earth, age, and pain.

And calmly fades thy even, as on ye move
Toward the shadowy vale of life's last ray,
Still tending the sweet flowers of hope and love
That brightly cheered thy path in earlier day.

O, I will deem thy silvery hairs more blest
Than golden locks to youthful beauty given!
For soon, O soon, thou'lt gain thy glorious rest
And wear the crown awaiting thee in heaven.

MRS. S. K. FURMAN.



THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and
gone ;

So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in Spring I have
sown ;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the
reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying ;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered ;
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.—BONAR.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

THE land beyond the Sea !

When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams !
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere ;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a draw-bridge to a castle-gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
O how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
When will our toil be done ?
Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Why fadest thou in light ?
Why art thou better seen toward night ?
Dear land ! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess ;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

F. W. FABER.

THE OTHER SIDE.

WE dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore ;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp, and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side ! Ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone ;
The vail withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The other side ! No sin is there,
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood :
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know—
Their constant peace with God.

The other side ! Its shore so bright
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair !
As many dear ones gone before
Already tread the happy shore :
I seem to see them there. .

The other side! O charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits:
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not, I am thy guide to be
Up to the pearly gates.

The other side! His well-known voice,
And dear, bright face, will me rejoice:
We'll meet in fond embrace.
He'll lead me on, until we stand,
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face.

The other side! The other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there!



THE AGED PASTOR.

HE stands in the desk, that grave old man,
With an eye still bright, though his cheek is wan,
And his long white locks are backward rolled
From his noble brow of classic mold,
And his form, though bent by weight of years,
Somewhat of its primal beauty bears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word—
Not a whisper, nor low nor loud, is heard ;
Even Folly assumes a serious look
As he readeth the words of the Holy Book ;
And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there
As he opens his lips in silent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophet stood,
Proclaiming the Truth and the living God—
Pouring reproof on the ears of men
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin—
With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven,
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for heaven.

O, who can but honor that good old man
As he neareth his threescore years and ten—
Who hath made it the work of his life to bless
Our world in its worst woe and wickedness,
Still guiding the feet who were wont to stray
In paths of sin to the narrow way !

With a kindly heart, through the lapsing years,
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your tears ;
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride ;
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died,
Pointing the soul to a glorious heaven
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks ye'll weep another day
When the good old man has passed away,
When the last of his ebbing sands have run,
When his labor is o'er and his work is done ;

Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold
When his pulse is still and his heart is cold?

We'll miss him then! every look and tone,
So familiar now, forever gone,
Will thrill the heart with inward pain,
And you'll long and listen for them in vain;
When a stranger form and a stranger face
Shall stand in your honored Pastor's place.



KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the
door;

Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his
home!

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and
strife;

Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold; my hand is on the door!

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land;
O, would that I were with them, amid their shining
throng,

Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long
ago;

One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter; their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief or
sin,

I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord, I wait thy pleasure; thy time and way are
best;

But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me
rest!

GUTHRIE.



THE APPROACH OF AGE.

WELL, let the honest truth be told!
I feel that I am growing old,
And I have guessed for many a day,
My sable locks are turning gray;
At least, by furtive glances, I
Some very silvery hairs espy,
That, thread-like, on my temple shine,
And fain I would deny are mine;
While wrinkles creeping here and there,
Some score my years, a few my care.
The sports that yielded once delight
Have lost all relish in my sight;

But, in their stead, more serious thought
A graver train of joys has brought,
And while gay fancy is refined,
Correct the taste, improve the mind.

I meet the friends of former years,
Whose smile approving, often cheers :
(How few are spared !) the poisonous draught
The reckless in wild frenzy quaffed,
In dissipation's giddy maze
O'erwhelmed them in their brightest days.
And one, my playmate when a boy,
I see in manhood's pride and joy ;
He too has felt, through sun and shower,
Old Time, thy unrelenting power.
We talk of things which well we know
Had chanced some forty years ago ;
Alas ! like yesterday they seem !
The past is but a gorgeous dream !
But speak of forty coming years—
Ah, long indeed that time appears !
In nature's course in forty more
My earthly pilgrimage is o'er ;
And the green turf on which I tread
Will gayly spring above my head.

Beside me, on the rocking-chair,
My wife her needle plies with care,
And in her ever-cheerful smiles
A charm abides, that quite beguiles

The years that have so sweetly sped,
With their unfaltering, noiseless tread,
For we, in mingled happiness,
Will not the approach of age confess.
But when our daughters we espy,
Bounding with laughing cheek and eye,
Our bosoms beat with conscious pride,
To see them blooming by our side.
God spare ye, girls, for many a day,
And all our anxious love repay !
In your fair growth we must confess
That time our footsteps closely press,
And every added year, indeed,
Seems to increase its rapid speed.

When o'er our vanished days we glance,
Far backward to our young romance,
And muse upon unnumbered things,
That crowding come on Memory's wings ;
Then varied thoughts our bosoms gladden,
And some intrude that deeply sadden :
—Fond hopes in their fruition crushed,
Beloved tones forever hushed.
We do not grieve that being's day
Is fleeting, shadow-like, away ;
But thank thee, Heaven, our lengthened life
Has passed in love, unmarred by strife ;
That sickness, sorrow, woe, and care,
Have fallen so lightly to our share.

We bless Thee for our daily bread,
In plenty on our table spread;
And Thy abundance helps to feed
The worthy poor who pine in need.
And thanks, that in our worldly way,
We have so rarely stepped astray.
But well we should in meekness speak,
And pardon for transgressions seek,
For oft, how strong soe'er the will
To follow good, we've chosen ill.

The youthful heart unwisely fears
The sure approach of coming years:
Though cumbered oft with weighty cares,
Yet age its burden lightly bears.
Though July's scorching heats are done,
Yet blandly smiles the slanting sun,
And sometimes in our lovely clime,
Till dark December's frosty time.
Though day's delightful noon is past,
Yet mellow twilight comes to cast
A sober joy, a sweet content,
Where virtue with repose is blent,
Till, calmly on the fading sight,
Mingles its latest ray with night.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to thee.

O merciful One !
When men are farthest then art thou most near ;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown ;
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from thy sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being thrills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

AN OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.

And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,

In faltering accents, to that weeping train :
“ Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?

Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

“ Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain
head.

“ Why weep ye then for him who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Linger like twilight hues when the bright sun is set ?

“ His youth was innocent ; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day ;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Meekly he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

“That life was happy ; every day he gave
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his ;
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
 To mock him with her phantom miseries.
 No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
 For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

“And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
 And glad that he has gone to his reward ;
 Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
 Softly to disengage the vital cord.
 For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.”
 W. C. BRYANT.



THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat ;
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient time-piece says to all—
 “Forever—never !
 Never—forever !”

Half way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber door—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

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There groups of merry children played;
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
 O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

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All are scattered now and fled ;
 Some are married, some are dead ;
 And when I ask with throbs of pain,
 " Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient time-piece makes reply—
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Never here, forever there,
 When all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear—
 Forever there, but never here !
 The horologe of eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly—
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"—LONGFELLOW.



A PRAYER AND ITS RESPONSE.

" FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

THE way is dark, my Father ! Cloud on cloud
 Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
 The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
 Like one bewildered ! Father, take my hand,
 And through the gloom
 Lead safely home
 Thy child !

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wand'ring. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And, reaching down
Lead to the crown,
Thy child!

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

THE way is dark, my child, but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;

And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But O how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son,
My well-beloved. For him bear thine, and stand
With him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

H. N. C.

PART XVIII.
LAST WORDS.

MINISTERS.

REV. JOHN FLAVEL, a pious and popular Presbyterian divine, died in Exeter, England, June 26, 1691, aged sixty-four. When he found the hand of death upon him he calmly said, "*I know that it will be well with me,*" and expired without a groan.

JAMES ANDREAS, D.D., a famous German Lutheran divine, chancellor and rector of the University of Tübingen, died January 7, 1590, in his seventy-second year. He was a minister fifty-four years. When his physician inquired how he found himself, he answered, "*By nothing separated from my God.*" He finally breathed out his soul in the words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

REV. RICHARD KNIGHT, D.D., died near Sackville, New Brunswick, May 23, 1860, aged seventy-one years. He said when his voice was almost inaudible, but distinctly articulate, "I am going home—to die no more. I see his glory. I know in whom I have believed. Halleluia!" The last words he uttered were, "All's well!"

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S.T.D., LL.D., President of Yale College, died January 11, 1817, aged nearly sixty-five. His pious mother educated him in early years, teaching him most faithfully the Holy Scriptures, as well as the other books of study. His last words were with reference to the eighth of Romans and the seventeenth of John, which had been read to him by request, "*O what triumphant truths!*"

REV. JOSEPH COOK, a Baptist minister, died at Eutaw, South Carolina, in September, 1790. When informed that the Lord's Supper would be administered the ensuing Sabbath, he replied, "Next Sabbath while you are feasting below I shall be feasting above."

REV. JOSEPH WATSON died in the Isle of Portland January 15, 1868, aged about sixty-five. "Not one pain less," he said; "I would not have one pain less to bear." As well as he could he expressed a wish that some of his favorite hymns and Scripture passages might be repeated to him. As he lay listening, he suddenly fixed his gaze on the head of the bed; his eyes beamed brightly, as if they had pierced "the vail" and caught a glimpse of the heavenly world; a faint smile played about his lips; then his head drooped, and without a sigh he passed away to his eternal rest. God had answered the prayer which during his illness he had so often offered up, "*O Lord, if it be possible, take down this frail tabernacle gently!*"

REV. JOHN BARNARD, eminent for learning and piety, died at Marblehead, Massachusetts, January 24, 1770, aged eighty-eight years. In his sickness, just before he passed away he said, with tears flowing from his eyes, "My very soul bleeds when I remember my sins; but I trust I have sincerely repented, and that God will accept me for Christ's sake. *His righteousness is my only dependence.*"

REV. ROBERT NEWTON, D.D., a minister for more than half a century of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England, died in Easingwold in 1854, aged seventy-three. In reply to the question, "Do you feel Christ precious?" he said, "O yes! Christ Jesus attesting and blessing. . . . I have every happiness; Christ is mine and I am his. I shall soon be with him forever. Christ is my rock. . . . I am going, going, going to glory. Farewell sin; farewell death! *Praise the Lord!*"

REV. GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS, of the Baptist Church, Hartford, Conn., died September 17, 1836. He was often heard praying, "Not my will, but thine be done." At the last moment the words, "Grace, grace," trembled upon his lips, and, as if parting from the body and borne aloft by invisible wings, he exclaimed, "*I mount!*"

REV. EBENEZER ERSKINE, when near death, was asked, "Sir, you have given us much good advice; may I ask you what you are now doing with your own soul?" "I am just doing with it," he replied, "what I did forty

years ago; *I am resting on that word, 'I am the Lord thy God.'*" Another friend put the question, "Sir, are you not afraid of your sins?" "Indeed, no," was his answer; "ever since I knew Christ I have never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I *slavishly* afraid of my sins." At another time he said, "I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay it will fly as *naturally to my Saviour's bosom as the bird to its beloved nest.*"

REV. WILBUR FISK, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, died in Brattleborough, Vermont, February 22, 1839. A short time before he passed away, and after a season of intense anguish, he said, "All this and not death? I thought I was almost home; but if the Lord bid me suffer I would say, 'Thy will be done!' I would have no will but his. O, it is sweet to sink into the will of God, and feel that all is well!" Among his very last words were, "*Glorious hope!*" /

REV. RICHARD WATSON, author of a "Commentary," "Theological Institutes," and a "Dictionary of the Bible," died in London January 8, 1833. Just before he was deprived of connected speech he said: "We shall see strange sights some day; not different, however, from what we might realize by faith. But it is not this, not the glitter and glory, not the diamond and topaz; no, it is God; *he is all and in all!*"

REV. THOMAS ADAMS, author of "Private Thoughts," said, "Thank God for decay, for pains, and suffering; thank God that I was born to die; thank God that I *can* die; thank God for that the time is near; thank God for the prospect and hope of a better world; and *thank God for strong consolation through Christ.*"

REV. R. W. HAMILTON, when informed by the medical men, after their consultation, that no hope was entertained of his recovery, and that his end was near, hailed it with joy, and exclaimed, "This is *the best news you could have brought me.*"

REV. W. GRIMSHAW, of Haworth, when asked on his death-bed how he was, replied, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing but to step from this bed into heaven. *I have my foot upon the threshold already.*"

REV. RISDON DARRACOTT, an English Dissenting minister, died March 14, 1759. A little before his departure, he asked, "How much longer will it be before I gain my dismission?" It was answered, "Not long." "Well," he observed, "here is nothing on earth I desire! here I am waiting! what a mercy to be in Jesus!" He then threw abroad his arms, and said, "He is coming, he is coming! but surely this can't be death! O, how astonishingly is the Lord softening my passage! surely God is too good to such a worm! *O, speed thy chariot*

wheels! why are they so long in coming? I long to be gone." At length, with a broken sentence in his mouth, the last words of which were "faith and hope," he expired.

BISHOP JAMES O. ANDREW, D.D., died at the residence of his daughter in Mobile, Alabama, March 1, 1871, aged seventy-seven years. He dictated this message to Bishop George F. Pierce, "Tell him I love him, and that I have a home on the other side." When he was dying, his friends, seeing his lips moving, asked, "What did you say, Bishop?" "*Victory! Victory!*" was his response.

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D., the eminent Scottish divine, died May 30, 1847, in his sixty-eighth year. He was busied with his literary and theological works to the last. He was found lifeless in his bed, to which he had retired the evening before in comparative health. Hence, no dying testimony can be given. The words he used most frequently to quote, next to the sacred text, were those of the pious Moravian Bishop Gambold:

"I'm apt to think the man
That could surround the sun of things, and spy
The heart of God and secrets of his empire,
Would speak but love. With him the bright result
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,
And make one thing of all theology."

REV. JAMES HERVEY, the author of "*Hervey's Meditations*" and other well-known works, died in England on December 25, 1758. About three hours before he ex-

pired, Dr. Stonehouse, his loving friend and physician, came to see him. Hervey seized the opportunity, spoke strongly and affectionately to him about his soul's concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life. Seeing his great weakness and prostration, the doctor begged him to spare himself. "No, doctor," replied the dying man with ardor, "no! You tell me I have but a few minutes to live; let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." His last coherent words were, "*Precious salvation!*"

REV. ABRAHAM MARSHALL, of the Baptist Church, Kioku, Virginia, died in 1819, at the age of seventy-three. Among his last words were those of Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

THE venerable and esteemed Rev. THOMAS VASEY died in Harrogate, England, in September, 1871. Rev. Josiah Pearson, who visited him constantly, states that in all his ministerial experience he had never witnessed so glorious a triumph over agony and death, or such unclouded sunshine while passing through that valley which to so many is a valley of darkness. His natural cheerful wit did not at all forsake him. Only three days before his departure, referring to the sudden death of the Rev. Richard Felvus, he remarked in his own cheery

way that Brother Felvus had given him the slip, and got into heaven before him. His triumph over the last enemy was complete. "If this be dying," he said to Mr. Pearson, "our friends need not fear it; it is glorious."

REV. JOHN KEMP died in Thirsk, England, aged over fourscore. "What a blessed thing it is," he wrote, "to have sunshine through the wilderness!" He was more severely afflicted in body, but he could truthfully testify, "*I have perfect resignation!*" The last words he distinctly uttered were, "*My battle is fought; praise the Lord!*"

REV. THOMAS HOOKER, a clergyman first in England, afterward in Holland, and latest in New England, died July 7, 1647, in his sixty-first year. Just as he was expiring a friend said to him, "Sir, you are going to receive the-reward of all your labors." "Brother," was his reply, "*I am going to receive mercy.*"

REV. WILLIAM H. RAPER, one of the noble band of pioneer itinerant preachers in the West, died in 1859, in his sixtieth year. Not long before his death he said to a brother, "I feel like one at a way-station, on the platform, with my trunk packed, *and waiting for the cars.*"

REV. ARTHUR M'NUTT, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, died May 12, 1864, aged sixty-eight. The last night of his life was one of great suffering, yet grace triumphed.

Once his mind wandered, but it was back to the scenes of holy toil, and he spoke of giving "a short sermon upon the glory to be revealed." Lifting up his arms after a short slumber, he exclaimed, "Halleluia! halleluia! Amen!" Again, looking steadfastly upward, he said, "The best of all is, that *the Star of Bethlehem shines brightly upon me.*"

REV. DR. CORRIGAN, the able and beloved President of Wesley College, Melbourne, Australia, died January 7, 1871. Just before he passed away, as Mrs. Corrigan and a friend were watching by his bed, he raised his hands and exclaimed, as if in rapture, "I see it! I see it! There are the golden streets and pearly gates, and Jesus waiting to receive me. O what a glorious throng! *This exceeds all I ever heard of heaven. Let me go and join them!*"

REV. FREEBORN GARRETSON died in New York September 26, 1827, in his seventy-sixth year. "I feel," said he, "the perfect love of God in my soul. His last sentence, spoken even in death, was, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty! Halleluia! halleluia!"

REV. WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP died in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1858. His descent to the grave is said to have been a serene going down of the sun. "I am calmly," he said, "though through great physical suffering, *nearing my home.*"

REV. JOHN COLLINS, the pioneer preacher in Cincinnati, died in 1845. He was highly esteemed for his useful services, his great catholicity of spirit, and his cheerful piety. His last words were, "*Happy! happy! happy!*"

REV. BENJAMIN ABBOTT, one of the most remarkable of the early pioneer preachers, a wonderful zealot in the deeper experiences of the Christian life, said, "I can call God to witness that death has no terrors to me! I am ready to meet my God." With a countenance heavenly and serene he clapped his hands, shouting, "*Glory! glory! glory!*"

REV. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, F.S.A., author of "Introduction to the Study of the Bible" and other useful works, died in London January 27, 1862, in his eighty-second year. His last sermon was preached in his eightieth year from the words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." When no longer able to preach he *wrote a sermon* each week, which was read to his congregation by a curate. In his last moments he was often heard repeating, "Other refuge have I none," etc.

REV. ALFRED BENNETT, a devoted minister of the Baptist Church, said to his friends just before his death, "I have for years *believed* and *taught* that religion was well adapted to the *dying*; now *I know it*. My friends talk about going down into the *valley* and *shadow* of

death;—I am now in it, and when they think me just going into it, I shall just be coming out of it into perfect day.”

The dying words of REV. EDWARD PERRONETT, author of the hymn “All hail the power of Jesus’ name!” were, “Glory to God in the height of his divinity! . Glory to God in the depths of his humanity! Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! And into his hands I commend my spirit.”

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN died in Newark, New Jersey, November 14, 1871. On rising in his pulpit for the last time he held up a sered leaf of autumn, saying, “This is to be our text to-day, ‘*We all do fade as a leaf.*’” After closing his sermon and coming down from his pulpit, he handed the withered leaf to a gentleman in his congregation, saying, “This leaf and your minister are very much alike.” His last words were, “*I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.*”

STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., LL.D., President of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, died August 16, 1851, in his fifty-fifth year. Late in the evening on which he passed away Bishop Janes came in and inquired, “Brother, what is the state of your mind?” “I am resting on the old foundation,” was the response. “That is safe,” said the Bishop. He responded, “Yes, and I shall be saved, though it be by fire.” After a moment he repeated, “*I shall be saved!*”

BISHOP WILLIAM M'KENDREE died in Tennessee March 5, 1835, in his seventy-eighth year. Until the last year of his life, despite the infirmities of old age, he continued to travel and visit the Conferences even when he could no longer sit up in the carriage. He proclaimed in his last moments, "*All is well.*"

REV. JAMES POLGLASE, Wesleyan missionary to Fiji, died March 9, 1860. Looking upward he exclaimed, "*It is possible; it is possible that a guilty sinner like I am should gain a saving interest in His precious blood who is 'mighty to save,' 'mighty to save!' I am looking both worlds in the face, and rely simply on the Atonement. I shall soon have the crown. I shall soon have the harp. I shall soon see Jesus. Precious Jesus! Praise Jesus.*"

REV. BENJAMIN G. PADDOCK died in Metuchin, N. J., October 7, 1871, in his eighty-second year. On his sick couch he had a dream, and in narrating it said to his daughter, "There were two angels contending which should take me home." His daughter replied, "Perhaps, father, it was because they quarreled that the Lord would not permit them to take you." "O," said he, "it was only a *love quarrel.*" To his son-in-law, Dr. Lathrop of Cooperstown, he said, "When you see I am gone I want you all to say, 'Halleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'" His last words were, "*Farewell! Halleluia! All is well.*"

BISHOP LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE, D.D., died in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, March 22, 1865, aged nearly sixty-eight. His victory was complete. At one time he raised his hand, exclaiming, "O, Sister L., *pardon, purity, heaven!*" And again, "Jesus is able to give us victory over our hearts. O wonderful! wonderful!" . . . At the last moment, in the midst of intense pain, he exclaimed, "O, children, this is wonderful suffering; but it is nothing to what my Saviour endured for me on the cross!" . . .

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, the great itinerant evangelist, the most eloquent of pulpit orators, died in Newburyport, Mass., September 30, 1770, in his fifty-sixth year. During the last thirty-four years he preached eighteen thousand sermons, an average of over ten each week! The day before he died he preached for two hours to an immense audience in the open air; and late at night, though very ill, finding an anxious crowd filling the hall of the house where he had gone to sleep, he addressed them from the staircase until the candle which he held in his hand, and with which he was lighting himself to bed, "*burned away and went out in its socket!*" Toward morning he said to his attendant, "*I would rather wear out than rust out.*" At sunrise he was in heaven.

BISHOP ENOCH GEORGE died in Staunton, Va., August 23, 1828, in his sixty-first year. With his closing breath he whispered, "*Glory to God!*"

LAYMEN.

FRANCIS HALL, Esq., over fifty years one of the editors and proprietors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, one of the founders and prominent officers of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, died in New York city August 11, 1866, aged eighty-one years. During his last illness his ecstatic language was, "I have great peace. . . . I have heaven all around me. All the heaven I expect is just such feelings increased and made eternal." Later he said to a friend, "To-morrow (Sunday) is your communion; I shall commune with two Churches, the Church on earth and the Church in heaven."

EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH A. WRIGHT, United States Minister to Prussia, a devoted Christian layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Berlin May 11, 1867. Not long before he passed away he said, "I am very happy; I have full assurance of heaven and glory," adding soon after, "I have no more fear than of going to my father's house." Later still he said, "I feel that my union with Christ is complete. *My faith fastens upon him as with hooks of steel.*"

HON. MOSES F. ODELL, member of Congress for two successive terms, a prominent officer in the civil service, and long a devoted and beloved Sunday-School Super

intendent, died June 13, 1866. His closing expressions were most joyful and triumphant. At the very last he clasped his hands and looked up, intimating that "*the divine Father held him in his arms.*"

JAMES MEEK, a most successful Christian worker, died near York, England, December 13, 1862, aged seventy-two. His trust blossomed into the "full assurance of hope." It was not enough that "to patient faith the prize is sure;" but, in the certainty of full assurance, he would insist that the prize was his already, that the crown was laid up, "*that everlasting life is won.*" His faith became more clear-sighted. He had long "looked for a city which had foundations," and now he saw it. The vail seemed drawn aside; and with uplifted hands, a sweet smile, and a cheerful voice, he said, "*I see—I see the road straight before me; I have nothing to do but to walk in. Alleluia.*" This was the last thing he saw; these were the last words he uttered. In great weakness he sank back upon his pillow, and, closing his eyes, fell into a quiet "sleep."

MR. JOHN TASKER, of Skipton-in-Craven, England, died September 3, 1864, aged seventy-four. He was a class-leader for forty years. To his weeping relatives he said, "Do not sorrow; all is right; I *know* all is right." He sank gradually. When scarcely able to articulate he whispered to his son, "When I am dying, if I see heaven opening to receive me, and find myself unable to speak, I will point upward." The power of language

now failed. The prominent token was soon given; waving one hand, *he pointed upward with the other*. The next moment he was gone!

JOHN HIGGS, Esq., Mayor of Maidenhead, England, died June 5, 1867, aged sixty-seven. He was a devoted Christian for the last forty-six years. During the last fortnight of his life not a single prayer was audibly offered by him; only *praise* fell from his lips; and for days his one utterance was, "*Blessed be the name of the Lord!*"

JOHN ADAMS, the successor of Washington as President of the United States, died on "Independence Day," July 4, 1826, in his ninety-first year. On the morning of that day the dying patriot was asked for a sentiment for the public celebration, when he exclaimed, "*Independence forever!*"

SOCRATES, the wisest and best of the ancient Greek philosophers, was compelled to drink the fatal hemlock 399 B. C., at the age of seventy. He closed his last address to his friends with the memorable words, "It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the gods."

GEORGE PAISLEY, a colored man who served Christ under the yoke in the isle of Jamaica, and who, in spite of the lash, dungeon, and galling chains, steadfastly

maintained his loyalty to the Saviour, died near Ocho-Rios, Jamaica, November 1, 1867, aged nearly ninety years. When his minister visited him just before his departure, he said, "Master calls for me. He says, 'Your work is done, George Paisley, your work is done! and you must now come home.' I have a good hope; I am going to be with Jesus—*with Jesus.*"

JOHN ROLLINSON died near Dudley, England, April 17, 1870, aged nearly sixty-seven. Addressing one of his ministers, he said, "My Lord and I have long since *made up matters,*" adding,

"I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

WILLIAM BARKER, of Great Hampton, England, died June 29, 1867, in his sixty-ninth year. A little while before he died he whispered, "I have been thinking of the 'many mansions' of which the Saviour speaks, and I want to be there. I have lost my voice, but I have not lost my peace; *I have not lost my hold on Jesus;*" and at the very last he added, "It will soon be over; precious Jesus, come quickly."

WILLIAM SIMPSON, formerly a farmer in Canada, died in England September 5, 1864, in his eighty-fourth year. "You are nearing the heavenly city," said an old friend

to him; "In my Father's house are many mansions; you will soon be with the Lord." "Yes," he replied, "*For ever and ever, . . . precious blood!*"

RICHARD LEIGH, of Bolton, England, died in his seventy-seventh year. The Good Shepherd made him "to lie down in green pastures," and led him "beside the still waters." To the ordinary question, "How are you to-day?" he replied, with exultation, "Satisfied—*satisfied—perfectly satisfied in Christ Jesus.*"

JOHN BROOKS, LL.D., Governor of Massachusetts, died March 1, 1825, aged seventy-two. "I now rest my soul," said he, "on the mercy of my adorable Creator, through the only mediation of his Son, our Lord. . . . In God I have placed my eternal *all*, and into his hands I commit my spirit."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, ex-President of the United States, was suddenly stricken down while in his seat in Congress, February 21, 1848, in his eighty-first year. He was carried to the Speaker's room, when he rallied sufficient to utter his last memorable words, "This is the last of earth—*I am content.*"

JOHN KNOX, the Scottish reformer, died in Edinburgh November 24, 1572. Calling his friends to his bed-side, he said, "I have tasted of the heavenly joys where

presently I shall be. Now for the last time I commit soul, body, spirit into his hands ;” and as he felt himself going added, “*Now it is come.*”

WILLIAM SMITH, for more than sixty years a prominent cloth merchant in Leeds, England, a member of the first Wesleyan Missionary Society and Joint Treasurer of the “Worn-out Minister Fund,” a Christian gentleman of large benefactions, died December 21, 1868, in his eighty-fourth year. He was much in prayer, and at the last moment he whispered, “*Dying ; rest, rest. O Lord !*”

WILLIAM PACKARD SMITH, M.D., of St. Eustatius, West Indies, died October 17, 1866, aged nearly seventy-six. He was a Christian nearly forty years: “The world,” he would often say, “is nothing to me now,” and as he passed into the dark river he assured his friends that his “feet were *on the Rock of Ages.*”

THE venerable WILLIAM P. OTTERBEIN, one of the founders of the “United Brethren in Christ,” a minister whom Bishop Asbury was accustomed to designate as “the great Otterbein,” died in 1814, aged near eighty-eight. His last hours were exceedingly triumphant. At the very last, while his friends surrounded his dying couch, he whispered, “The conflict is over ; lay me down upon the pillow and be still.”

CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

MRS. CATHERINE KING, wife of the late Rev. Elijah King, mother of Rev. Dr. J. E. King and Rev. J. M. King, died at Fort Edward Institute, New York, December 24, 1870, aged seventy-one years. In health and amid loved ones she often spoke of longing for the eternal mansions. Speaking of the vanities and extravagances of the present age, she said, "I, too, shall soon be laid aside like an old-fashioned garment, but shall be made over and appear fresh and new in eternity." Her last illness was sudden, but she was not taken by surprise. While her children were singing in her room a few hours before her departure she waved her hand and exclaimed, "*Beautiful! beautiful!*" and soon after departed to join her beloved husband, who more than a score of years before expired, exclaiming, "Farewell . . . *I am almost home!*"

MRS. DENBY, widow of Mr. William Denby, of Tong Park, England, died December 17, 1868, aged seventy-three. In her last illness she often remarked that she rested "upon the Rock of Ages." A little before she expired she repeated, "Jesus, lover of my soul," etc. Just as she was passing away a beloved one who was watching over her, perceiving her eyes open, said, "Do you know who it is?" The dying one, as if beholding her Lord, whispered, "O yes! *it is Jesus,*" and expired.

MRS. ELIZABETH OSBORN, mother of Rev. Marmaduke C. Osborn, of the British Wesleyan Conference, died at the age of about threescore. She left special messages for timid Christians. "Tell them," she said, "what a liar Satan is. I have found him out and proved it. He used to tell me that when the last storm came I should find that I had been building on a sandy foundation. But it is *not so*. I am on the Rock, solid, abiding Rock, the Rock of eternal ages. It is a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat. Tell them they may build and take shelter there with confidence. Tell them how the Saviour supports me, a poor helpless worm; and assure them that they may trust him with their all for time and for eternity." "At the very last moment she was "more than conqueror," exclaiming, "*Victory! victory!*"

MRS. ELIZABETH BROOK died at Highbury, England, July 28, 1864, in her seventy-first year. When asked if she had any message to send to a relative, "Tell him," she said, "*it is now eventide, but it is light.*" She then whispered,

"My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis *heaven below.*"

MRS. ELIZABETH CRABTREE died in the Leeds District, England, January 27, 1867, in her seventy-sixth year. She had long dwelt on the border land, on the banks of the deep-flowing river which "divides that heavenly

land from ours." Her passage through it was gentle. Just before she left she said in feeble tones, "*I am waiting for the coming of the Lord.*"

MRS. HANNAH LOCK died in Newport, Isle of Wight, August 1, 1868, at the age of ninety-two. On the precious name of Jesus being mentioned she faintly whispered, "O yes! he has never forsaken me all these years, and he will not leave me now. He has been more than a friend, or a father, or a brother to me, and I can trust him to the end."

MRS. SUSANNAH SUGDEN, of Keighley, England, died February 26, 1867, in her seventy-fifth year. Previous to her departure she was for about two hours engaged in constant devotional exercises. Her soul seemed lost in God, and she gazed upward as though heaven were opened to her view, and whispered "*Victory!*" Her last words were, "I want raising *higher, higher!*"

MRS. THOMAS HERBERT BARKER, M.D., of Bedford, England, died March 5, 1861. When she was nearing the shore an intimate friend said, "We will follow you to heaven." Her instant and emphatic reply was, "*Not me, but Christ.*"

MRS. RUSSELL, relict of Mr. Joseph Russell, of Liverpool, England, died October 29, 1865, in her eighty-third year. She was a class-leader for forty-four years. Her sufferings a short time before she expired

were very great, but when at their extremity she exclaimed, "My blessed Jesus! Glory! glory be to God!" Her very last words were, "*Farewell mortality! welcome eternity!*"

MRS. HAY died at Lowth, England, November 11, 1865, in her ninety-third year. She had been a devoted Christian for threescore and twelve years. A little before she breathed her last she said, "They are coming! Blessed Jesus! I shall be with him. *Angels are come! Surely they are come to bring me home!*"

MRS. ANNA COLE, of London, whose exact age is not recorded, on being asked by Mr. Wesley whether she chose to live or die, answered, "I choose neither; I choose nothing. I am in my Saviour's hands, and *I have no will but His.*"

MRS. DE QUETEVILLE, for many years the beloved companion of Rev. John de Queteville, "the apostle of the Norman Isles," died in Guernsey in 1843. A few months previous her husband passed away in great peace, in his eighty-second year. "I have feared," she said, "to dwell even for a moment on the happiness of meeting those ministering spirits in glory"—referring to the convoy that would await her—"for *it is Jesus, my Saviour*, that should be the sole attraction of heaven." One of her daughters said, "Be of good courage, dear mother; you have nearly reached your heavenly home

—your everlasting rest.” “Not quite,” was the sweetly whispered response. “O yes!” said the daughter, “I can see the change in your features.” “*God grant it!*” she replied, and fell asleep.

MRS. MORRIS, wife of the venerable Bishop Thomas A. Morris, was called home from the family residence in Springfield, O., November 6, 1871, in her seventy-second year. The substance of her delightful testimonies was, “I have been greatly blessed; I am fully resigned, fully consecrated, fully saved. Jesus is very precious to me. I have no fear—no doubt. I am so happy in Christ. Not only my soul but the room seems filled with his presence and glory.”

MADAME GRELLETT, mother of the devoted French Quaker missionary, Stephen Grellett, died in Limoges, France, in 1837, at the age of over ninety-four years. She had written to her beloved son, “I knew thou wast on the sea; my spirit was near thee; I felt every danger.” And again, “Remember me in the Lord’s presence; and love, as she loves you, your mother.” She passed away “enjoying the fullness of Christian confidence.” The zealous and loving missionary followed her November 16, 1855, in his eighty-second year.

MRS. NANCY BROWN, relict of Captain Brown, of the Royal Navy, died in Liverpool, in 1849, in her ninetieth year. When sinking, she said to her leader, “I shall

soon enter the dark valley; but I have no fear. He will be with me." Her last words as she sank into the arms of her Saviour were, "*The Lord is my portion.*"

MRS. ELLEN INEE, widow of the late Thomas Inee, of Lewiston, Lancashire, England, died April 4, 1854. Having read her hymn-book for some time in the afternoon, she repeated the lines,

"We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake,
Our title to heaven his merits we take."

And then added, "Now let me rest; I think I can sleep now," and awoke no more.

MRS. SALLY WALLACE CONE, wife of Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D.D., of the Baptist Church, New York city, died at Schooley's Mountain, N. J., August 15, 1854. She was on a visit at the Mountain for her health. Before she was stricken down she was riding out one day with her husband, and as they passed a small secluded cemetery she asked to stop, and after noting the place said, "Spencer, I have a horror of city burying places. They do not let even the dead rest in cities. Promise me that when I am dead you will lay me here—here in this quiet place." The promise was made. When, a few days after, she was prostrated by fever, her husband spoke to her about returning home as soon as she would be able to be removed. Her gentle and beautiful whispered response was, "I shall go home—to heaven—from the

Mountain this time, dearest." A year later Dr. Cone was stricken with paralysis, and a few days after passed peacefully away to the "reunion."

MRS. CATHERINE GARRETTSON, widow of the late Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, died in New York city in 1849, aged ninety-six years. She was the daughter of the venerable Judge Livingston, and sister of Chancellor Livingston. She was a lady of rare gifts, and of refined and earnest piety. Her last intelligible utterances were those of triumphant assurance. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" she earnestly prayed; and soon after, clapping her hands in holy triumph, exclaimed, "*He comes! he comes! he comes!*"

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY, the gifted and devoted mother of Rev. John Wesley, died July 23, 1742, aged about seventy-three. Her closing scene was one of remarkable Christian triumph, and at the last moment her children, gathering close around her, sung, as she requested in her last words, "*a psalm of praise.*"

MRS. ELEANOR DORSEY, wife of Judge Dorsey, died, at the age of seventy years, in Lyons, New York, saying, among other closing words, "This is the brightest, the happiest day I ever saw. *My work is done, my sky is clear.*"

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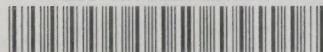
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